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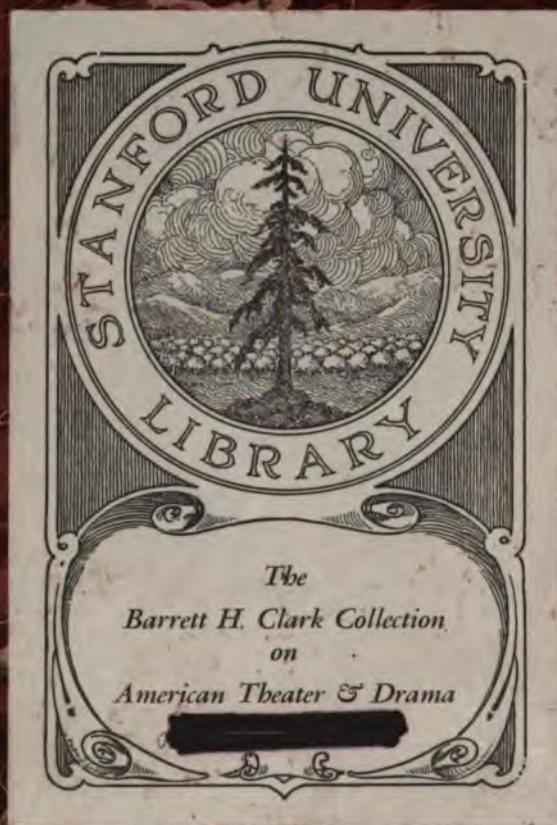
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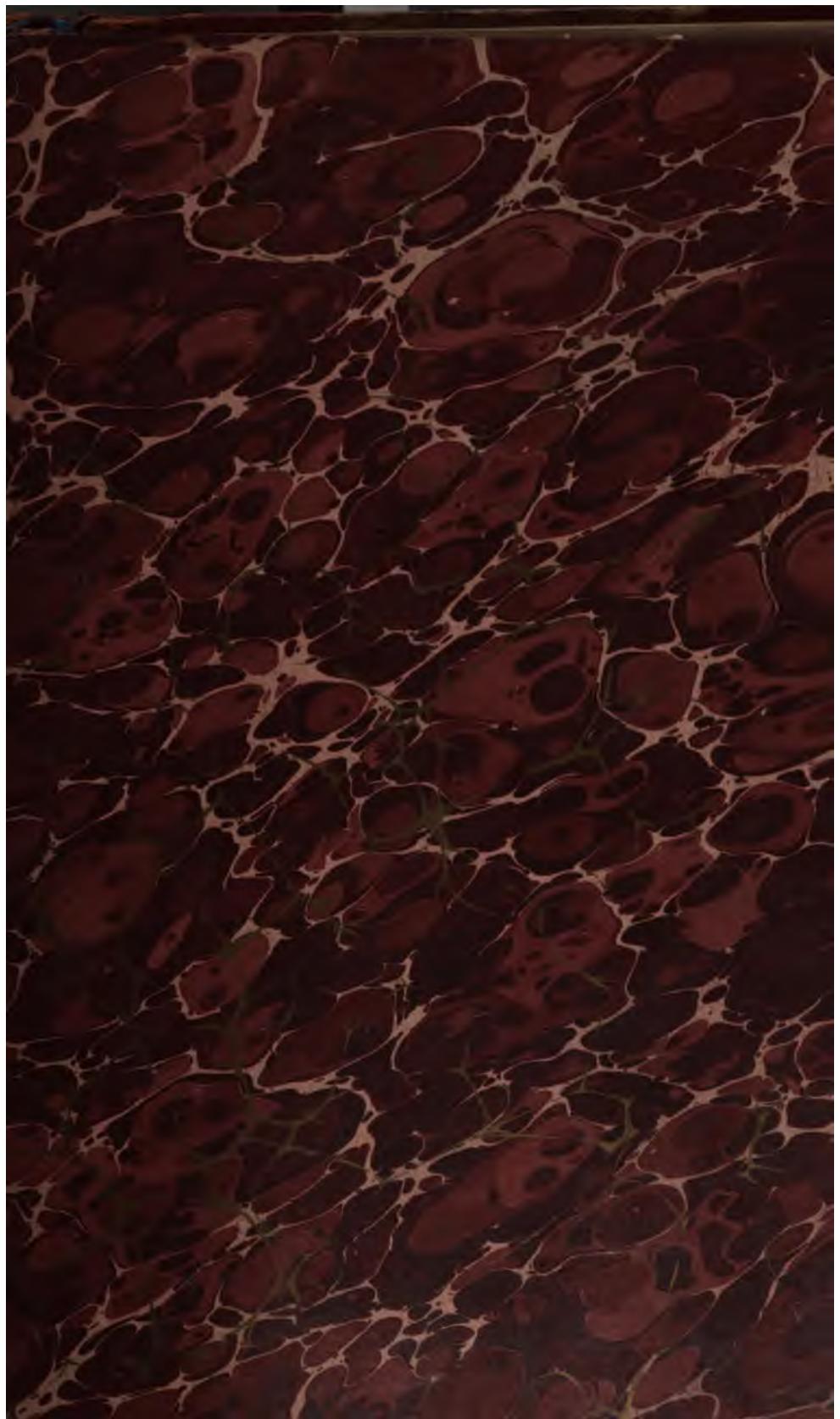


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AN APOLOGY

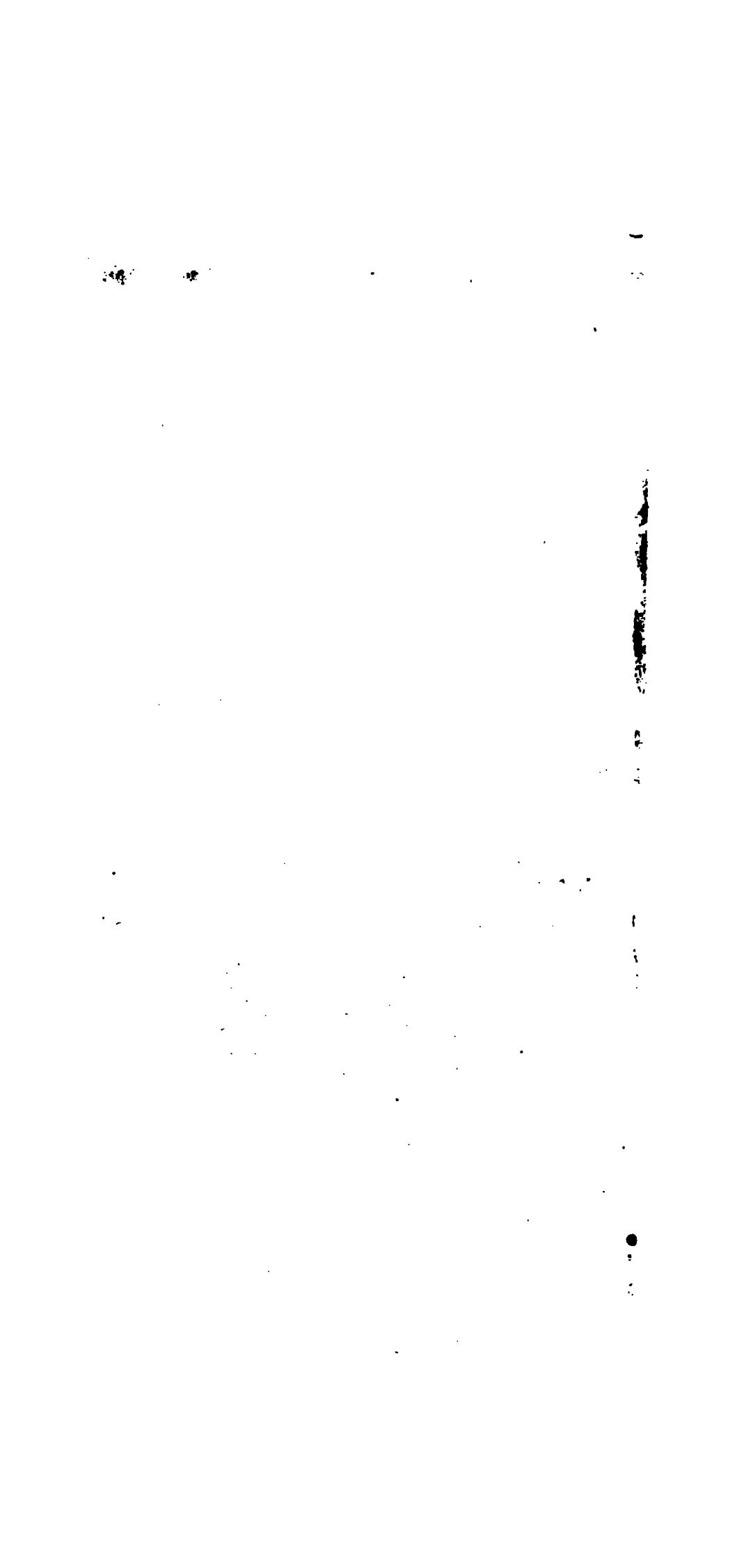
FOR

'THE LIFE

OF

JAMES FENNELL.

**AN APOLOGY
FOR
THE LIFE
OF
JAMES FENNELL.**





Wood Engr.

Beyd sc.

Jas. Fennell

AN APOLOGY

FOR

THE LIFE

OF

JAMES FENNELL,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

"Look into those they call *unfortunate*,
"And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise."

Dr. YOUNG.

PHILADELPHIA:

PUBLISHED BY MOSES THOMAS, NO. 52, CHESNUT-STREET.

J. Maxwell, printer

1814.

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DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the fourteenth day of February, in the thirty-eighth year of the independence of the United States of America, A.D. 1814 Moses Thomas, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"An Apology for the Life of James Fennell—written by himself.

"Look into those they call unfortunate,

"And closer view'd, you'll find they are unwise.—Dr. YOUNG."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned." And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the District of Pennsylvania.

PREFACE.

WHILE proposing to send into the world the history of my life, I pretend not to exhibit every error committed, nor every virtuous principle indulged; the former delicacy prevents, the latter modesty declines, I trust, however, that such omissions will prove of little consequence, when I assure the public that the higher characteristics of my life will be faithfully portrayed, without regard to my own feelings, and with respect to the duty of an historian. The facts related will be accompanied with remarks intended for the benefit of parents as well as children; to remind the former of the necessity of examining microscopically the sensations of their children after reward or punishment; and to prove to the latter how great is the gain, or loss of happiness in the indulgence, or the want of filial affection.

The work is undertaken under the pressure of extreme calamities, the fruits of indiscretion: with a heart bleeding at every pore for the distresses of those most dear to me, I make a powerful effort to struggle with the difficulties and wants of every nature that surround me, to

revive the spirits of a drooping family, excite a prudently virtuous principle within their bosoms, teach them, by a fair exhibition of what I am, and what I *might* have been, the necessity of discretion and economy in all their pursuits; remind them that

“ Virtue alone is happiness below,”

and advise them to avoid those errors that have undermined all my most promising undertakings, and blasted my most sanguine hopes.

Should the work have a tendency to rescue one family from misery, by checking the indiscretions of an infatuated parent; or persuade one dissipated youth to throw away his follies and be wise while there is yet time—it will not have been written in vain:—and that such may prove its effect will be the earnest endeavour, as it is the warmest wish of

THE AUTHOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE READER.

WHEN Learning played the wanton with a drowsy world, debauched herself, and grasped the scandalous pay of ignorance, drugging with opiates the intellects of man, she wore the harlotry of dress; she flirted, flattered, and cajoled. Her eye forgot the countenance sublime that dared once face heaven's self, and with a downcast look, pretending virtue and religion, she dragged her solemn heavy step along, trampling o'er dozing mortals.

Then was, in sweet oblivious tones, sung the soft lullaby to Reason; then was the gilded pill bestowed that purged the soul to inactivity. Men, drenched with the intoxicating draught of superstition, forgot the Maker they affected to revere, and prostrated themselves before a human being; debased beyond the slavery of Nero's satellites, who bowed to his colossal statue, till heaven's blast, in pity of the weakness of mankind, returned it to the dust.

These were the days of darkness. I love darkness, the darkness of Nature's night, for therein the tongue

of Envy, Malice, and Uncharitableness is generally at rest; but I love not the darkness of human intellect, nor that which shelters faults; I love no shrouded *mind*; therefore shall every veil be torn from *my* misdeeds; and every folly appear in its true light; that as Martinus Scriblerus so effectually instructed us how to mount, by teaching us the art of sinking in poetry, so will I endeavour to make young men rise, by developing the art of sinking in *life*. It is, I must confess, for I am aware of it, a task of some difficulty; I know *too well*

Est—facilis descensus Averno

Sed, revocare gradum—"There's the rub."

Matter, we are told, gravitates in proportion to its density; mine was generally that of lead, and I consequently sunk, like an overloaded vessel, under the pressure of the first wave, in the ocean of calamity. Characters more buoyant have continued floating on the surface, felt the light airs that wafted them to peace, and tranquilly pursued their voyage. But great bodies move slowly, excepting downwards, and I wanted a superior impelling force to urge me onward. Storms, to be sure, would sometimes drive me before them, for I never had an anchor that would enable me to ride them out; perhaps because I cast on unsafe ground. Be it as it may, there will be always one port left from which no human being can be kept by an embargo—there, through my Redeemer, may I hope for rest.

Yet so great have been the contrarieties of my disposition, that occasionally I was light as the gossamer, suffering myself to be guided by the softer breaths of Nature at their will, till having provided for myself a vacuum, I descended, like a feather in the exhausted

receiver of an air pump, with a celerity equal to that of the most precious metal.

But, reader, if you are a reader of prefaces, advertisements, dedications, &c. &c. I presume you will expect that I should now tell you something about the book itself. Well then;—but I shall first begin to give you negatively the desired information.

I sing not the history of the Styx-dipped Achilles, his anger, or invulnerability; I sing not the wanderings, the cunning, or the bravery of the artful Ulysses, nor the praises of that truly *pious* and dutiful son who ran away from his wife and mother to save himself from the flames of Troy. You will hear of no Jerusalem delivered, no Henriade, no Telemachus with a Mentor constantly at his side, no Vasco de Gama, with feet on earth and head in heaven, even on the Cape of Good Hope; but you may hear occasionally of Shakspeare and—Paradise Lost. Though mine is an humble theme, but

Let not Ambition mock my useful toil,
My homely *fangs*, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

Yet, Grandeur, shall you have something served up for your palate in due time; for your votaries, like the humblest of us, are fathers and mothers, physically, if not morally so. Nature has given them the same feelings as she has bestowed on the poorest. Where then, as human beings, is the difference between them? None but this: the feelings of the rich are checked by fashion, the wishes of the poor by need. The lady of fashion will say to her maid servant “I can’t attend to the child

now, I am going to a large party to spend the evening.” The cottage mother, pressing her crying infant to her breast, exclaims, “ My dear child, I’d help you if I could.” Draw still another distinction: the one is the result of choice, the other of necessity; then ask our God in whose favour the balance will turn hereafter.

And now, reader, I will *positively* tell you what you have to expect: a book of shreds and patches, sowed together to make a covering for declining years; it will be just what its author has been in conduct, a compilation of nondescript characters of style, a mingled heap of nothingnesses in general; and you know very well that *ex nihilo nil fit* is a common adage; but still as madness admits the intervals of sense, some truths, some sound doctrine may be found that may induce you to say, “ There’s something good, and I’ll search for more.”

But, my gentle reader, if you *will* leave the cultivated gardens of science which are every day presented for your inspection, and wander through a *wilderness* in search of unknown flowers or herbs, you cannot expect to find them *every* where; then may I presume that you will experience the greater delight in finding them *any* where. If, therefore, you are determined in your search, I must stimulate your perseverance and patience through a barren tract till I can lead you to a spot where I propose remuneration for your labour.

The fancies of men vary as much in literature, as those of the ladies in their admiration of caps, bonnets, and laces; I shall, therefore, endeavour to manufacture the following pages in such a variety of style, of different patterns, of colour, of fineness, in short, of every thing that induces a delicate female to look at this, to

toss about that, and to feel the other, in a merchant's store, that from my stock I hope there may be found something to suit all tastes. Let the ladies then but turn over my pages in the evening as often as they shall have turned over the merchant's goods in the morning, and I will engage that they shall find something to suit them: but ladies, my prices are great, and I shall require payment on the instant. I demand for my higher prized goods—a smile or a tear.

Yet, to the female reader I am almost dumb. I remember that the celebrated Bruce, once, on a remark I made, that a part of his manuscript which I had been reading in the morning, had the air of a novel, observed, you could not have pleased me more than by saying so; for if it has the properties of a novel the ladies will read it, and if the ladies read it, the gentlemen must purchase it and read it also.

Well then, to accommodate the work to the ladies' taste, I will act accordingly to my opinion, formed on no trifling experience; to meet their smiling eyes, there shall be truth; to reach their generous hearts there shall be congenial virtue; proudly disdaining the metaphysic rhapsody of Pope, that

" Every woman is at heart a rake."

If ever ingratitude was exhibited by man (a proposition easily demonstrated) Pope's remarks in prejudice of the fair sex were surely the most inexcusable. Who attended him in his weaknesses? who kept in existence his feeble and incompetent frame? was it Dr. Arbuthnot, to whom he says,

" Friend of my life, which did not *you* prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song!"

No. A physician may prescribe; but delicate attentions must administer. It was to you, feeling, susceptible, and adorable woman, who are in our hours of sorrow the compassionate angels of our distresses; it was to you, and not to Bolingbroke, and all his tribe of infidelity, to whom Pope owed his hours of peace and sweet repose. St. John smoothed not his pillow; Arbuthnot spread not his couch of ease or relaxation. The flattering swarm of sycophants may have soothed his dormant faculties, and awakened an excitative imagination; but woman, woman only prepared for him his down of roses, and invigorated his frame with the reviving essence of balmy attention.

Sweet restorative of wounded minds! blest cordial to the drooping frame! I hallow thee.

But whither am I wandering, and what am I engaged with? Am I not launching again into "a sea of troubles?" If so, is my bark stout, well fitted, and well ballasted? Had I not better pause ere I begin my voyage, lest I be sent into the "slimy bottom of the deep, only to contemplate

"Wedges of gold, large anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,"

with none of which I can ever ascend to the surface, and redeem myself? What is this infatuation that entrals me now; that bids me tell a tale of folly; that threatens torture to my refusal of confession? 'Tis not "the pleasing hope, the fond desire, the longing after" praise. No, no. 'Tis obstinacy, that former bane of all my hopes and prospects. I have once said I would confess my errors for the benefit of mankind, and right or wrong it must be done; so

Va mon enfant;

Get thee into the world, my book, child of my dotage, and see how it will treat thee. Ha! who is that who cries "O that mine enemy would write a book?" No matter. Go, and be another testimony of the follies of your parent. But, if a tear, perchance, from widowed or from orphaned eye, should ornament one page of thine, close on it with instinctive motion, and keep it as the richest pearl your father would esteem. Farewell! My cares for you, depart with my attentions. You are sold as a slave, and as a slave you must expect to be treated; but drudge on; work your own passage over the Atlantic, on the eastern shores of which perhaps some kindred soul may heave a sigh of pity on your parent's fate, and clasp you to a feeling breast, while others, with affected virtue, cry out "Raca!"—take your own chance. If any one should pluck from you *one* wing, give him the other also; for scribes and pharisees exist still; and if you wont give freely, they will take forcibly.

If you enter the world in Baltimore, you will bear with you on your journey to the north and east a load of recent imprudences; but you will meet with *Friends* in Philadelphia; *there* may you spread your leaves with freedom, and hope for mercy. The enemies of human slavery are friends to God;

"The God the Father of us all."

They pity the unfortunate; and enemies equally to the dominion of vice, they will cherish the instrument of its prevention; they are adelphians and phil-anthropic; they will say to you, you are the offspring of a parent who has been frequently weary and heavy laden, but

we have given him rest heretofore, and will welcome his last effort to amuse us.

In passing through New-York, you will leave some testimony of gratitude, but more of painful regret. You will salute the Irvings for me: for in them generosity keeps pace with science; but crisped be your leaves when you unwillingly unite the names of Hamilton and Burr, whose children were my patrons; bow to the shrine of almost unexampled benevolence, when you visit the family of my young friend Payne, for I was sick and they nursed and comforted me, till I almost persuaded myself that I was in the bosom of my own family; leave with them my gratitude for their affectionate attentions and warmest prayers to Heaven for their welfare.

While passing by New-London, should you make no stay there on dry land, dip yourself in the waters of the ocean; they will welcome even the last remnant of that man's property they so cruelly devoured. But beware of the cedars of Lebanon; they will shrink at your approach; for their kindred trees fell beneath my axe, and descended from "Pelion to the main," though they returned not with the golden fleece.

I wish you to be a resident in Boston, at least partially so: for there parents and children will give you welcome; lawyers will find in you some gospel, merchants some arithmetic, friends some acknowledgements, and foes some censure, the unfortunate some pitying reflections, and the deaf and the dumb will smile with recollection of the name on the title page.

But you must travel to Vermont: there with avidity will you be read by one who ornaments her sex; she

will clasp you to a bosom warmed with nature's virtues, and the pillow that supports her head at night shall be your guardian till the morning.

Reader! and book! I recommend to you mutual concordance. Be "the friends of virtue and you will be mine."



DEDICATION.

TO MIMOSA SENSITIVA.

PLANT of my heart! I have a beloved, a wife of my bosom. Second only to her in my esteem and gratitude is *one* to whom I would have dedicated all that may be rational and good in the succeeding pages; a tribute poor and worthless, if compared with virtues rarely found.

Mimosa! *thou* droopest under the touch of mortals; *My* friend shrinks from the note of praise; without which, in justice she cannot be addressed.

I dare not, therefore, further plead to *her* for the acceptance of my feelings: to you, then, as her emblem, for delicacy is thy vital spark, I dedicate this work.

But, Mimosa, though shrinking from the *human* hand thou permittest the airs of *nature* to breathe upon thee, without wounding thy sensibility; for her strength and her wisdom are in thy structure.

No rude *finger* shall approach thee; my breath only shall gently kiss thy leaves:—a breath not perfumed by Arabian odours, to incite organic sense; but sweetened



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*“Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit,” &c.*

who is to blame but himself? Be thou yet my inspirer, my Mecænas, my presidium, my dulce decus, during the wild course I am about to run: teach me, like you, to frolic and be wise alternately,

*“Metaque servidis,
“Evitare rotis,”*

that I may arrive safely at my journey's end.

You tell us it is sweet to die for our country, “*dulce est pro patria mori.*” This is a good political maxim, when we wish persons to play for us those pranks we dare not act ourselves. We like to teach others those lessons we are not inclined to follow. And did you not, my friend, while writing that ode, which is fertilized by those words, assume the part of a deceiving nurse, who tells her *patient* child, while holding nauseous physic to its mouth, “here's something nice and good.” The cup you offered to others, you avoided tasting yourself: you thought it *sweeter* to retreat. Horace! you were like myself: you could *teach* good ethics, but could not *practise* them. While others were following your advice, you ran from it, perhaps that you might live to give them more. You lived, and died: you had your entrance and your exit—yet, my friend, the parts we shall have played will be remembered. But can it be said of us,

*“Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.”*

You say that you erected, during your life, a monument more lasting than brass. Do you now sleep more comfortably under it than do Bavius or Mævius;

or any of your cotemporary friends, over whom their merits threw but a little dust? No: let us be wise or foolish, poets or mechanics, statesmen or warriors,

“*Omnis eodem cogimur,
Numa quo devenit, et Ancus,*”

and our only hope is in hereafter.

“When we are born, we cry that we are come
“On this great stage of fools.”

What I had done, before my existence in *this* world, to merit chastisement, some wiser noddy than my own must puzzle out. I was somehow or other tossed by nature, as a new football for the sport of mortals upon the rounding surface of this globe, one morning, called the eleventh of December, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty-six of the Christian era. If I have proved an intruder, I have only the child's excuse: I could not help it—so it was. I was tossed into London—that too I could not help.

My father had not long returned to England from New-York, America, when he married a daughter of Dr. Brady, at that time a celebrated physician in England. Was I to blame for that? Was it my fault that I was not born in America? My father entered then, and continued during his life, in the Navy Pay-office, constant in the service of his government, at the different seaports, for more than sixty years. He had latterly been appointed chief of the treasury department of the Navy Pay-office in London; a place constituted, as he informed me, for the purpose of rewarding him for his services, and securing to him an easy employment, and a respectable income (about four hundred guineas per annum) during the remainder of his days.

I two years ago had the pain of receiving from him only a few lines, which he had dictated to my youngest sister, as part of a letter proposed for me, when nature chose for him a worthier correspondent, and called him to the bosom of his Saviour. There is rest!

We may yet meet again, revered, beloved, but too indulgent parent! And may your sufferings for the irregularities of a son, afford some claim to an addition to that happiness your virtues have secured, where moth and rust corrupt not, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

Pope says:

"Go, if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through *scoundrels* ever since the flood;
Go, and pretend your family is young,
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long."

Of the antiquity, and the vices or virtues of my ancestors, I can say, because I know, but little. I presume that my father had a father, *that father his*, and so on for a few or more generations back. But as I never was informed of their supereminence in duelling, or wading through a field of slaughter, to preferment, I can only presume that

"Far from the mad'ning crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learnt to stray:
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

And as I also presume that the reader will join with me in judgment, of the inutility of referring to the family pedigree, I will confine this part of my history chiefly to what was, and what is, within the scope of my own knowledge, lest I should be led to speak of things that were

not. For, as I am told many of my ancestors were Welchmen, I might only engage in a waste of paper, while acting the part of a second Cadwallader. As many were Scotchmen, or Scotchwomen, I might break my neck on the rocks of the Orkneys, in endeavouring to search them out; and as a few were Irish, I might be induced to trace my pedigree beyond the deluge, or, perhaps, beyond the creation itself.

My safest anchoring ground is in England; thence I'll weigh and put to sea; but, till I start, I'll pay out a sufficient length of cable to let my anchor hold.

I rank among my kinswomen, the wives of Hood, of Boyer, of Curtis, and of Linzie, admirals in the British navy. I once could boast of four brothers, younger than myself, fighting for their country—three paid *for honour* with their lives.

John, the eldest of the four, was in lord Howe's engagement on the first of June. It was he who, when the halliards of the bloody flag were shot away, ordered the sailor to nail it to the mast; to which order the gallant tar replied, with an oath, “I'm doing it.” Let the lieutenant and the sailor share the honour. My brother was promoted to the rank of master and commander, and soon after paid his debt to nature in the West Indies.

Thomas, the second, also having been promoted to the same rank, was proceeding with some officers in a small schooner, from one of the windward to one of the leeward islands, to assume the command of a frigate, when his schooner was taken by the French. My brother and his officers rose on the captors and retook the vessel. They again fell into the hands of the French.

My brother, colonel Wetherall, and Mr. Galvin, master's mate, were put in prison, and chained by the leg together, at Guadaloupe. My father wrote to *me*, who was then in Philadelphia, to send him all the aid I could. I endeavoured to serve him; but when the vessel arrived, the generous captain, whose heart seemed to beat like my own, was almost sorry to find that my brother had been released. Thomas was sent home, and there, was put upon the sick list: but, understanding that the Tribune frigate was to be sent to Halifax to be laid up, wishing, as he informed me by letter, to come and live with me, he accepted the offer of a first lieutenancy, and embarked in her. The Tribune frigate was wrecked while beating into Halifax, and my brother, with all the rest of the crew, excepting eight (of whom the above-mentioned Mr. Galvin was one) unfortunately perished.

The third, George, commanded the Nile frigate in the engagement which admiral Caulder directed, and bore, as I am informed, the despatches home; but was at last so disabled by wounds, and consequent sickness, that he was incapable of commanding his ship. He was, therefore, removed: but so great was his attachment to his ship, perhaps for her name's sake, that after he was taken from her, he never articulated a syllable. He died. Thus had an unhappy father to sustain, and by the help of Providence, support the loss of three brave sons—of each, when, after a long train of services, through every inferior grade, he had but lately been promoted to the rank of commander.

Methinks I hear some feeling female say: "But did the mother live?" No. "She was dead; kind Heaven had closed her eyes," before her children fell!—She

witnessed only the death of *one* daughter, Frances, and followed her immediately to the grave. The fourth brother quitted the navy, after the battle in the Brilliant frigate with two of the French, and determined to reside at home, as the only remaining prop *there* of his father's house, and entered into the militia under the patronage of lord Suffield. He is still living.

And now for a serious word or two about myself. I was born in London in the year 1766, on the eleventh of December. My dear father died with the asthma about two years ago. My mother was the sister of captain Matteate Brady: her father, Dr. Brady, I need but slightly mention, as he will have no interest in this relation, other than that which he derives from the feelings with which he inspired my mother. With a highly instructed, yet with a too feeling mind, she possessed sentiments which seemed, in the earliest stages of matrimony, to direct her attentions to the unlimited indulgence of her children; not estimating, perhaps—(may her blessed spirit forgive me if I err!)—the *tendency* of her extreme affection. My elder brother, her first child, having been nursed continually, during near two years, by the bosom of his mother, or in the arms of her attendant, and confined from Nature's generous air, which is too often the fatal error of our younger mothers, was one morning, for some childish error, placed by my father, as a punishment, out of the back door of our house: he caught cold, and all the most affectionate attentions of both parties were unavailing to save him from dissolution.

Soon afterwards my eldest sister, Henrietta, was born; who will be mentioned in the course of this work, as con-

siderably interesting my welfare: she is still living; the wife of Mr. Danvers, nephew to sir John Danvers, residing at Hornsey, near London, with a fine family of children, and personally known to many inhabitants of Philadelphia.

It then pleased Nature to send on the surface of the globe, the romantic author of these memoirs: romantic I may well call him, for his opinions never accorded with the principles of this world, in general, and his conduct never has been guided by them.

I sucked the milk of hesitation, while my dear mother was struggling between the feelings heretofore indulged, and her duty's stern command; but my disposition soon assumed a *decided* tone.

She afterwards had the honour of offering to the world three daughters, Mary Ann, Frances, and Charlotte. Mary Ann married, after seven years' courtship, Mr. Hicks, a gentleman of independent fortune, and holding a good place under government. She is living, but has no children. Frances died in 1793, unmarried. Charlotte is still living, unmarried.

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd."

The strongest impressions that are made on an infant's mind, are those which seize upon him, when in the moments of amusement he voluntarily pauses to attend to conversation. The observations from one parent to another, while their children are playing before them, will, when any thing interesting to either of them occurs, excite an ardency of attention that will convey with it to the mind the most lasting stamp.

So was it with me. The following apparently trifling circumstance, fixed the bias of my temper; and the perfect recollection of an occurrence which took place when I was only three years of age, sanctions the efficacy of the fact.

I had a tumour of some nature on the upper part of my right arm. The surgeon who had attended me had promised to return in the afternoon, to make the necessary incision. I was lying in the parlour, on a pillow, between my parents. They had already placed a cushioned arched chair close by the window, with the necessary bandages. My parents had been conversing on the subject for some time, without any particular attention on my part, till the following words arrested my ears:—“James is a brave child, and will bear it firmly.” Parents! reflect on this apparently trivial occurrence. On the impressions then made I can find all my erroneous decisions through life—from them, as the descending spider from his web, I spun the attenuated thread that let me down—and to them I can trace the irrational instinct which induced a man to weave such feeble plans for present safety, as only proved the prey of future blasts.

Parents! seldom have you read a history like mine. I plait no sins with gold, that on them the strong lance of justice may break hurtless—I arm them not with rags, that you may pierce them with a pigmy’s straw—they are in their native guise. As such contemplate them—make my errors useful to yourselves. Grave on my tomb—this man, at last, performed some good—make it the means of service to your children, and, consequently, to your own happiness. Pause, then, nor condemn, too hastily, the anecdote of a child.

"James is a brave boy, and will bear it firmly." Fatal words; for they infused into an infant's mind, of course unacquainted with the nature of essential fortitude, the effluential spirit of reason-warring obstinacy. I have preserved it throughout my life, and it will prove the coffin of my errors. Had my father, instead of the above, observed, that "James was a good boy, and would submit with patience to necessity," he then would have instilled a widely different principle—had he taught me the nature of true courage, fearless of danger, to attempt whatever it was my duty to perform—had he taught me the nature of honourable fortitude, to bear with resignation and content what I was doomed to suffer—had he taught me to elicit the vital spark of virtue, by confessing error, and withdrawing from the pursuit of it—to restrain those feelings which urge continuance in erroneous determination against the dictates of common sense—I then had been fortified by duty, and patient under the penance it imposed.

The doctor's carriage arrived: it was announced by the servant. I instantly started from my pillow, climbed into the chair, and laid my arm upon the window slab, prepared for the operation.

When the doctor entered the room, and found me in the situation above described, he foolishly observed, that I was a brave little fellow. This established my former feelings, and I really began to think myself a hero. On this presumption, unsupported by one virtuous feeling, I suffered uncomplainingly; but, as I suppose, fainted under the operation; for the only succeeding circumstance that occurred within my present recollection, was awakening from my mother's bed, and seeing her a ministering guardian by my side.

The fact above related, though apparently of trifling moment to the childless, will not, as I trust, be totally devoid of interest to the parent; for, though it happened at so early a period as when I was only three years of age, it determined the bias of my disposition, through life, and will remain impressed upon my warmest feeling, till it shall please Providence to call me to another state.

I cannot recollect, that ever, even to the present day, though convinced of error, I have yielded up my first formed resolution. The advice of my best friends was generally acknowledged as good; but had no effect. I was as sensible of my own faults as they—my pillow told me of them—the night showed me the perverseness of my ways—but the morn threw the seven-fold shield of obstinacy around me, and blunted every anxious aim for my welfare.

At this present hour, my best, most generous, and steady friend, Joseph Hopkinson, esq. has ample proof, of the folly of my rejection of his advice. Experience has, long since, proved it good; but he threw his diamonds against a rock—they could not penetrate its surface.

But, to return—When we sow a seed, we do not bury it, as a dead body, in the earth to rot; we must expect it to spring up; and, when sprung up, to seek congenial nutriment. The weed will claim an equal title to the air and rain, as does the proudest flower: so will the error of a child, claim equal right to natural increase, till it is rooted out by a parental gardener's hand.

On my recovery, I was sent on a visit to an uncle of my father's, a bachelor, or a widower, without chil-

dren, from whom my father expected, and afterwards received, a very considerable legacy. The old gentleman, for some time, treated me with the greatest kindness; but one day, when I had been walking with the housekeeper, for the benefit of the air, she called with me on a lady, who happened to be at dinner, and who requested us to refresh ourselves. *I* did so, with some tarts and sweetmeats. On our return to my uncle's house, his dinner being ready, I was placing myself at the table, as usual, when he asked me if I had not already dined. I answered, no. He frowned and asked the housekeeper—if *I* had *not*. She replied, yes. I was immediately accused of having told a falsehood, and ordered to confinement, to live on bread and water, for six days, in a back room; then only to be released on condition that *I* should perfectly recite a psalm.

Some may smile, and say, this was a good lesson, as it prepared me for future occurrences of a similar nature. I will not contradict such judges of predisposing causes; but, this I will say, that I should not have suffered imprisonment an hour, had not a predisposing *obstinacy* determined me to endure it; because I had been taught to believe myself a hero.

No successful, and, perhaps, therefore, no judicious means having been adopted for the eradication of false notions, the predominant ingrafted passion had full play; and while my uncle thought that he was punishing *me*, I had sense enough to feel that *I* was distressing *him* and all his family: triumphant in idea, I actually *became* the character I had before but assumed, and determined not to pay the smallest attention to the task they had assigned me. The housekeeper relented; but *I* re-

mained firm. The servants were continually offering milk, and other delicacies, adapted to the taste of a child now about five years old. I would accept of none. But on a Sunday, the sixth day of my confinement, the ringing of the church bells excited in me an inclination, totally independent of repentance or submission. I was conscious of no fault: for, I certainly did not esteem the refreshments I had taken, as a dinner, and thought the only crime that was committed was the punishment of innocence. But I panted for liberty, and knew that I could bargain for it by the fruits of a few hours study. I learnt the psalm—gave notice of my readiness to recite it—my prison door was opened—I was received by my uncle in his parlour—I remember the moment well—I remember *too, my feelings*—I bowed my body, and he thought he had conquered me; but he had only rivetted the bolt that had before secured my soul-imprisoned thoughts. With outward calmness I stood silent as he spoke; with inward anger I disdained his treatment of me. He suffered me to fret and vex myself and others for some weeks after; then returned me to my father.

Surely, severity to infants, must prove the bane to every correct disposition in adults; as much so, as that which we *call* indulgence, when we give them what they wish, to quiet them. Each conduct is reproachable, and the smallest consideration will prove it so. The candid, austere parent will admit, that his own ease frequently induces punishment—the tenderest mother will confess, that her own rest sometimes advocates indulgences her reason would condemn. But it is Art that plants the pain—that ingrafts desire—that produces unintended errors. Nature gives not the infant pains—

Nature demands not those compounded delicacies, which stimulates the taste, while they enfeeble the essential powers of preservation—she tells him not to err; but, trusting to the meadows and the fields, to drink and eat her unpolluted gifts. When cries the sturdy labourer's infant, it is for milk and corn—when the poor, puny child of fashion whines, it is for poisonous nau-sates, the death-inviting sweets, that glut but to produce a future craving—the body weak, and repugnant to its wholesome food, the mind partakes its cares, and sharing with it a defiled diet, preys on the passions till 'tis gorged.

Each error, as each plant, must have its seed; in both, the embryo particle is sometimes so minute, as to escape the eye of observation. The seed, which imperceptibly was wafted to the surface of my breast, found not a barren or reluctant soil; it sank, swelled, rooted in it, and sprang up; looking around for adequate support—but metaphor apart—it found encouragement in the company of children, of nearly my own age, wherein, under the exterior garb of courage, my obstinacy brought me into many difficulties; that introduced mediums of such multiform densities, that, like the rays of light, my beams of understanding were forced occasionally to diverge, and, consequently, could never be assured of moving in a strait line.

My father, as I have before observed, being engaged in the Navy Pay-office, could not reside constantly in one place: subject to the orders of his government, he was constantly removed from one seaport to the other. At this time he resided about a mile from London; and I was sent to school to learn the elements of grammar,

and writing. I had been at the school some months, and had been occasionally flattered by praises of my proficiency, when a brother of my father called on him one afternoon, and requested to see me. I was sent for, with a message that my uncle, the purser of the Thunderer man of war, desired to see me. This was a thundering message to a child, who knew himself to have been that day in fault.

Reader! I have hesitated ten minutes, in an attempt to determine, whether I should relate or not, the *cause* of my errors this day; but, as the errors were great to which it led, I find myself induced to relate an almost ridiculous occurrence, for the sake of its effect.

The night had been stormy; much rain had fallen; the roads were very muddy, and my indulgent mother had persuaded me to wear my sister's pattens while walking to the school, to keep my feet unwetted. As I approached the door of the school-house, I observed the boys assembled, and heard from one of them these words:

“Come now to school let us be gone;
Here's Jemmy Trot, with pattens on.”

I felt the dignity of my sex insulted by the remark—I threw off my pattens, and attacked him; but was obliged to yield to his superior power—submission, disdain would have forbidden; but power enforced it. In this instance, my obstinacy could not bear me out; I was forced to acknowledge my antagonist my conqueror—But, from its ashes, the phoenix of my disposition sprang again; and determined on a triumph elsewhere. I did every thing, that morning, purposely, as badly as I could—I tripp'd the scholars as they passed before the mas-

ter; shuffled and scraped; coughed, sneezed, and groaned; till I was ordered to confinement, in a little dark closet adjoining the school-room. Here, by chance, perhaps to save it from the encroaches of the other boys, the cook had hid an apple pye; the guilty fed on it, and what he could not eat, he threw away. I was released at twelve o'clock. That sense of wrong, which even racks the breasts of infants, kept me from my father's house—I went to play with my school-fellows; and thence occurred a circumstance that staggered me—A boy had caught a mouse, and given it to the great guardian dog of our domains—he seemed to me to torture it, and I, feeling for the poor animal, made a grasp at it, for its relief. The dog seized my hand, and bit it with such force, that, *with* my recollection, I bear his *marks* this day. My hand was bound up, and I remained till I was sent for to meet my uncle. In the meantime, the reflections of the events of the day puzzled my youthful brain exceedingly—in the morning I had been guilty, knowingly and purposely so, and my punishment had proved a feast on an apple pye—in the afternoon I had attempted to do an act of mercy, and my reward was a bite from a revengeful dog. In this disturbed state of mind and body, I attended the servant to my father's. After customary conversation on such meetings, my uncle requested to see my writing book. I went half way, through the mud; hid myself for some time, and returned without it; saying that I could not get it from my master. My uncle shook his head, as intimating that I had told an untruth; and it produced an effect upon me, similar to that which the gods and goddesses are, by Homer, represented to feel on the nod.

ding of Olympian Jove: but, while he infused in me a dread of future attempts to deceive, it introduced a flame to the yet steaming breath of obstinacy: so that, when after this, I had determined to do any thing, or right or wrong, I fanned my resolution to a blaze, consuming all objections. This plan I pursued, that an untruth of the mind should not appear, and that my tongue, after having said "*I will,*" should not be heard to utter, "*I will not.*" So much for obstinacy.

A short time after this, a poor fellow, who, by accident, had lost the greater part of his tongue, came before my father's gate, with a wheel-barrow, picking up rags and offals, and stopping, made signs that he wanted to eat and drink. He showed us, for my elder sister was with me, the wound. I ran to the house, stole into the pantry, and brought him a quantity of provisions, with some beer. After having given them to the man, I desired him to call again, when I should be from school, and I would do the same for him. He bowed, with an humility and look which I had never before witnessed; and I felt a something like a pleasing pain I could not comprehend. I have since *found* it was a possession of one of those estimable commodities, which avarice sometimes embargoes, when it says: "*I will not give bread to my enemy.*" It was a pang with an enjoyment—it was feeling for a fellow creature—and, being the first sensation of that nature, I had ever experienced, it operated like an alkali on the acidity of my disposition—fermenting for a moment; but, eventually, neutralizing; serving, in proper quantities, as harmless medicine; when decomposed, inveterate poison. The decomposition frequently took place, and each power

was left to act alone. The following was the result:—when soothed I played the fool, and when opposed the madman.

What a fool am I now to attempt to write a book, when I cannot confine myself, ten minutes together, to any subject—still wandering, as in youth, from the direct road. Reader! I cannot help it: I am the slave of feeling—sometimes *l'Allegro*—sometimes *Il Penseroso*.

A book has lately appeared that has a strange title—“Thinks I to myself.” I feel much obliged to the author, whoever he may prove to be; for he has furnished me with an expression, sanctified by public opinion, which will save me much trouble, or circumlocution; I shall, therefore, adopt it, immediately after this digressive excursion.

Now, “thinks I to myself,” have I done right or wrong? I was decided in my justification, till I was informed, that unfortunately, in my hurry, I had snatch'd up a chicken that had been intended for part of that day's dinner. The cook missed it, and complained. My father discovered the whole concern; and, after having punished me pretty severely, ordered me never to do so again.

Hence arose a most painful struggle in the bosom of a child, about seven years old. I had promised a poor man that, on his return, I would do the same for him as I had done before—and my father had ordered me *not* to do so. How happily for the future good disposition of the child had it been, could my father have condescended to say: “you have done wrong in promising; but, as you have promised, you must perform. I will give to you every thing necessary to your engagement;

but make no more without my knowledge and consent; instead of this, the child was left to settle, as it were, accounts with himself; obedience was charged with breach of promise, want of feeling, and a sense of shame. Obstinacy made out the bill, and the balance proved in the poor man's favour; he came, he saw and conquered.

Here was weakened the bond of filial duty, for it appeared at variance with what seemed just. I was then but a child, and as St. Paul says, when I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child, I understood as a child—I wish I could pursue the parallel.

Let parents, however, consider the result a different conduct would have produced. Had my father, on this occasion, knowing that I had made a promise, condescended to have indulged me in my desire, of offering some broken victuals to the poor man, my obedience to my father would have been preserved, my obstinacy, by a little prudence on his part, would have been weakened, and my feelings would have increased affection towards him.

A few weeks after this, a circumstance of considerable effect on my disposition, occurred; we were, as boys, frequently inclined to run on the broad-capt walls* that separated the one neighbour's garden from the other; we had approached (for the houses were in a row) the garden of a man of very austere disposition. Come, says one of the company, let us try if this man's fruit is as

* Peaches being a wall fruit in England and Scotland, they secure them by a capping of stone, which extending, several inches over each side of the wall, serves to secure the fruit from the droppings of rain, which would otherwise fall upon it.

sour as his temper; I instantly jumped down; they followed; but scarcely had we tasted of the forbidden fruit, when we saw old Crabstick issuing from his house at a distance, with his servant behind him. I immediately ordered my little army to disperse, and seek their own safety, while I remained firm on the spot till he came up. I was instantly seized and taken to my father's, where I was *first* whipped, and *afterwards* ordered to declare who my accomplices were—Alas! it was too late to get any explanation from me: I had been already punished, as I thought, enough, and every lash of the rod had but increased my obstinacy.

About this time, a melancholy accident frightened me extremely—my father's chimneys smoked: a person undertook to remove their defects: his offer was accepted. He was on the roof of a three story brick house, while I, with my brothers and sisters, were amusing ourselves in the nursery: something occasioned his slipping; he fell from the roof to the ground, and died in a few minutes. I saw him, in falling, pass the window. On the bustle occasioned by the sudden fate of the poor man, the children were ordered and confined to the nursery *without* their governess; during which time, four infants, from two to nine years old, were suffered to converse, and make their uncorrected remarks on this fatal subject. Like rays of light passing through mediums of different densities, my ideas were variously refracted, creating a confusion resembling the effects of a terrific dream. The horror I experienced, and the hints given on the occasion, from the one to the other, were such I never before felt or thought of:

they penetrated deeply, and for some time produced serious effects.

After the following winter I was sent on a visit to an elder sister of my father's, who had no children; she then lived, and still lives at Hornsey, near London. She will not only pardon, but smile on the recollection of the childish tricks with which I then vexed her good nature. She had with her an elderly couple, who had at that time had, if I mistake not, lived with her upwards of twenty years: these good old people, wishing to preserve the best cherries in the garden for their kind employer, and suspecting, perhaps, that a child would naturally prefer the nicest, used to attempt to frighten me from picking them, by telling me, that they were bleeding fingers, and such *bugbear* stories, as, connected with my reflections on the foregoing event, often made me tremble; still, however, I was determined to have them, when no other hand restrained me but that which might be attached to the bleeding fingers: my obstinacy prevailed, and I picked the cherries.

One day my aunt having to prepare for receiving company, and fearing, perhaps, that I should escape into the garden, locked me up in a back parlour: being confined, I felt impatient of restraint, and looking around, at last contrived the means of escape: the windows, to be sure, had been secured, as the good lady thought, yet I found the method of opening one; but I could just raise it high enough to get my head and body through: I ventured; however the window had lost a weight, and I crawled till at last it caught me by the foot, and there I remained suspended, excepting that my arms had reached a large dairy pan, which with many

others, had been arranged neatly in a row: I made effort, extricated myself, and falling on one of the broke it in pieces.

I flew and hid myself, but little hurt, in a place where I could observe their proceedings: after remaining for some time, and finding that no person had been alarmed by my escape, I retreated to a very comfortable spot being plentifully supplied with cherries, and there remained during the whole of the day, having determined to punish with anxiety my friendly relation, who had attempted to punish me with confinement.

I confess that I smiled frequently at the different cries of anxiety which I heard for me; however, I remained firm till evening, when feeling those natural compulsions, which will, even in despite of ourselves reduce obstinacy to compliance, I returned creepingly to my aunt, and was by her embraced, as if one arm had compassed me with love, and the other with reproach.

The incidents of physical childhood are now past, but the moral childhood remains. Pause a moment reader!—let me relate to you a curious circumstance: I am justified in so doing, by the example of one of the most abstruse of the ancient modern philosophers, who paused in the midst of a laborious work, to relate an anecdote of a sparrow. I find myself now beginning the fortieth page of my manuscript; while writing the first words, the lines of Dr. Young struck me forcibly on seeing the number of the page.

"At thirty man *suspects* himself a fool;
 At forty knows it, and reforms his plan;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay;
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought,
 Resolves and re-resolves, and dies the same."

By a strange coincidence I immediately found, on turning to the *thirtieth* (in manuscript) of this history, that I therein confessed my suspicions of my being wrong, and in this page I was about to express a full acknowledgment of the same, when the above words of Dr. Young occurred to me; and finding that the number of pages corresponded with the years mentioned by Dr. Young, I have thought the anecdote, though trifling, worth relating.

The childish incidents, as I observed, are now past. They were introduced solely for the purpose, yet I think it an important purpose, of proving how vigilantly the attention of parents should be directed towards the constitution and disposition of the child, for

"Habits are soon assumed, but when we strive
 To leave them off, 'tis being slay'd alive."

The human mind, in our earlier infancy, is impresible, and liquid as the melted wax, prepared to close at once on the impression that may be made on it, and, like the cooled wax, retains it as its proper stamp. Reason, in infants, very soon succeeds to instinct; this moment is easily discernible by mothers, but they frequently mistake its origin; they are in raptures when they observe, for the first time, their blessing eyes meeting their infant's eyes; acknowledging their tenderness; they press them to their breasts—when the first transport

has subsided, they feed their tenderness with a second gaze, then seal affection's vows.

But these cannot be considered as the first fruits of affection. Affection, guided by instinct, had been shown and felt before; they are the dawning beams of reason, whose brightning rays dart from the eyes, meet the attentive mother's gaze, and thence, conveyed to the sweet welcome of the soul, whisper with the sweet breath of innocence, "remember, I am a human being."

Then, then, ye mothers! turn your attention to the mind; watch each emotion that succeeds your favour or displeasure; what delights, or what disgusts it. Acquaint yourselves thoroughly with their dispositions, perhaps, several dispositions; there is nothing so fatal to all, as to treat all alike, as if one general disposition pervaded the whole.

Be careful when you rebuke, that you rebuke for real, and not fancied error: punish not mistakes as you would punish vice. Children frequently commit actions under the impression of their innocence, which, to parents, appear wanton crimes: they frequently err from ignorance of right or wrong: examine well the motive of action, before you rebuke innocence—innocence rebuked, shrinks even from the acts of innocence.

Guilt, too, is only hardened by severe punishment, which creates a fear, a terror, and, sometimes, a hatred of its authoritative inflictor.

One day I had taken a penknife from my father's book case, which was left open for the use of the family, with every thing within it—I confess, that I did not use, but abuse it; for I broke it; and being fearful of owning the accident, I threw the knife where it could never

be found. My father missed it on his return home, and asked, with some warmth, who had it. No one owned having taken it: he challenged me. I denied knowing any thing about it, and persevered in the denial of it, through about six months occasional examinations, till at last, when we were without other company, in great good humour, some subject introduced the mention of the penknife; but it was then too late for confession. My obstinacy carried me through; but I think I may safely say, that had he at first taken me aside, and spoken kindly to me, I should have confessed my error, and not told a falsehood.

My father, as I before observed, had been in America, in the suite of one of the governors, at New York, and had always endeavoured to inculcate in me a partiality for the country. I can trace my first impression in its favour, to his observations made to me after my punishment for my invasion of our neighbour's garden, in the course of which he informed me, that in America the peaches grew on hedges. One evening as we were passing a square to visit our doctor, my father, after musing for some time, stopped, and, with a sigh observed, "So, we are going to war with our brethren and our children."—I could not comprehend the meaning of the expression, till he explained it in such a way, as to excite in me the liveliest sensations for the welfare of this country; a sensation which grew with my growth, and strengthened with my years, till it procured me the affectionate friendship of all the American students at Edinburgh, and the renewal of it in all whom I have had the happiness of meeting in the United States.

When near eleven years of age, I was placed under the care of the reverend Dr. French, at Bow, near London; he took only thirty scholars, and his school was always full.

After having been there a year or two, I had risen to the head class, and began to indulge freely my disposition. Some boy had conveyed to the master, one day, perhaps in consequence of a private quarrel, intelligence that I had uttered improper words, of which fault, I then believed, as I now believe, that I was completely innocent. The master called me before him. I attended—he desired me to write on a slate, the two following lines of Pope, with which I was then totally unacquainted:

“Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.”

As the master delivered them to me, I really did not understand what I was to write—I could not do it, and after I had made several useless attempts, the master became angry, and imputing my failure to my obstinacy, struck me several times, with a little cane he was accustomed to use.

“I knew it well, and every truant knew.”

Then, indeed, was my obstinacy excited. I then *would* not do it: he thrashed and thrashed till his arms were tired, with no effect. I continued voluntarily bungling, till, at last, apparently fatigued with his efforts, he dismissed my body to my seat, yet did not dismiss the obstinacy of my disposition, but left in it all the pride of triumph to increase.

A subject that proves the gratitude of mankind, even to boys, must be acceptable, as the choicest fruits rise in value in proportion to their scarcity; we were all of us at church, in one pew of sufficient capacity to contain us all with ease. Several pews were at right angles to ours; one of which, after the beginning of the service, remained vacant; into this was introduced by the sexton, a family, apparently strangers. There being no prayer books in that pew, we offered one for each person; they accepted them;—the same in the afternoon.

The next day, when school was ended, we were called by a loud knocking at one of our side tall fences, covered with tenter hooks, to attention; we went there, and on inquiry, we were informed, that the gentleman whose family we had obliged the day before, had brought us a large basket of cakes and fruit; but how to get them was the question: we prepared our skip ropes to get up the basket, and the boys made a pair of steps for me: I had just mounted, and thrown part of the rope over, when one of the boys giving way, I suddenly clasped one of the tenter hooks, and he, being alarmed at my crying out, attempted to look up; this weakened my footing; I slipped, and fell down with fingers dreadfully torn by the hooks; the middle finger was ripped from the palm to the nail: I have the mark of that wound to this day.

When I was about thirteen years of age (I cannot be very particular about dates, as I write without minute or memorandum) I was sent to Eton. I was admitted into the fourth-form, first as an oppidane, then, some interest being used, as a collegian; and I put

on the gown. Nothing of importance occurred, as I recollect, during the first three or four years, unless it should be of importance to know, that, being a stout boy, I was generally forced by the senior class, to steal wood, and bring it to college; to knock down our neighbour's fowls, and watching the baker's tray, (while he left it outside of the door; to deliver a pye to a customer) to relieve him of his burden, by taking away as many as we could carry. These actions were undoubtedly charitable, as the baker was thereby eased of his load, the woodman's horse less cruelly oppressed, and the farmer's wife devested of her care for those poor animals, who formed the principal ingredients of our college chicken feasts.

Yes, once I remember, one of our tenderest feeling upper boys, was kind enough to attempt to cure his neighbour, who lived about three miles off, of a lethargic disposition he was used to indulge in a favourite summer house. Having a long time in vain racked his intelligence for medicinal remedies for his friend, he at last determined, that cure was only to be effected by mechanical operation. Accordingly he summoned (having named them) six of the stoutest boys in the fourth-form, I was one, and ordered us to follow him, without saying a word—we were obliged to do so. He led us, no one knew where, in the night, three miles as we thought; then desiring us to wait for what he would give us, he climbed a garden wall, and delivered to us six handsome chairs, with which he ordered us to make our way immediately to college; we did so, and we delivered them to him.

I at once conceived a detestation of this wretch, he is still living, as I believe, and I trust he will see this. To what house we went I know not.

About this time, as boys, Mr. Canning (the late minister of England) and myself were intimate; he was reputed the best scholar in his class; he was, as myself, attached to Greek and Latin theatrical writers, and, like myself, desirous of establishing little private theatrical amusements among ourselves; I in college, and he in the town; we did so, and, for a long time, they were not noticed by the provost and the masters, but carried on with instruction as well as amusement. I think I never saw any boy play with more energy, spirit, and science, than young Canning.

There was at this time one of those singular phenomena of human character, which sometimes make their appearance on the great theatre of the world, residing in Eton town, in the shape of a blacksmith; he used to offer himself as a target for ridicule, and, of course, found enough ready to shoot at him. We had already enjoyed a great deal of fun, as we used to call it, at his expense; but, at last, our college comedians were determined to dramatise him. Accordingly, we prepared a farce, in which his representative was the principal character. Other persons connected with him, were of course introduced, to make the scene complete. We performed it several times; but, whether from complaints made to the master, or from some other cause, I know not, at length the hand of power, whose weight no mortal can resist, fell on us. Our machinery, I mean that of my party, was suddenly seized upon by the master, though twelve of us paid a guinea a piece for

the establishment, and subscribed a shilling a week for defraying the expenses, which consisted principally in lights and dresses; at least, what remained necessary after we had secretly conveyed away as many of the former from our dames' houses, and the chapel, as we could, and obtained from the maid servants as much as we could coax from them, of such certain parts of their equipment, as would answer for our blue, crimson, and scarlet cloaks.

Dr. Davies, then head master, destroyed more kings and queens (I mean gentleman queens) with one word, in one hour, than could Buonaparte, with all his armies, in one year—because we dared not resist.

It may not be unpleasant to the readers, in the United States, into whose hands these memoirs may fall, to give a short description of an establishment at Eton, commonly called Montem.

There is an elevation of the earth about two miles from Eton, denominated *Salt Hill*. To this hill it is customary for the boys to parade in their best dresses, in companies, having their captains and regular officers, every three years. The boys are reviewed, passing in regular procession, ordinarily, by the king and their master; the king standing with his hat off, the master with his hat on; this *first*, because it is an established law, that only one should be covered in the king's presence, and, therefore, the king resigns the privilege to the master, that, in the eyes of the boys, he may appear the greater man; next, from the respect he feels himself bound to pay to the foundation of Henry VI.

The profits of the collection are paid to the captain of the school, who employs two of the upper class, who

are called salt-bearers, to gather in his harvest; and they employ twelve others to assist them, called servitors. The salt-bearers remain within the limits of the college and town. The servitors scour the country round, and collect from every traveller as much as they can; giving in return, a ticket with this imprint: “*Mos pro lege est*”—“Custom answers for law.” The collections of the day generally used to amount to 6 or 700*l.* which, after the captain had paid his salt-bearers and servitors, and given a handsome supper, were his own. The first and last at which I attended, the amiable William Roberts, editor of the “*Looker On*,” that excellent paper, obtained; I may safely pay *now* a tribute to the amiability of his conduct while in power; though nephew to the provost, he never presumed on his superior influence from that cause, but performed his duty as prepositor and captain, with a dignity derived from himself, and with a discipline, softened by his own humanity.

Soon after this circumstance, a rebellion broke out, in which I was not personally concerned. The oath to the institution, executed by us on entering it, prevented every collegian from joining in it.

It originated thus: the boys had been in the practice after absence (roll call) on Saturday evening, to go, or rather fly to a certain part of the Thames, put on our respective uniforms, enter the boats, already elegantly prepared, and some with eight, some with six, and some four oars, flags and ensigns flying, row up the Thames to a house about two miles from the place of departure; there take a quick refreshment and return to our boats; glide gently back again, till arriving at Windsor bridge, we were called by our coxswain to our oars; we seized

them, passed three times under the bridge, and returned. The spirit of emulation was excited, and its triumph was, when the six oared boat could bump, as we called it, the one with eight oars, which preceded it; the one with four oars, that with six; and sometimes a small skiff, with two good oarsmen, would give chase to, and drive forward the whole. On the occasion to which I particularly allude, the afterwards celebrated Mr. Grey, was coxswain of our boat; he was too delicate in constitution to take an oar; to the Philadelphians, it may not be unpleasant to mention, that he resembled, at that time, in every respect, a young gentleman whom I had the pleasure of receiving as a pupil last year, and who so interestingly conducted himself at the exhibition—master Reid.

Some days after this Dr. Davies, the head master, thought proper to order an absence to be called on Saturday, between the hours of four and eight.

On receiving the information, the boys began, as usual, first by grumbling, and then looking at each other to examine countenances: finding there was a general disapprobation, one ventured to propose opposition; they all immediately assented. It was then agreed, and with some prudence, that none but the fifth-form boys, (excepting the collegians) should absent themselves from school the next morning; but that the others should attend during the forenoon exercises and wait the result: all was arranged: I was present at the first attendance of the collegians without the oppidans.* The master on his

* This college was originally founded by Henry the sixth, for the perfect education of seventy-two children with little expense to their parents—its celebrity so quickly increased, and

entrance, gave us his usual welcome, a “ hem,” and told us to begin: the exercises passed over without a word indicating surprise or alarm from him. There was not an oppidane present. One of my most respected friends; *so* from early infancy; long after I arrived in this country; and who, I hope, will remain so till death; then lord Clifton, now the earl of Darnley, was, if not the only, nearly the only one who did not join in the rebellion. He did not attend the school, but was detained by his private tutor at his house; and a message was sent to inform Dr. Davies of his being there—his excuse was of course accepted.

I may here introduce an anecdote rather, perhaps, ludicrous: my wife’s father before I married, was rector of Cobham, part of the estate of lord Darnley; a lady dying, left a handsome sum of money to the church, upon condition that she should have a little cabin built in one corner of the aisle, which should have a glass door, shutting with a spring, with the key on the inside and a green curtain; her coffin with such a spring, was to be placed on two tressels, and there she was to remain till she chose to get up. The thing was done, I have seen it: whether *this* circumstance, or what *other*, created the difficulty, I know not, nor what part was taken on either side; but a law-suit ensued, the result of which I cannot ascertain. I can only say that I frequent-

so many were sent, that admission could not be obtained for them within the walls of the college—they were allowed to partake of the instruction, but were obliged to board and lodge in the town; thence they were called oppidanes, to distinguish them from those who resided in the college upon the foundation of Henry the sixth.

ly heard my wife's father and herself say, that lord Darnley acted nobly during the contest.

The spies within, and the scouts without, having communicated, it was determined that the fourth-form, or class, should withdraw from the afternoon exercises; they accordingly did, and betook themselves to Salt-Hill and other adjoining places of accommodation.

Still the master appeared firm. The boys in the evening, on agreement, determined that the third-form of the lower school should abscond the next morning, and come in a body to Salt Hill, and place themselves under the protection of the fifth-form—this produced some alarm; but finding, at twelve o'clock, that nothing was done or offered, they ordered the *second* form to come in the afternoon. These orders were rigidly obeyed. Here arose a fear lest the first-form, consisting of children from six to eight years of age, should be withdrawn also. A promise of general pardon was offered on their return, on condition that a certain number, four of the ringleaders, should be punished. The question in dispute, the absence, was to be left to the decision of the master; with some lateral hints, that if we returned quietly to our duties, all should remain as formerly; the additional absence was nominally continued, but never after, as I believe, put in force.

Were he not living, I would here relate one of the most generous and noble acts, performed by the present earl of Darnley on this occasion; but real virtue, like the Mimosa, shrinks from the touch of praise, and I would not cause him pain.

I have now to mention one of the most important occurrences (to myself) that took place at Eton—I was

about fifteen years of age—but I must preface it. My father being distantly engaged in public business, desired me to spend the vacation at his seat at Luton, in Bedfordshire (the seat on which Pomfret wrote his “Choice”) with my mother and children. I did so.— When the vacation was nearly over, after preliminary correspondence and agreements, I set off to London on the Saturday, to pass my time till Monday, when the college opened, at the house of an aunt, the widow of captain Matteate Brady, whom I have already mentioned, in London. My kind aunt, anxious to provide me with such entertainment as she thought would be most congenial to my feelings, had invited a party of young ladies to a dance, independent of one who was then on a visit to her; we passed the evening very pleasantly, excepting that now and then I felt certain emotions never felt before, that puzzled me; for a long time I harassed my brains, till at last I found that I had fallen desperately in love with my partner, the young lady who resided with my aunt, and so strong continued the attachment, that instead of returning to Eton on the Monday, I stayed till Wednesday, employing my time in writing love-sick songs.

There was once, and there may be still, an academy of apathists in Italy; at one meeting this question was proposed:—“Which are the more handsome eyes in woman, black or blue?” Some contended that blue eyes were entitled to pre-eminence, because their colour resembled that of the heavens, and their beams were soft and mild; they who advocated *black* eyes, contended that their fire was more brilliant, that their effect was more striking, and that the contrast they afforded to the

whiteness of the skin, was wonderful in its operation at the first view.

How the contest of the apathists was decided, I cannot tell, but this I can say, that in my estimation of the comparative beauty of eyes, I have always given the preference to those which looked most favourably on myself, whether they were gray, brown, blue or black.

Our ideas of beauty in general, differ as essentially; scarcely have any two persons congenial sentiments on this subject. When Aristotle was asked why people were so fond of beauty, he replied, "it was a blind man's question."

At last I was forced away to the stage, and in it, as it rolled me to an increased distance from my love,

I sigh'd, and look'd back
Sigh'd, poor me! oh lack!

At length with sighs and thoughts, too much oppressed,
I loll'd my head, and sought in sleep some rest.

This can be effected in a mail stage in England, where the reserved unsociability of passengers prevents them from opening their mouths.

As it takes about three or four hours to travel from London to Eton, I will leave the foolish boy asleep, dreaming on the vanity of vanities, and indulge in the relation of a few remarks I have made.

A stage-coach in America, is an excellent school of improvement to any one desirous of being improved. I have tried the scheme frequently: each one is solicitous of talking on the subject he is best acquainted with; awaken him to that, and doing so with all, were you the best informed man in the world, you will gain instruction. One comes from a country or state you

have never visited; another, and another; touch them on the subject of their native spot, they will start like gunpowder fired by the match, and in a full explosion tell you all about it.

The same with respect to trade, merchandise, commerce, or the arts and sciences with which any one may happen to be acquainted.

But in travelling in Massachusetts we are put to some difficulty from the law not having determined whether keeping to the right, is right or wrong. In England, the law has determined that the right should be the wrong side, and in an action of damages, a counsel there pleaded as follows:

"My client was travelling from Wimbleton to London, he kept the left side of the road, and that was *right*. The plaintiff travelling from London to Wimbleton, kept the right side of the road, and that was *wrong*."

The rule of the road, is a paradox quite,
In driving your carriage along;
If you keep to the left you are sure to go right,
If you keep to the right you go wrong.

But the legislature of the state of Pennsylvania, actuated by a rigid sense of right and wrong, and not being willing to call right things by wrong names, ordered that the right of the road should be the right side, and that the left should be the wrong.

If it is yet to be determined which is the right side in Massachusetts, it would appear that the left side must be the wrong side, and, consequently, I should advise all persons to keep steadily to the *right*.

Well! now the foolish boy is awake and restored to his college, I will resume the narrative.

I returned to Eton this time with much, too much money; for from this period, when fifteen years of age, I had the command of my father's purse, through his agent, my cousin George Fennell, esq. accountant of the navy pay-office, London. I rushed into extravagancies, but the greatest extravagance was love—Petrarch, Ovid's Art of Love, Rousseau's Eloise, and such things, occupied almost all my attention. I had taken a private room in Eton town, out of the bounds, to which I used to retire to indulge what I then fancied the pleasing emotions of that sweet, that dear, that tender, delicate sensation. While lost one day in the delirium of fancied bliss, one of the boys rushed in upon me and begged me to hide a mutton pye for him, that he had taken from a baker's tray, who was carrying it to the head master of the lower school, and we will feast on it, said he, tomorrow. Gods! what a change, from love to a mutton pye; but there was no remedy; I desired him to put it in my lower closet and take the key; he did so, and in haste departed.

I resumed my contemplations, and finally determined that I could not be satisfied without seeing the dear object of my love again; but how was it to be contrived: my wits were again racked; at last I conceived a plan, which succeeded for the obtainment of leave of absence.

I leaped into a chaise, provided for me, with a friend who accompanied me; but as we dared not to drive through the college, which was the direct road to where we intended to go, we were obliged to take that road which we *pretended* going; we therefore made a circuit of some miles before we could get into the main way, then drove freely, till at last I was fixed in my aunt's parlour; but, the idol of my heart was no

longer there, and there I could not remain; I started instantly to her mother's with my cousin, who offered to accompany me. They were at home, and in the delirium of youth, I fancied I was happy.

I returned with my cousin Brady to my aunt's, wishing that I was in Vaucluse, that to the giant cave and desert air, I might pour out my sighs; but unfortunately for a lover, I was in a close snug room, with a good carpet and a comfortable fire, two things very unappropriate to the encouragement of love, which they say only breathes its sweetest notes, to woods, to streams, and vales.

The next day I offered her a seat in my gig for an airing; but, unfortunately, my poor hack was one of those which Hobson forced the young men of Cambridge to take, when it happened to be the poor being's turn to be worried.

This Hobson, by the by, was a strange creature: he had a large stable, and would never let a horse, but from the first stall; so that when a horse was let, he would move all the others one stall forward, and when applied to for one, would say, pointing to the first stall, "that or none." Hence arose the common adage, "it's Hobson's choice, *this or none*."

The hobbling paces of a paltry hack, were illy calculated to my feelings, therefore, we soon returned: I had the pleasure of dining with her, and her mother's friends, and we passed the evening very agreeably. I had ordered my horse at three o'clock in the morning, as I was to attend at six at Eton. I got into the carriage, but finding the dull pace of my poor hack only served to increase my somniferous feeling, I called to him to go where he pleased, take the right or the wrong

side of the road, and I would leave the safety of my-self to him, and take a nap. I did so, till I found he had chosen the wrong, when we were stopped, and locked fast by a post. I started; and finding that it was too dark to extricate myself, I told the poor beast to remain quiet till daybreak, and I would resume my nap. He seemed inclined, and we agreed; he was to slumber on his post, and I to trust to him. At day break I looked around to discover where we were; I found that those delicate sweet songsters, whose notes precede the lark's, who kindly waken the sleeping Londoners with the soft sound of "milk," had gathered all about me. "Where am I?" said I; one girl archly replied, "och by my soul, if you had known before where you were, you would not have been here now!" well: but what part of the town is this? "faith, and a very fine part of the town, where we find good customers for milk!" but which is the way to Hyde park? "Oh!" said she, "if you are going there, your horse must move tail foremost, for his head is turned the wrong way!" Finding that I was only made the butt of their jokes, I extricated my horse, turned round, and pursued my journey.

I arrived at Eton, but so fatigued, that I was obliged to "stay out."* A little nursing recovered me, and in a day or two I was well.†

* When a boy is sick at Eton, he goes to his dame's house to be nursed. A list of the names of each, according to his class, is made out, and the attendance of each is marked in school. If any one is found absent, a paper is immediately sent to his dame, to know why he is absent. She puts on the paper his cause of absence, and the nature of his sickness. This is called "staying out."

† The lady, whose fascinating charms thus enthralled me, is

I was at this time in the fifth-form, the highest to which oppidanes can ascend, the sixth being reserved for collegians, who are called prepostors, from the privilege which is given them to watch over the lower boys, and see that they do not exceed their bounds. It is a situation something similar to that of some of our overseers, whom I have noticed here, who consider their duty to their masters may be moderated when any opportunity of self-interest to themselves occurs; and so, as in all stages of manhood, these privileges were abused: what was called a prepostor's liberty (meaning that he would take no notice of you if he found you out of bounds) was in defiance of his duty, to be *bought*. I, unfortunately, had money, and there being some in the sixth-form to whom I was attached, William Roberts (before mentioned) particularly, from reverence to his abilities, and who at that time condescended to notice me (from some cause or other, I dare not presume what) a considerable part of the sixth-form permitted me to associate with them. This excited remonstrances and perhaps jealousies on the other part, and the consequences were, as usual, a division into parties. One half, and by far the better half were my friends; the other half my avowed enemies.

One cause of dispute, I presume, was this: I had been in the habit of supplying, at least the lazy part of the sixth-form, with their exercises in verse or prose, when they happened to be otherwise engaged, and, per-

now living in the United States, the wife of one of my best and most respected friends; and mother to a large family, the greater part of whom have been my pupils in reading and elocution.

haps, the fear that I should devote all my time to those who had adopted me as their associate, enraged the other party. Be that as it may,

One evening I took a walk through Eton town (adjoining the college) in company with a brother student, simply for amusement. We returned to college without having entered a house. On my return, I was called to account by that wretch whom I have before mentioned, and accused, of what I had *not* done. I, of course, denied it. After much abusive language he ordered me to take off my gown, and prepare for being "taken down."* I told him to beware of what he was about; that he would suffer for it. He ordered me to hold out my hand. I said I would not: but laying it on the table, he having prepared in the meantime the sheet, I told him to act as he pleased, and he would find I would not flinch.

He gave me twelve of the severest cuts that ever boy felt, and when he had completely blistered my hand, I asked him if he had any more favours to bestow? He told me I might go about my business. I went to bed; but not to sleep.

In the morning I went to my dame's; (ladies so called who keep boarding-houses for the boys, and take charge of them in general)—showed her my hand, and

* This practice happily being not known, or at least not practised in this country, it will be necessary to explain the words and the action: "Taking down," was whipping a boy on his hand with different instruments of woollen, or linen rolled up in such a manner, as that the end, directed with particular art, might raise a blister. Sometimes a boy was taken down with a hand-kerchief, sometimes with his own gown; but the severest punishment was with a sheet.

told her I wished to "stay out." She nursed my hand; but she had no influence, good as she was, over my mind. So soon as I could get the use of my hand I wrote to my father; told him how I had been treated, and informed him, that if he did not wish to have his son expelled, he would order him immediately home; if not, that he would run away. My father, always too kind, too confident in my rectitude of conduct, immediately made arrangements for my removal. In the meantime my tutor called on me to know, for he had learnt all, why I was proceeding thus. I took my hand from its sling and held it out to him. There were then on it eleven or twelve blisters of about an inch or an inch and a half long, now grown black with the extravasated blood. He said the boys concerned, for there were three, should be punished, if I would consent to stay. I said, "no; my redress should be ample, or I would have none;" and added, that I thought the only way of procuring an ample redress, was by leaving the college. I did so, and went home to my father then at Chatham.

A droll anecdote occurred about this time:—One of the sixth-form boys had stolen a cheese from a Mr. Cranwell in Eton town; but not being able to carry it, and having nobody to assist him as formerly, he rolled it before him to college. The head master (Dr. Davies) somehow or other heard of the circumstance. The boy was one morning reciting a passage in Homer, which respected the punishment of Sysiphus; he had just come to that part where Sysiphus is represented to have raised his stone to the top of the hill: the boy stopt; the master instead of prompting him in the original much admired line, which was

Αυταρ επειτα πεδονε κυλινδετο λασι αριδης.

Looking at him seriously, prompted,

Cranweliow Chesooio kulindomenow di Etonam.

I must attempt a translation. First line intended for recitation:

“Down strait the unwieldy stone impetuous rolled.”

The master, prompting,

“Down Eton rolled poor Cranwell’s stolen cheese.”

The boy was of course confused; and, hurrying immediately, went out of school, to our old friend Cranwell, paid him for the cheese, and the affair was settled.

My father was at this time paymaster of the navy for Chatham, and was, consequently, very much engaged. It was customary for ships of war to anchor at Sheerness, about twenty miles from Chatham, and my father was continually receiving orders from the admiralty to proceed immediately in the yacht, to pay off the men of war there waiting; on which excursions I frequently attended him. One stormy morning, he was under the necessity of obeying orders, though it was with considerable difficulty they could get the money-chest on board, containing at this time twenty thousand guineas in specie, gold and silver, besides notes. They proceeded, till near one of the men of war the yacht sprang her bowsprit; the man of war, seeing their distress, immediately sent her tender, with some of her best sailors, begging they would make use of that. My father and the clerks got into it, with the money-chest, but it was in vain; the storm was so great and the waves swelled

so high, that they were obliged to make for Margate—doubtless to the great dissatisfaction of the intended to be jolly sailors—where they happily landed in safety.

My father instantly hired a coach and four, procured arms for each, hired a guard for the outside of the carriage, put the money-chest within, and proceeded for Chatham. This was at a time that foolish fortification jobs (as we have done too often in this country) not for the welfare of the community, but to smooth the palm of an interested individual, were being carried on at Chatham. What man of science did not, on seeing it, laugh at that stupid mass of timber and cord wood, called a battery, erected several years ago at New York; which, luckily for American citizens, a severe frost and the scarcity of wood, produced an order to destroy.

And what man would not have laughed at the works then carrying on at Chatham, under the denomination of Chatham lines. However, there was part of the ditch or fosse not cut away, but left as a road till the drawbridge could be erected: over this my father's carriage had to pass: the driver attempted it: when he had got to about the middle of it, he upset the carriage into the ditch, over a precipice about eight feet deep—though a money-chest, containing twenty thousand guineas in specie, was in the carriage, I am happy to relate that no one was materially hurt. Necessary assistance was, of course, procured, and the result was only a few complaints of stiffnesses the next morning.

Soon after this circumstance, my mother received an anonymous letter, written with the evident intention of influencing her feelings on the subject of my retiring from college—She showed it me—I immediately recog-

nised the hand-writing—the letter was well calculated for a mother's feelings, by telling her what a fine boy I was; how great a scholar; and what a pity it was to withdraw me at a time when I was about to reap the honours for my labour, and so on.

Young as I was, I saw through a paltry artifice practised by the head master of Eton college—yes, I say by him.

My mother asked me what was to be done—I told her, nothing; but to let me keep the letter till my father came home—he having again proceeded to pay off the ships.

A few days afterwards came another, in the same hand-writing, which I knew full well; and in a few days after that another—by this time my father had returned. We consulted together, and it was determined we had nothing to do but to keep the letters, they being anonymous.

In a few days came a letter to my father, in the same hand-writing, avowedly from Dr. Davies, with his signature. He therein complained of my having left the college, without his knowledge of my cause of complaint; that the affair had made a great noise, and was likely to be attended with considerable injury to the establishment; and, therefore, requested my father, if possible, to come with me, assuring him that on our arrival, a meeting of the provost and fellows of the college should be summoned, and that I should have ample redress.

My father asked me if I wished to go—Yes, said I, upon those terms. We accordingly went, accompanied by my cousin, George Fennell. Having noticed our arrival at the inn, we were requested to attend at the

council chamber the next morning. We did so—the provost and all the heads of the college attended. It is useless to enter into the trial—the result was, that the three upper boys were suspended from their authority, for three months after the Christmas vacation, and my father was publicly requested to permit me to return—my father looked at me, and I nodded assent. This being agreed upon, after a hundred professions of friendship, and promised protection from Dr. Davies, and the usual civilities, we withdrew.

This was an important triumph; but, to render it complete and honourable, it was to be well used. I was aware of what time I had lost, and was determined to make it, during the Christmas vacation, the stimulus of exertion. I knew that Dr. Davies's professions of friendship were mere common-place stuff, and that on my return to college I should have to encounter the utmost severity of literary discipline.

I, therefore, my father having indulged me in every thing that was necessary, devoted myself during the following six weeks, not only to what is generally called the task of school-boys, but to larger and more comprehensive study, particularly of the Greek language: and on my return to Eton, I was prepared at all points.—Nor was this caution useless—Soon after I had entered the school, I was called upon to translate the most difficult passages in Homer, in the day's lesson—I did so correctly. I was asked many questions by Dr. Davies, which, I think, he would not have asked other boys of my standing; but I, fortunately, was prepared to answer them. Having tried me on all sides, he desired me to sit down.

Suspecting that, contrary to the usual custom, he might endeavour to entrap me, by calling me out the next morning, under an idea that I might be unprepared, I retired to my study, and in a short time obtained complete possession of the whole lesson with all its branches.

As I suspected, it happened—I was called out, and I perceived that I was not to be submitted to the common chances of my classmates—I, therefore, took good care to be *always* ready. I thank Dr. Davies for it; for in the interval between the Christmas and the Easter vacation, I gained more knowledge than I ever obtained before in a whole year.

After Easter, the suspension of these six-form boys' power was to cease, and I was again to be submitted, with my classmates, to their control, in certain cases. Well, then, “thinks I to myself,” what's to be done? But I must digress a little—Technical terms, whether adopted by manufacturers, merchants, tradesmen, or collegians, are so little understood by the world in general, that some explanation is necessary. Let me then, be permitted to remark, that it is one custom at Eton college, before the Easter vacation, to give the fifth and sixth-form boys a theme for an epic poem, in Latin, which they are supposed to write, during the vacation—this poem is called a Bacchus; referring to the virtues of the ancient, *not* the vices of the modern deity, so called. These poems are suspended in the public hall for general inspection—the mechanical part consists of a number of sheets of paper pasted together and rolled, till exhibited, round sticks prepared for that purpose. The appellation of the poem is “Bacchus.”

Well! when the theme was given out—now, “thinks I to myself,” the best thing I can do, is to exert myself to the utmost in composing my Bacchus. I thought of it while yet remaining at Eton; but when at home I applied myself most steadily to it. On my return to Eton I delivered to my tutor a Latin epic poem, of about three hundred and fifty lines—he stared with astonishment; for our task was only, as I believe, seventy—“What have you been about?” said he—“My duty,” I replied. “Did you write this all yourself?” “I did, sir!” Then, after reading a few pages of it, he desired me to leave him. The next morning Canning told me that *his* tutor had got my Bacchus, and had been reading part of it to him. I asked him if his tutor (who, by the by, was a much better scholar than mine) was pleased with it.—He replied, that he appeared to be so very much. Well! the day arrived—the Bacchusses all suspended in regular form and order, and each boy, mounted on the tables, reading the work of another.

While I was standing on a table reading one that pleased me much, I heard a general hiss. I turned round to learn the cause, and I perceived my three *friends* entering the hall—They made one turn and retired—I remained, till I had the satisfaction of finding my Bacchus sent for by the heads of the college, who were sitting in conclave above. This was totally unexpected to me, for I had not yet attained that rank in the class which entitled me to a claim. I suspected immediately that some works of supererogation were being carried on, as a cover to injuries intended. When I left the hall to return to my chamber, these boys were standing at the entry door, and as I passed them, one observed: “We’ll

teach you to hiss." I replied, I did not like to learn such goose-like eloquence; and passed by them. I had scarcely got to my chamber when I was sent for by Dr. Davies—who accused me of hissing the upper boys. I told him I could, by the testimony of four or five boys who were reading a Bacchus with me, prove that we were so interestingly engaged, that we did not see the boys enter, and did not turn till we heard the hissing, and that we had then no share in it. He said that I had behaved very uncivil to the boys during their suspension. To *one*, sir, I confess, I did; because he had made me a thief, and forced myself, and five others, to steal his neighbour's chairs. "What are you talking about? Did I not promise you protection?" "Then *perform* your promise, sir," replied I, "by keeping me from being forced to become a thief, a villain, and a liar." "Go about your business, you saucy fellow." I made my bow and retired. I knew the doctor too well to believe that all would end here. Accordingly when he came to call the evening absence, he began his attack by challenging me for wearing a pair of white cotton stockings, and continued torturing me (as I then termed it) so incessantly, when under his immediate eye, that my life became a state of constant irritation; added to this, the three upper boys, having their original power over me restored to them, were perpetually harassing and distressing me, in such a manner, that, having no means of redress or retaliation, I became miserable—I worried myself into sickness—till on my return home, at the following vacation, I, readily finding an advocate in my tender mother, persuaded my yielding father to withdraw me entirely from Eton college, assuring him that

I had so far advanced in my studies, that I could pursue them with equal advantage at home. He consented to my plan, and lent me a considerable library. I fitted up my room; laid down a regular system for the employment of my hours, and conformed to it with tolerable regularity during the succeeding winter and spring, visiting in the morning, for an hour, a party of young ladies, for the purpose of reading to them the English poets, and passing the evening with a party of young friends in my study, translating to each other the Latin classics, and commenting upon their merits.

During this period my hours of relaxation were engaged in practical mechanics. I built a garden phaeton for a young lady who was a cripple; I built a boat, and bought another; I built a summer house; I contrived and executed an alarm machine, regulated by water, to awaken me early in the morning, for I had taken one of Alexander's notions in my head, and had determined to ascertain with how little sleep I could maintain my health.

This machine was composed, first of a scale beam, from one end of which was suspended a leaden weight; from the other a tin pail with a funnel inserted in the centre of its bottom; the tube of this funnel had so small an aperture that but a little portion of water could run through it in a given time; this portion having been ascertained by repeated experiments, the beam was balanced, and so much water was put into the pail as would run out during the hours appropriated to rest. When the pail became lighter than the weight, the end of the beam suspending the pail would of course rise; in rising it was made to touch a trigger which

let loose a weight, the rope of which revolved round an axle; at the end of the axle was a cross of equal radii; this cross, in its circumvention, was made to strike forcibly against a bell supported by a steel spring; the noise it made throughout the house defied all continuance of rest, and as I frequently set it so as to call me two or three hours before daybreak, family complaints became as clamorous as itself, till the voice of authority effectually silenced my mechanism.

During this period I also made a quantity of philosophical apparatus, electrical machines, &c. in all which frolics my affectionate father indulged me; but at last it became necessary to check my increasing attentions to practical execution, and promote my improvement in theory; consequently my father, having heard that Dr. Mosely, the celebrated physician, and Mr. Walker, the equally celebrated philosopher, with his son, were about to set off for France, to pass a few weeks in researches for the benefit of their respective departments in science, requested that I might be permitted to attend them, as several months had yet to elapse before my intended entrance at the university of Cambridge; they consented, and the day of departure was agreed upon.

At this time I had began, boylike, and wishing to exhibit my scholastic abilities, to correct, by the rules of Aristotle, Socrates and Seneca, the flights of an accomplished and amiable young lady, who frequently visited my father's house, and in whose welfare I fancied that I took great interest. With her consent I appointed myself her sylph; I watched over her conduct, wrote her admonitory letters, and played the complete farce of Platonic foolery: but the simple self made sylph, having no wings to soar withal, and being mounted

only on a bubble, soon found that when that air blown bubble bursted, his sylph-affected attributes fell with him to the ground.

This sylphish practice, by the by, is not uncommon with young men who are fools enough to think that they are wiser than their neighbours; fresh from college and puffed up with a few scholastic attainments, their fancy paints to them that they have also gained a knowledge of the world—they yield admonitory morals in profusion, and directing where they might be directed, fatigue where they intend instruction, and are indebted to politeness only for symptoms of attention while they imagine they are making deep impressions on the mind. Besides, your young sylphs are very apt to turn into mere flesh and blood, leaving their spiritual essence to evaporate in air.

To myself, at this time, might aptly have been applied the following observation:

“Qui sapientiae et literarum divortium faciunt nunquam ad solidam sapientiam pertingent.”

I don't recollect who made the observation, but experience has proved it applicable to myself, and I think I know some young men to whom it may be equally so.

The time appointed for the commencement of our excursion to France at length was overtaken by my anxious solicitude to visit a country of which I had heard and read so much, and our party set off for Brighton; here I had first the satisfaction of seeing the much talked of Mrs. Robinson. We strolled out the time till near dusk, and in the evening went on board the packet: the next morning, on waking, we found ourselves at Dieppe.

This was the first time I had left my native country, of course my curiosity was awakened to the examination of every thing that met my eye. So soon as the arrival of the packet was made known, men, women, and children, in wooden shoes, rushed to the wharf, presenting us cards, inviting us to the hotels of their respective employers, and offering to take our baggage. I stared with wonder when I saw *women* offer their services, but the enigma was soon solved, when a man having taken my trunks and placed them on a wheelbarrow, ordered his wife to wheel them to the inn. I turned to Dr. Moseley with an eye of inquiry; he replied "it is the custom." On looking again I saw the man walking like a wagoner by the side of his team, whistling as to a beast to encourage his wife.

As I am writing at present only a history of my own life, I do not think myself bound, as a recorder of travels, to describe places. Anecdotes and facts in which I was personally concerned I will relate with fidelity: but "*mi lor anglois*"* soon found his college

* *Mi lor Anglois* was the usual address liberally bestowed by the tavern keepers, waiters, &c. before the revolution in France, on all English travellers whose purse they imagined would open for a title. It afterwards was changed to *citoyen Anglois*, as a compliment to the supposed partnership in liberty. Several years after the period of which I am now treating, and during the revolution, I was at one of the numerous theatres in Paris, when, in the play, the master had to say to his servant "Thou slave!" upon which a person in the pit cried out, "*Il n'y a plus d'esclave en France*. The exclamation excited general applause. Soon after this a servant on the stage addressed his master by the title of *Monseigneur*, upon which another wit-whetted wag bawled out *Il n'y a plus de seigneurs en*

lore insufficient to protect his purse against the numerous importunities of wretches who had gathered around us at the inn. At last we contrived to break through the crowd, into an elegant but dirty room, where we had an excellent breakfast.

We set off immediately for Paris in a hired cabriolet à brancart that carried four.

The physician and the philosopher placed themselves on the front seat, and we, Mr. Walker's son and myself, were ordered to take the hinder one, whence we could see nothing, there being but a window of about four inches square on each side, and so low that it would only permit us to look down toward the ground. Our equipage consisted of a large Flanders mare, in the shafts, a diminutive animal on the off side, which I suppose must have been some kind of a horse, as the postilion often addressed him as such, with a severe application of the whip, and the appellation, without its delicacy, of Sterne's distressed ladies, and another on the near side of the great mare, ornamented and honoured by bearing on its back one of the neatest jockeys we had ever witnessed. His head was adorned with a three cornered hat, which had formerly been edged with lace, as we could plainly discover from the remaining pieces that were still dangling about it; it appeared, as

France. This second edition was not so well received as the first, and the silence which the audience wished should be preserved induced them to check any further ebullition of such patriotic heroism, by signifying their displeasure in the usual way. Quære—how would the former observation be appropriate, and how would the latter be received at the present day in Paris? but *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.*

if in the hurry of departure, he had seized the cook's dishcloth, to serve him as a cravat. Diminutive as he was, it seemed as if his jacket had been obtained from a drummer boy, for it had the appearance of having been once regimental, but one sleeve of it having decayed, as all things must, and left the lower part of the whip arm bare, and the other having been so torn into dangling remnants, there being also a considerable chasm on each shoulder, neither physic nor philosophy could determine what it had been: but amidst this confusion of ornament, one thing shone with superior lustre. It was a plastered head clotted with flour, from which dangled, as if designed as a substitute for the poor beast's tail, an immense Ramillies at least three feet long, which was doubtless intended for the purpose it effected, that of brushing the flies from the horse's back. His red plush breeches, and his jack boots, completed his equipment.

I recollect nothing of consequence that took place till we arrived at the celebrated city of Rouen. Physic and philosophy had, from their situation in front, a wide sphere of vision, but young Walker and myself could only look down; wishing, however, to see all we could, we kept peeping through our little windows.—As we were passing, without our (the young ones) knowing it, the famous cathedral of Rouen; young Walker peeping through his little square, exclaimed, "look, Fennell, what immense pumpkins."—His father, who had been attentively gazing at the building, turned round, exclaiming, God! can you be looking at pumpkins, while you are passing such a cathedral as this: young Walker observed that he did not know what he was passing, for he could see nothing above the ground.

No extraordinary event occurred till we arrived at Paris. Here we took lodgings at the Hotel D'Espagne. The sign projected in an angle over the street: on one side was painted in French "L' Hotel D'Espagne," on the other, intended for English, but omitting the S, "The Hotel of Pain," and such it proved severely to me two years after.

Well, here we settled, opened our trunks, prepared our letters, and were ordered by our respective tutors to be ready to attend them the next morning; the pumpkin affair was forgiven, and being now in the free air, and capable of employing every optic nerve, which we had not been in the cabriolet, we began to reflect that

*"Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos at sidera tollere vultus."*

Accordingly, we determined to look up;—having received with gratitude all the advice our kind tutors gave, and the next morning prepared to attend. We visited that day, a number of private families, philosophical instrument makers, public institutions, gardens, &c. and in this manner we spent the first ten days, very much to our improvement, under the direction and instruction of these great and good men. So far, all went well; but, one morning Dr. Moseley came into my room with a huge folio volume, which he had borrowed from the king's library, and placing it open before me, he said, "I wish you to translate for me this article on coffee."—I looked at it; it was a work of several days: "Will you?" said he. I told him I could not refuse, but I wished him to permit me to do it when my mind

was not otherwise engaged: he consented; I performed my task, and thence he drew a principal part of his celebrated treatise on coffee.

About this time we received an invitation to attend court at Versailles, on the Fête de St. Louis. As the invitation came from high authority, it put us “in a state of flusteration;” for we could not in delicacy refuse, and there was great difficulty in our arrangements for going; however, we accepted the invitation, and received the tickets of admission. We consequently set to work, cutting and slashing our best coats, to have them something in the French style; hired elegant swords, and a serjeant in the Swiss guards to tell us how to wear them; got chapeaux-de-bras, sharp pointed shoes, and when the day arrived as we met for our departure, with our hairs finely frizzled, our bags encumbering the back of our heads, and our swords dangling by our sides, we could not refrain from laughing at each other. In spite of the little difficulties our swords put us to, we contrived at last to get into the carriage, and proceeded for Versailles. We were ushered into the grand saloon, and some French gentlemen, though unknown, perceiving (I suppose from our awkwardness) that we were Englishmen, paid particular attention to us; they led us near the throne, and placed us in a situation to observe all that was about to pass. The king, soon after, entered from a private door, and ascended his throne.

The princes then entered with the nobility, passing through an opening made for them by the company on either side, and, going through the regular ceremonies, took their seats. The archbishops performed their duties, but as all these ceremonies have been before de-

scribed, I shall only say that they ended in about three hours, when, to my great satisfaction, I was released.

During the ceremony, I had at intervals been conversing with one of the French gentlemen who had befriended us, on the subject of count de Grasse, who was present; and I observed how severely his reputation was treated in England, in consequence of his having broke his parole. Ah! monsieur, replied he, il faut, ce qu'il faut—le grand monarch peut aisément brisé le tendre fil, qui attache l'honneur au cœur humain. “ We must do what we must; the grand monarch can easily break the tender thread that attaches honour to the human heart.”

I mentioned to him that I wish'd much to see the dauphin—he replied, that after the ceremonies were over, he would procure for us the means of introduction; accordingly, having requested us to wait a few moments, he withdrew, and returning, requested us to accompany him.

We were introduced by this gentleman, I never learnt who he was, to the dauphin's apartment. He was attended by three ladies of honour, who all arose on our entrance. One of them whispered something to the prince, which was immediately understood by us from his advancing firmly and addressing us in English, saying, “ How do you do, gentlemen?” We, of course, answered him in French. After a little conversation with the ladies, I addressed myself to the lady who appeared the principal governess, and holding out my hand towards the dauphin, I looked at her and said, “ *Puis je avoir l'honneur?*” “ *Volontairement,*” she re-

plied, “*nous voudrions que toujours les Anglois deigneroient prendre le main d'un Francois.*”

I must, for some of my readers, explain this; I was desirous of shaking hands with the dauphin, and, holding out my hand, asked if I might have that honour. The governess replied, “Willingly; we could wish that the English would always deign to shake hands with Frenchmen.”

I then took his hand and kissed it. The usual ceremonies having passed we withdrew. Poor boy! he little thought, at this time, that the guillotine was being prepared for his parents, and the poison for himself: happy in that state of innocence on which infancy cannot encroach; and blessed with that blindness to futurity which Providence has so benevolently bestowed on all, he smiled complacently on every one around him. His amiable instructors were teaching him to pursue greatness only through the medium of goodness: would that such lessons were always successful in the issue! But, alas! in this vicious era of mortal existence, power is estimated as wisdom; humanity as folly; selfishness as a virtue; benevolence as a vice; policy as the “*summum bonum;*” candour as the greatest evil; religion as the common foe; and infidelity as a shield of adamant.

For some part of our present state of depravity, we are indebted to the unlearned thoughts and indecent effusions of Thomas Paine. I wish I could add that his theological writings had proved as little dangerous to the ignorant as to the instructed. The pirated opinions of Spinoza, Aben-Ezra, and others, veiled in the garb of professed liberty of thought, have had too much weight with the unthinking; but none with the intelligent.

Before we left the palace, our friend asked us if we would permit him to introduce us to the queen's glass-room. (It was through this room that the queen effected her escape on the sixth of October the next year, I will therefore describe it.) We thanked and attended him. We entered; but judge our surprise when we saw nothing but ourselves reflected in it. The room was walled, ceiled, and doored with immense plates of glass; no wood-work was seen but what was necessary to support the plates, and *that* so artfully managed, that it appeared glass itself.—There was a recess in this room, also completely covered with glass plates, that a person advancing in front to it and stopping at the entrance, looking on each side, would see himself multiplied into a regiment in line. The doors were so constructed that no person could discover them; *they* only, well acquainted with the chamber and its illusions, could do so. Here, in this room, the beautiful and much injured Marie-Antoinette checked the chase of her brutal pursuers on the following year: she entered and passed through it, closing a door which none of them could find; while shocked, perhaps, with the reflections of themselves, they stood aghast and wondered where they were, seeing so many demons around them.

We left the palace after having visited every part of it, and entered the immense gardens attached to it. I could not, after much consideration, help wondering at the extreme folly of Louis the fourteenth. He had chosen a plain on which to erect an artificial hill, and on it the most splendid palace—a spot where there was no water, to establish the most beautiful water works in

the world. I looked around and asked whence the water came? I was told from Marli, about seven miles off, brought here in iron pipes. What! over these hills? said I. "Yes." The machinery then must be worth seeing? "It is indeed," said the French gentleman who was with us. I then requested of my doctor permission to go there the next morning, to which he assented and promised to go with me; when, after pausing awhile, reflecting on the useless wars of Louis the fourteenth and his shameful expenses at home, I uttered this quotation: "I will visit the sins of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." The Frenchman, who understood English a little, asked me what I meant? I told him I was only repeating a part of our second commandment.

We visited the kitchen-garden, or potagerie, as it was called. It embraced thirty acres, separated by brick walls, each square of wall enclosing an acre, the whole enclosed by one embracing the whole. Every thing that nature could produce was here, assisted by art of the most scientific kind. We were presented with some peaches of the most delicious flavour. Melons, which in England are a hot-bed fruit, here grew in the open air, as in America.

We then proceeded to the "orangerie." Our guide, pointing to the head orange tree, observed, "*There is*, perhaps, the oldest tree in the world." "How!" said I. "This tree," replied he, "is called the Grand Bourbon; it was presented to Francis the first, (the duke d'Angouleme) who was cotemporary with English Henry the eighth, both of whom played such foolish pranks at Guisnes and Ardes. It was then known to be two hun-

dred years old, and even before these two hundred years it was supposed to be of great antiquity."

Buffon, if I recollect correctly, observes that the natural lives of animals are four times the space it takes to bring them to maturity. Whether this also is the case with trees, let the reader judge.

Louis the fourteenth wrung from the hands of his poorest subjects their last sous, and not content with that, tortured their nerves in labour; for what? To have the paltry addition of "great" added to his title. He impoverished his country, preying upon the labours of his predecessors, pursuing his own wild schemes, and dying, left a miserable nation to be comforted by his successor. During the reign of Louis the fifteenth, a comparatively modest calm prevailed. When Louis the sixteenth ascended the throne all was joy and hope; and when the beautiful Marie-Antoinette arrived, to be received as his queen, there were no *false* rejoicings—there was no need of hiring prostituted minds to bellow out from their hoarse throats "huzza!" The souls of the people welcomed her, and every sound that issued from the tongue was sanctioned by the heart. Louis the sixteenth was called "*Louis le bien aime*," the well beloved. But if he had been called *Louis le bien aimant*—the man who loves his people; the title would have lasted longer: for he would have maintained the claim to it.

The minds of men are generally so wrapped up in selfish principles, that if they see a condescending virtue in another, they call it weakness; and, judging superficially, will condemn, when reason would approve. What raised Peter's realm? His condescending qual-

ties for the good of his people. He travelled and worked as a common labourer in every shop or manufactory to which he could gain admittance, till he returned to his country with all the knowledge and practice necessary to instruct his countrymen in the execution of his grand design. Fools have laughed at the late king of France for making locks; at the king of England for being a farmer or a button-maker; but let us reflect, that it is the duty of monarchs to set the example of industry to their subjects; and whence will such an example be more quickly followed than from a throne? Kings are supposed to have as good an education as the best men in their nation can have given them. With this education they are supplied with means to practice.

Agriculture was very much in its decline in England about thirty years ago, when it was found necessary to revive its spirit. This circumstance being related to the king, he immediately ordered his lands at Kew to be put in the highest state of cultivation; and, to set an example to his subjects, attended frequently the work himself, and assisted in the labour. Every thing was done that the most scientific men could do, and the gardens and grounds were thrown open, under guard, for the inspection and improvement of the public. Soon after this the agricultural society was formed, which occasioned those admirable and useful treatises with which Mr. Young favoured his nation and the world: agriculture revived and flourished.

Louis the sixteenth, finding that his subjects were behind the English in the art of making locks, determined to stimulate the talents of his mechanics by doing something himself for their example: accordingly he

did so; and sent into the city the best lock that was ever made in France. The person who carried it was directed to show it to every locksmith in Paris, or to convene a meeting, where it might be publicly exhibited for the benefit of his subjects.

I have seen many beautiful works of different kinds executed by Louis the sixteenth, at a time when the Parisians were at least a hundred years behind the English in mechanics; when the government thought it necessary to send to Scotland for fifteen hundred hackney coaches, because they could not make any thing tolerably decent themselves.

But light men, who are mere automatons themselves, whose intellects are so barren of soil as not to give understanding an opportunity of rooting itself; they pretend to decide from a superficial view of actions which originated in the soul, were nourished in the mind, and matured by reason. The comprehension of some men is extremely limited; of others, extremely concepitive: hence arises unbelief on the one side and credulity on the other. The bishop of Bergen's kraken was so large as to extend beyond the stretch of the minds of the multitude;* yet many believe in the ex-

* Pontopidon, bishop of Bergen, first asserted the existence of this animal. From all accounts, it appears to be incapable of swimming; his locomotive powers being confined to the bottom of the sea, excepting when, by the expansion of the remaining air within him, he is enabled to rise to the surface. The kraken is represented as being a mile and a half or two miles in circumference; when it rises to the surface, it is said to have the appearance of several small islands or rocks. This may account for the varying descriptions in the charts of the north seas, of small islands sometimes laid down in one latitude,

istence of that mass of animality. Many have laughed at the idea of the French confining themselves to fish, for food, during Lent, without considering that the secret wisdom of government ordered the practice, that earth-nourished animals should not be killed prematurely, and that fishermen should have a certain vent for their fish. Why prevails, or rather, was established, in Boston, the custom of eating salt fish on Saturdays, but to engage a certain consumption for the encouragement of the fisheries. Search into every prevailing custom of this nature, and you will find it has its source in policy. About twenty years ago, in England, the riband manufacturers, not being able to dispose of their goods, sent a committee to the prince of Wales, to request that he would wear ribands in his shoes: he consented, and immediately the manufacturers were relieved.

Louis the sixteenth was of essential service to the mechanics in that branch of business; and all the return he received, about three years after the date of my present subject, was this remark, then commonly made: "to be sure he would make a very good locksmith, but sometimes in another, and by some voyagers said no where to be found. The bishop observes, that the fishermen from the coast of Norway, when arriving at their usual fishing place, have frequently found, on sounding, only twelve or twenty fathoms where they expected to find sixty; and that they then say, "the kraken is here," and immediately remove. An instance is mentioned of a kraken's rising when the fishermen, in a boat over it, had not time to get entirely clear of it, and were upset by it. The bishop also states that one of these monsters, in attempting to get up a river and finding the depth of water insufficient, made an effort to turn, and was so entangled by his probosces among the trees, that he perished in ineffectual struggles, and caused a plague.

is not fit for a king." If there is any thing degrading, in a king, to assist by producing models to his people for their improvement in art or science, I will then confess the above remark was not illiberal.

The next day we visited Marli, and though the works groaned as in great distress, I could not help laughing at them. My design not being to describe the buildings, works, &c. that I visited, I shall only say, that I would have erected works for twenty thousand pounds, the price of the yearly expense of keeping them in order, without stopping up the river, and without their costing the regular expense of more than three or four labourers, which should have conveyed to the summit of the hill more water than was then forced up.

We, of course, visited the theatres frequently. One evening I was very much shocked at seeing the characters of our Saviour, the Virgin Mary, Mary Magdalene, and the apostles, exhibited on the stage. The person who represented our Saviour had his hair extravagantly dressed, frizzled, and daubed with powder and pomatum. He had a large bag dangling from the back of his head; a full dress; superb suit; silk stockings; shoes with diamond or paste buckles; a chapeau de bras; and a handsome sword by his side.

St. Peter, who was standing near him, but had been engaged in something with the other apostles, that had required him to lay his hat and sword on the table, had perhaps been too tedious in his business, when the man, *mis-representing our Saviour*, cried out to him—

"Allons!

"Prens ton chapeau et ton épée,

"Et suivez moi dans Galilée."

In English—

“Take your hat and sword,
“And follow me into Galilee.”

I felt, I hardly know how; but dropping my head upon my arms on the cushion of my box, I began to reflect. This is but a remnant, said I to myself, of the ancient mysteries, but shamefully abused.

In the infancy of literature in the two countries, France and England, then constantly united, or constantly contending, the clergy, finding it very difficult to propagate the doctrines of the Christian religion by oratory alone, determined to refer from the intellectual faculties of their attendants, to their organs of sense. They assembled, plotted and planned several pieces, consisting each of some of the prominent acts of the history of our Saviour. They arranged them in the form of dramas, or as they then called them, “Mysteries.” They erected a stage and performed on it themselves, representing their respective characters. This was the first introduction to theatrical amusements in England and France, originally established by the clergy.

We know that the eye will convey more frequently to the mind, stamps of an impressive nature, than the ear. The eye receives an object and conveys it immediately to the mind. There appears to be a connecting reciprocity between the mind and the eye: the one says to the other, whatever you see I will feel; and the other to the mind, whatever you feel I will express; but to the ear there is no return made.

To resume the history—the prince de Condé had invited the count D'Artois to Chantilly, where he intended to offer the most splendid fête champêtre ever

exhibited. We were invited; and in order to have a full view of the celebrated spot, we arrived and put up at the inn close by his palace the evening before. The next morning, having provided ourselves with a guide and permission, we roamed over these beautiful gardens. I shall mention only one or two remarkable objects. We were admiring the beauty of the trees, when the guide asked us if we had seen the extraordinary poplars? We said, no. Then, says he, come this way. He led us a few hundred yards, and brought us before three poplar trees of such immense magnitude, as struck us all with astonishment. After a little conversation with my friends, I asked the guide how high they were. He told me they had been measured, and the tallest was proved to be *three hundred feet high* (French feet.) I do not say myself that they were so—I only say that our guide told us so. However, I measured a base as extended as I could from the tree, and planting a stick in the ground pointing to the summit of the tree, having my base and two angles, I calculated roughly, and believed it might be nearly as my guide informed me.

On these grounds were erected what they called English cottages, with all around corresponding. They had chosen the most romantic places for them; and some of them were the most delightful spots I ever saw.

There is as much whimsicality in the conjoint opinion of nations, as in the fanciful ideas of individuals. The French were accustomed to cut their trees, and trim them into the sturdiness of artificial statues; while the cone, the pyramid, and the cylinder were supposed more graceful to the garden, than the mild wavings of an unwounded tree, kissed by the passing breeze, or

struggling against the storm in nature's power and beauty.

Judging superficially of the delinquency of English art, they thought that the Englishman's love of nature was a deficiency of taste; and therefore they exhibited what they called English gardens (a totally unattended wilderness of shrubs and trees) to ridicule the supposed rudeness of English cultivation.

The English half-witted Cockneys thought that they could retaliate on their French neighbours, and therefore cut their trees into the forms of animals; but the goose appeared most prominent. Then was the representation of every thing by which art could be brought to distort nature: insignificancy in conception; incapability of execution. There was nothing but the smile of contempt to bestow on it.

Almost all the trees, in this immense space, were furnished with variegated lamps, to be lighted in the evening. The cascades, the lesser water-falls, were particularly, as intended, to be illuminated. In short, every thing was prepared for the most elegant *fête champêtre* that could be exhibited.

We returned from the woods and visited the armoury; after which we strolled down to the moat that surrounds the castle. Here we found, at one corner of it, a man sitting with a quantity of bread in his bag. We asked him why he sat there? He said, it was to show strangers the fish; do you wish to see them? Yes. He whistled, and immediately an immense number of carp flocked directly to him. Now, observed he, if you wish to feed them, they will take it from your hand. Give me some bread, said I. He did so. I knelt down

and offered it to them. They ate it from my hand as readily as if it had been thrown to them. My friends did the same; and when we were satisfied with our amusement, the man asking us if we *were* so, and we answering in the affirmative, he gave his signal to the fish and they dispersed. The fate of the fish will be mentioned hereafter.

We, however, whistled ourselves to them again, and they returned. We gave them more bread; and after a little conversation, with the physician and the philosopher, on the opinions of Buffon respecting animals, we left our host and withdrew.

We next visited the stable—I presume the most superb *écurie* in the world. It is capable of containing several hundred horses. But it was no Augean stable, requiring the labour of a Hercules to cleanse it. No river, but cooling streams flowed by each stall. Regular attention obviated the necessity of extraordinary assistance. It was delicate almost to extreme; a well-paved street ran through it; and, in the centre, was a dome, ornamented with equestrian figures and allusions, and kept so clean, that the prince would frequently have supper parties under it.

We retired home to dinner, all of us tolerably fatigued. While enjoying ourselves with the expectation of the pleasure we should have in the evening, the sun was suddenly overclouded. We started up, and observed an approaching storm. All our hopes were in one moment banished. The storm came on, and the rain poured in torrents, continuing all the afternoon and evening. Of course, the *fête champêtre* could not be given. The prince sent us an invitation to his palace; but this we thought it prudent to decline.

The next morning we prepared to return, and ordered horses and cabriolet; but were informed that we could have none, the count D'Artois having hired every horse in the town. We did not much regret this circumstance, as it afforded us another day to visit the grounds and interior of the house, which we had not yet seen. We visited again the stables and the pond. Buffon, I think, in calculating the respective ages of different kinds of fish, mentions that the carp was supposed to be immortal. This phrase should, I imagine, be considered as the "*αιωνίος*" in the Greek Testament; which is, to be sure, translated, "everlasting," though it exceeded not twenty-eight years: that being supposed to be the average duration of human beings. I have often thought of Buffon's theories, and compared them with what I have seen. Are all the actions of animals to be attributed to "certain vibrations of the brain?" There must be an original action which causes this brain to vibrate. I will relate a fact, which comes here rather out of place, as I was witness to it two or three years after the circumstances I have been representing.

In the year seventeen hundred and ninety-two, I visited Fontainbleau, and was amusing myself by whistling to and feeding the carp in the pond; when I observed one of extraordinary size, gray and blind with age, advancing with two attendants, one on each side, as guides. I threw a piece of bread to him; others immediately advanced to seize it: the attendants instantly repulsed them; then returning to their station on each side of the old one, directed his mouth to the bread.

We visited Douet, and the celebrated English college there; we were surprised to find all the principal

labour of the city was performed by dogs instead of horses.

At Abbeville we had the pleasure of seeing the original picture by Reubens, *The Descent from the Cross*. As we were leaving the church we observed an immense lizard, I suppose eight feet long (or more from head to tail) suspended on one of the church walls. We inquired of our guide for what reason that animal was placed there. Our guide, who was sexton of the cathedral, told us that for many years the bodies interred below, in the vault, had been found mangled in the most dreadful manner; it was looked over for many years, till at last the depredation being of an extraordinary nature, a complaint was entered by the sexton, and a general search was ordered, when this animal was found.

During our stay at Paris, we visited the labyrinth leading under the principal streets; we were told that the chief part of the stone used in building the houses above, was cut from the rock beneath, leaving an arch sufficiently substantial for safety. Our guide led us in this subterranean vault under a considerable part of the town, till on our expressing fear, in case of the extinction of our lights, for occasionally the air was bad, he told us, for our consolation, that some time since, three persons having thought proper to wander through the caverns without a guide, their candles were extinguished, they lost their way, were starved to death, and he would show us presently where the bodies were found, and the inscription on the wall, reporting their fate. I strongly suspected that the whole was a fabrication, intended to impress visitors with a deep acknowledgment

of the value of a guide, that purses might pay for apprehensions of danger.

We were invited, while in Paris, to attend a meeting of the celebrated Academy of Arts and Sciences. We attended, entered the room, and were with all politeness, ushered to our seats. There was a balloon floating about the room. The solemnity began: the president called to order, and all was silent expectation. I had raised my mind to embrace the highest pitch of science, when the president, looking over his record, called the first name on the list. The person advanced. My eyes were open to gaze on some new wonder, when the gentleman, after a short preface, produced from his pocket a *wig!* Risibility, I believe, is independent of the mind—I involuntarily smiled, before I reflected that there were older heads than mine that wished for warmer covering than those which nature had left them.

The gentleman expatiated a long time on the virtues of the improvement he had made, in what I think we nominate the “caul.”

We returned, after a six weeks' tour, to England, after having visited all the places of consequence within our reach. I went home; when my father having made the necessary inquiries, and had every thing prepared, called me into his room, and giving me sound and affectionate advice, which I have often wished since that I had followed, he ordered his gig, and presenting me with fifty pounds, he desired me to set off for Cambridge, and, as he could not, with convenience to the public business, attend me, enter myself at Trinity college. I obeyed; and proud of having the appearance of something like a man, I set off, and nothing worth rela-

ting took place, excepting, that like the milk-maid with her pail upon her head, while I was amusing myself with chimeras, I drove against a wagon, and broke my axletree—but I did not know it then; and excepting also that in stopping at Ware, I visited the great bed to which Falstaff alludes in Henry IV. commonly denominated the Bed of Ware. It appeared to me to be a bed about twenty feet square, capable of accommodating thirty persons or more, of lying each party seven, eight, or nine, feet to feet with the others; the pillows were placed, *fixed* indeed, on the exterior line of the square; the angles of the square were, as regarded the pillow, curved, so that those who slept in the angles, might lie diagonally. The mattress was one piece, so were the sheets, blankets, and coverlids.

I arrived at Cambridge—put up at the inn opposite Trinity college gate. Having a little refreshed myself, I sent to the son of an old friend of my father's at Luton in Bedfordshire, requesting a visit—he favoured me with compliance: when we had nearly got through the necessary conversation respecting my admission, and our bottle of wine, a numerous train of old acquaintances at Eton, flocked, one after the other, to welcome me to Cambridge. We passed the evening very sociably, and I obtained all the requisite instruction.

The next morning, having early sent a note, without mentioning my name, explanatory of my wishes to the gentleman who was to be my tutor, and received an answer, I attended him at the appointed time—he received me, of course, with great cordiality. I told him that my father, being engaged in public business, had sent me to enter myself, at this college, and requested

that he would take me under his private guardianship. " You have made yourself acquainted with the usual forms of admission, I presume," said he—" I think, sir, I have;" and taking my pocket book, presented fifteen pounds for what is commonly called salvage. He then observed, that the discipline of the college required an examination, and inquired politely, if I was inclined to submit to it—I replied " most willingly." He rose, and was putting his key into his bookcase, when he turned round and said, " Pray, sir, from what school do you come?" " From the fifth-form of Eton college," said I. " Your name, if you please, sir." I gave it to him. He shut the door of the bookcase, and turning to me, he said, " I would not pay your college nor yourself so bad a compliment, as to suppose any examination necessary.

Having gone through all the ceremonies of entrance, I took my leave, much prepossessed in favour of my future tutor.

I returned to my inn, ordered my chaise, when the ostler came to me and told me that the axletree was nearly broken in two. I went to see it, and perceived that it was almost separated in the centre. I had, of course, to wait till it was repaired. In the meantime, I visited, with my old acquaintances, all the colleges, and halls, their gardens, libraries, &c. and felt a little pleased to find that the library of my own college exceeded all.

Having been detained a day or two, I departed for home, then Rochester, informed my father of my proceedings, and especially that I had spent all my money.

There was in Rochester, among many others, an amiable girl, to whom I felt a warm attachment; she had been principally educated in France, and had acquired all the vivacity of that nation, without losing the stability of her own. I had the pleasure of conducting her and another young lady to see the remains of Rochester castle, said to be built by the Romans; and the name of the city justifies the belief of it, for all the cities or towns in England, whose terminating syllables are chester or caster, were formerly Roman encampments; castra signifying an encampment, and the pre-fixed syllable designating its situation. We were roaming over the ruins, when something occurred, that occasioned one of the young ladies to withdraw; she descended, took the key from the inner part of the door, and locked me and my favourite within. We were so pleasantly amused with the surrounding prospects, and with observations on the building, that, thinking she had only withdrawn herself for a few minutes, we remained, for some time, perfectly at ease; at last, being anxious about her, we descended, and found she had actually absconded. My little favourite became much irritated, but in about a quarter of an hour, the key-stealer returned and released us.

A quarrel, of course, ensued between the two females. There was to be a ball in the afternoon, and I had engaged my little favourite to dance with me; but when we met in the assembly-room, she declined dancing with me. I then told her, that according to the rules of the assembly, she could dance with no one else. Many of the officers from Chatham barracks were then present, several of whom invited her. I told them that if

this lady danced at all, she must dance with me the two first dances. She persisted, and I persisted, obstinately, till I was called pretty severely to account for preventing her dancing at all. I remained firm, sitting by her side, till at last she said, " Well, if it must be so, I will go down two dances with you, to get another partner afterwards."

While we were dancing, a number of officers, who had not obtained partners, were standing by; one seemed to watch me particularly, and once made an observation which I did not thoroughly understand, but which seemed of an injurious nature, directed to me. I turned to him, and asked him if he had any communications to make to me; he said " No, sir,"—still I was hurt—but the only revenge I took, was to request the major of the regiment, a friend of my father's, to invite me to dine with the mess, the next day; he did so, and I attended. A light conversation, but nothing of a serious consequence took place, respecting the proceedings of the foregoing evening,

I was walking a day or two afterwards, a little distance from the town, in company with a few friends, male and female, when we met a gipsy, who begged that I would cross my hand with a sixpence, give it to her, and she would tell my fortune. I indulged the frolicksome humour of my mind, and did so. It should be mentioned here, that I had somehow or other become a conspicuous character in Rochester, and that the object of these gipsies is to learn every thing they can of a private nature. She had perhaps marked and recognised me. I held out my hand—she told me of some things, that astonished me at the moment, of my quar-

rel with a young lady, &c. but promised a speedy reconciliation, which indeed shortly took place.

About this time a friend of mine, an officer in the marines, paid his addresses to my second sister, about two years younger than myself, and frequently seemed desirous of availing himself of my friendship, in pleading his cause to my sister.—I mention this only as introductory to the following remarks.

There is in the English language, a beautiful piece of poetry, inserted among Mr. Cowper's poems, and attributed to him as its author; it is called the Rose. This elegant effusion I always believed to be the offspring of my sister's muse, till I saw it in Mr. Cowper's works: my reasons for thinking so were these:

Our family were sitting one evening in the parlour, without company, when the conversation turned on the subject above mentioned; my sister, perhaps, thinking that her feelings were too roughly treated, burst into tears, and withdrew. The next morning, at breakfast, she produced in manuscript, *The Rose*.—We all read it, and were much pleased with it. My sister having been in the habit of writing such little pieces, we attributed it to her: she did not deny it, and in the following *Lady's Magazine*, I read it for the first time in print.

I went to Cambridge, and for a little while was sedate and regular, and so long as I continued so, preserved the friendship of an amiable young man, the son of commissioner Proby, of Chatham dock-yard, wherein my father's office was. I had before the pleasure of an intimacy with him, but the wildness of my disposition soon broke out, and I was continually frolicking. As he did not attend the same parties with me, but attached himself closely

to his studies; our intimacy, unfortunately for me, soon ended.

I will here digress a little to relate two anecdotes: I was in the habit, while at home, of attending my father occasionally, at his office, to assist him when particularly hurried. One day, when he was paying off a ship's crew, one man attended, who did not answer exactly the description given of him in the ship's books. The commissioner, who always attended on these occasions, examined him, and among others, put this question, "what's the first duty of a sailor when he is sent aloft?" to which the tar bluntly replied, "to take care of *himself*." The clerks burst into a fit of laughter—the commissioner rebuked them. The sailor was correct, nautically and morally, for if a man does not take care of himself, how can he expect to take care of others?

I think it was the same morning (but no matter) that I, being in the yard adjoining the office, saw a sailor coming out of it with his hat plentifully supplied with guineas; a ragged tar scratching his head, and looking into the hat, says, "dam-me Jack, give me some of those shiners," "with all my heart," replied the former, "here is a handful, and when you are paid off, you shall give me another."

But to return to Cambridge: I had not been there long before I was elected a member of the Eton club, of the *Hic et ubique*, "Here and every where," so called on account of its meetings being held at different places. And lastly, of the "True Blue." This last was the most respectable club in the university; it consisted only of nine members, selected from four or five hundred of Trinity college. Its establishment was of great

antiquity, but the old records had been chiefly lost, when the name of lord Sandwich was the first on the list of those preserved. The club consisted of three noblemen, three fellow commoners, and three pensioners. On the election of a new member, the secretary's notice to him was this: "Sir we have done you the honour to elect you a member of our club." The ceremony of admission, consisted of a promise of allegiance and faith, a submission to the rules, and after that, the drinking of a pint of wine from a blue goblet, beautifully encased with silver.

Lord Belgrave was then one composing the portion of nobility. To this respected friend, I had afterwards the honour of dedicating my review of the proceedings at Paris, during part of the year 1792.

With these clubs, as well as with private parties, I associated freely; but, with all the apparent negligence of study, my mind was awake to contemplation. I required then but little sleep, for I had, like Alexander, tried to do without it; but I, like him, found that I was mortal, and must have some. I would frolick freely during the evening, but I had procured an alarm-clock, which I used to set at four o'clock, and when it rang I immediately got up and studied my lessons for the day, then went to bed and slept till my school mates called on me to go to lecture.

They used to laugh at me for my laziness, when I not having attended chapel at six, they finding me in bed at seven o'clock, came to call me to attend the mathematical lecture; but at the lecture the laugh ceased, when they found that I was the only one that could readily solve the proposition.

I here attached myself strongly, as well as to other studies, to electricity, anatomy, chemistry, and natural history, and furnished myself with a considerable apparatus. The college being too full to supply me with chambers, I boarded at an inn, where I engaged a large room with two fire places; the room I divided by screens into different parts. I had a turning machine, to the assistance of which, my optical tutor several times applied.

With the electrical machine I kept constantly a Leyden phial charged, and having spread under the carpet on the outside of the door, a brass chain, with a sufficient length of it within, I was prepared to repel such visitors as I did not wish to see. One day I saw a man entering the house who had been very troublesome to me. I had then charged a very large bottle; I had a friend with me, and desired him to retire for a moment to the upper stairs, if he was inclined to see some fun. He was out of the room just time enough for me to lock the door, and prepare my apparatus. The man came, and knocking at my door, I cried come in, and while he had his hand applied to the handle of the lock, endeavouring to open the door, I fastened the brass chain to the outside of the bottle, applied the ball of it to the handle of the lock, and passed the whole contents through him.

The man started, as I was afterwards told by my friend, with horror and astonishment; and rushing down stairs, ran immediately home.

As I mean these memoirs as a general confession of my errors, I shall mention all that delicacy will permit. My obstinacy was the ground-work of my cha-

racter, my passions swayed considerably; I gave them scope, but Reason occasionally called them home. I was desirous of *appearing* gay and dashing; but determined upon being *known* as a scholar, and many a time have I pretended to be going out on a visit, when I have shut myself up in my room to study the lessons of the succeeding days.

Having once so done I indulged in a frolic in the evening, sat up the whole night, went to chapel in the morning at six, attended my mathematical tutor at eight, and my classical tutor at ten. I was not in either situation provided with a book. I appeared unprepared, but was really perfect, and ready to answer any question they could ask me. At the lecture at ten I was called upon to translate a difficult passage in Sophocles, which some of my classmates had bungled at; I rejoiced at it. I borrowed a book, and not only translated it, but expatiated considerably upon it, and observed upon the nature of the Greek accents. After the lecture was over, I retired to my room, and presently afterwards was honoured by a visit from my tutor, with a desire of conversing with me on the subject before mentioned.

I observed before that I was a member of the True Blue Club; its anniversary approached, and I was applied to, like the other members, on all sides for tickets of invitation. Each member had a right to issue two, but no more. The anniversary was this year kept at Newmarket. We attended with our respective visitors, and had a sumptuous dinner. The custom after dinner was that each person present should call for such sort of wine as he pleased to drink, and only take care that

his bottle was empty when the president's was so. When that took place, the president called for a new supply, and the merriment began again.

The Newmarket races were about to commence; the Craven, the first and second spring meeting; I had never attended any. When the first day advanced, I hired a postchaise, and on my arrival on the ground I desired the postboy to drive me as near the innning-post as he could. I had been well guarded against those they call blacklegs. My chaise had scarcely been fixed, when a gentleman's carriage was driven up by the side of, and close to mine. He immediately let down the window, which I considered as an invitation to me to do the same. I did so, and we entered into conversation. He asked me if I was inclined to bet on the races. I told him I was a stranger, was visiting them now for the first time, and knew but little about them, or the merits of the horses. He observed that perhaps I considered him as one of those whom my guardians had cautioned me against; but to prove that he was not so, I might take my own horse, and name the bet. I then told him I would stake five guineas on a horse named Anville, who was one of the first to run: he accepted the bet; the race took place, and I won. He then asked me to name my horse and sum on the next race; I did so, and won it; the same on the third and fourth. After this we drove about the ground, where we had better views, and in the course of the morning I won near sixty guineas. I returned to Cambridge, and the next day I went on horseback with my servant, that I might have more free communication with the persons assembled. I betted and won about

eighty pounds that morning, on the third near a hundred. On the Thursday, after having absented myself from chapel in the morning for four days, I returned. My tutor sent for me; told me that he had understood that I had been at Newmarket, and that I had won a considerable sum of money, which he was sorry for, for he dared say that my father would have been better pleased if I had lost as much. I confessed that I had done wrong, for the softness of my amiable tutor's manners brought me to what compulsion could never have effected. After some very friendly conversation, he asked me if I did not think it would be proper for me to call on the dean, to make some explanation of the cause, or apology for my absence from chapel. I told him I would go to the dean instantly: I went, and voluntarily confessed my faults; he, the dean, told me that the necessary discipline of the college required that certain inflictions should be imposed on those who broke its rules, and he trusted I would willingly submit. I told him that I *would* with cheerfulness, for my tutor's and *his* behaviour had been so noble to me, that I would do any thing cheerfully to please either. This was the way to subdue obstinacy. He then asked me if I would do him the favour of reciting the **Ars Poetica** of Horace on a certain day to him; I told him whenever he pleased. He having appointed the day, I called upon him. Now let tutors take example by this noble man; but I need not expatiate. I entered his room at the time appointed; he asked me if I was prepared to recite the **Ars Poetica**. I told him I was. Are you perfect in it? Yes sir. Then said the dean, your word is sufficient; I thank you for the will, but cannot trouble you with the execution of it.

Some days after this we were all ordered to attend the sacrament. Many of us declined attendance. We were consequently fined, and ordered to translate some of Locke's chapters on the human understanding into Latin. This was one of the hardest tasks that could have been imposed on us, for the style of Locke and the Latin idiom could hardly be brought together; like Voltaire's bungling at Shakspeare, in his endeavour to translate him, the conception of the author could not be transmitted, in its full embracings to another language. I got through mine, in a round about way, and assisted some of my fellow collegians, till the fine of a shilling, and our separate exertions paved the way to reconciliation.

This Voltaire, by the by, was one of the most jealous men that ever lived. Proud of the patronage of the king of Prussia, he warred with talent of every nature that did not spring from himself, he dared revile the Saviour of the world, but dreaded him, when on his death bed he sought in vain for refuge in those flatteries which had supported his air-borne mind. He pretended to criticise our Shakspeare, but did not understand him; did he forget that Shakspeare had an Elizabeth, while he had a king as patron? The ridiculous fulsome praise that Boileau bestowed on the boy Louis XIV, when he addresses him thus:

Et qui seul, sans ministre, à l'exemple des dieux,
Gouverne tout par toi même, et vois tout par tes yeux,

was pardonable in comparison of Voltaire's making the Old Testament a jest book. Let any one examine Voltaire's countenance, he will find it perpetually at war

with his judgment: I think I may venture to say that he was not that infidel he pretended to be; let the world review him on his sick bed, and witness how he trembled when he had a fear of dying. How then would the thought of a Redeemer whom he had reviled stagger him, a Saviour who was himself a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief.

Voltaire undertook to translate the greater part of the play of Julius Cesar, and threw the shaft of his intended wit against the adamant of Shakspeare. Among other observations, he pretended to ridicule Shakspeare's observation put into the mouth of Cesar, "Cesar does never wrong but with just cause," which expression, by the by, all our commentators, from Johnson to Tyrwhit, have hacked and mangled; but had they examined the meaning of the word two hundred years ago, in justice to their countryman, they would have rescued him from such undeserved censure. The meaning of the words in the sentence, are, as I think, this—Cesar never does any one an injury (or inflicts a punishment) without just cause.

Having been so fortunate, as I then thought it, at the Craven meeting, my weak mind and strong desire to make a show, induced me to purchase two horses, one for the saddle, and one for harness; I sent also to London for a gig, which cost me forty guineas, and had all the necessary accoutrements finished in the highest style, against the first spring meeting. So equipped, I entered with full spirit into the sport, and the first day managed my business very well, excepting that, flushed with success and proud of my fine black horse, I raced with a brother collegian, on a pro-

posal from him, and beat him as I thought, I having arrived first at the goal. This made me prouder of my new purchase than ever. But I had not yet dived into all the arcana of jockeyship, nor had I the least idea of a plot that was being contrived against me. At dinner the conversation naturally turned on the races of the morning, and I lunched out in praises of my steed, which had beaten my friend's blood horse, who now began to work upon my feelings, by telling me I beat him only by chance, that his horse had been much fatigued, but that if I chose to run mine fairly against his, he was certain he could beat *me*. I accordingly proposed a match on the next day for fifty pounds. Mr. Thorpe, my friend, declined risking so large a sum, or, indeed any thing of consequence, and after a short conversation, the match was relinquished. But soon after, a gentleman asked me if I would persist should any other person procure the horse to run against mine, I answered that I would. This gentleman, whose name was Moore (afterwards an attorney in Newyork) took Mr. Thorpe aside, and made some bargain with him, which secured him the use of the horse, and the match was made. I was determined to have the best rider I could procure, and accordingly sought for a jockey by name South. I found him at his home, and agreed with him for the usual price, five guineas if he won, and three if he lost the race. He then desired to see the horse, which was called Skylark; I took him to the stable, but no sooner had I pointed him out, than, glancing an eye of contempt, Mr. South turned north about, and, observing grumbly that he would send somebody else to bestride him, walked off contemptu.

ously, leaving the despised beast and myself to our mutual contemplations.

I began now to feel my error, and perceive whether my folly had conducted me; for the judgment of so celebrated a jockey was infallible. I would willingly have broken off the match, especially as I had been told that it was necessary to starve the animal during the night, that he might run lighter in the morning; but the match was play or pay, and poor Skylark was doomed to physic and the lash.

The important hour arrived, the jockeys mounted, the signal was given, the horses started, but alas for me! *non passibus æquis!* the little blood made two stretches to one of my noble black, which, like Eneas's wife, was left so far behind, that when the winner of the race had arrived at the innning post, he found himself alone, and had to return to look for the companion with whom he started.

Here then was the first "check to proud ambition"—fifty-three guineas thrown away for the scandalous fame of running a horse at Newmarket; and prudence and common sense bartered for the laughter and ridicule of my acquaintances; but I was naturally good natured, and though Armstrong observes that "mere good nature is a fool," yet had I occasionally, perhaps too seldom,

Sense and spirit with humanity,

which made good nature almost virtue; for though not gifted with prophetic thought, I had sense enough to perceive my follies after they had occurred, spirit enough to bear the ridicule they deserved, and humanity

ty enough to smile forgiveness on those who made themselves merry at my expense; but I wanted courage to oppose temptation.

I continued visiting Newmarket during the whole of the first spring meeting, betting with various success, and returning occasionally to attend chapel in the morning, to save appearances, and was, upon the whole, a winner.

I had been in the habit of attending the assemblies at Cambridge, and also at Bury St. Edmond's, a town, if I recollect rightly, between twenty and thirty miles from Cambridge. Three of my fellow collegians were dining with me one day, when it was proposed to set off immediately after dinner to Bury and attend the ball: we all consented; but it was agreed that, to prevent disappointments in obtaining hair-dressers, for crops were not yet in fashion, we should complete our adjustment before we left Cambridge; accordingly we hired a coach and four, and entered it fully arranged for the assembly. The uneasy posture in which we were under the necessity of supporting ourselves, from the fear of discomposing our artificial curls and queues, wearied us excessively during the first stage, and when we stopped to refresh the horses, that the succeeding stage might prove less tiresome, we requested the landlady of the inn to lend us a small table, a candle, and a pack of cards, wherewith to amuse ourselves, and to keep our frizzled and powdered heads in an *inclining*, instead of a *reclining* position. She consented; furnished us with a candle, cards, and a neat little round table, which shone like glass. The driver being ready, we drew up the windows, fixed ourselves, and drove off. But scarcely

had we proceeded half a mile, before we perceived that our olfactory nerves were violently assaulted by an odour that differed a little from that of any of the perfumes of Arabia, or their imitations that we had been acquainted with. We snuffed and snuffed, till at last we traced it to the table. Having detected the culprit, we let down the window, and threw him, cards, candle, and candlestick into the road, and during the remainder of the journey, substituted conversation as the antidote to the lethargic disposition that was creeping over us. At last we reached Bury, and stopped at the door of the hotel, where the assembly was held; the dances had already begun; we purchased our tickets, and having entered the ball room, were not a little chagrined in finding our former partners engaged; but our sensations were soon changed, when we perceived a general whisper, titter, and strong symptoms of risibility directed towards us; while we were wondering what it could mean, an acquaintance of ours (for we were pretty well known) came to us, and desired us to look at our stockings; we did so, and immediately found the cause of the emotions we had excited. Our good landlady at the inn where we had stopped, in order to make her table appear to the greatest advantage, had drenched it plentifully in linseed oil, which not having been imbibed by the tasteless wood, had communicated itself very liberally with such parts of our habiliments as being more susceptible of such favours, had occasionally come in friendly contact with it. Here then was a pretty dilemma. We had no opportunity of changing any part of our dress, and were consequently obliged to arm our-

selves with wit and humour for defence against the numerous observations made to us on the occasion.

The second spring meeting now came on, and I, not yet glutted with these new scenes, attended it. But Fortune, in this instance, stripped her bandage from her eyes, and, seeing clearly, treated me as I deserved. She devested me of those favours I had abused; still, with the wantonness of coquetry, played her fascinating gambols, till she had teased me into ruin; not content with the follies of the morning, I rushed to the faro and EO tables in the evening. One night I had won about forty guineas, and returned to the inn to supper, with a determination to retire early. Alas! my determinations were but as chaff scattered on a molehill, which the first breath would blow away: after supper a party was proposed:—like a lion I resisted all injunctions, such as “you *must*, and you *shall* go;” but by the persuasive tones of conviviality, I suffered myself to be led like a lamb to the slaughter. I joined the party, lost all my money, and returned home pennyless. Luckily I had paid my bill while I had money, intending to return to Cambridge the next morning, and also for the post-chaise which I had ordered at four in the morning, that I might not be under the necessity of encroaching on the dean’s kindness in passing over my absence from chapel.

On my return to the hotel I suffered the torments of the damned: in one or two hours I had lost above one hundred and fifty guineas. A little, but a little while before, I had been cheerful as the morning lark, now was I as dull as the armadillo in his winter’s cave, without his insensibility. I went to bed, sweet refuge for

the innocent, a thorny torture to the guilty. I tossed about till four in the morning, when I was informed my chaise was ready; I arose, entered it, and in the desperate delirium of disappointment passed the hours that conveyed me to my college—for what? To attend chapel at six. For what again? To pour my repentant feelings in prayers to the Most High? O no! to shield myself from inflictions which I should have incurred had I not been there.

Looking over my accounts on my return to Cambridge, I found myself near two hundred pounds in debt. I immediately wrote a penitential letter to my too good father, telling him frankly and without reserve all that I had done, and requesting the means to discharge my debts. My generous father, in answer, after some mild censures of my extravagance, wrote to me, giving me permission to draw on my cousin, his agent in London, for two hundred and seventy-five pounds, seventy-five pounds sterling more than I had asked for. I immediately, with grateful sensations, and a resolution never to offend such liberality, went to the Cambridge bank, wrote my draft, and received my money.

I paid my debts, and found myself pretty well off for ready money. The vacation was now approaching, and I longed to lanch farther into the world.

I had at this time contracted an intimacy with a young gentleman whom I esteemed most dearly. Whenever we happened not to be engaged in parties, we used to dine together in my room. Our regular dinner being beefsteaks and oyster sauce. We sat a considerable time after dinner, drinking wine to be sure,

but profiting each other by such conversation as kept the understanding awake, while it aroused the lighter faculties to wit and mirth.

This young gentleman, whose name I may safely mention; for it only can be accompanied with grace and honour, Mr. Carr, was the son of a most respectable and respected clergyman in Cheshire. He had invited me to spend a month with him at his father's house in Cheshire; I had, on his receiving a letter of approbation from his father, consented; but his father, in the same letter informed him that it would not be convenient to receive a visiter within a month from the date of his communication, as he was about painting his house. Carr then proposed that we should take a trip in the meanwhile through Wales, proposing to me that, if I, on my part, would furnish my horses, gig, and servant, he would pay all the cash expenses of the journey. This being agreed to, we started with the usual resolutions of young men, easily made, as easily broken, to conduct ourselves on the principles of the strictest economy. After passing through the delightful village of Thame, whose waters joining the Isis, form the celebrated river Thame-Isis, or as it is generally called, Thames, which village strikes my mind this moment as the most delightful and enchanting I ever saw. We made our first stop of any duration at the university of Oxford. According to our original plan we had calculated on staying only one day to glance on a few friends, and proceed on; but we had scarcely visited one, before we were solicited by a number of old associates, Carr by his Westminster, and I by my Eton acquaintances, to dine with them. One party led to another, and al-

though we were always on the eve of departure, it was still "to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," which crept on in its petty pace to the last guinea in Carr's pocket. We were detained a fortnight, had put up at the Star inn, one of the best in England, but as the good things of this world are not often bestowed on travellers, we had to pay for them. After, therefore, having given dinners and suppers occasionally during a fortnight, when we began to feel it necessary to call for our bill, as a preparation for our departure; it was brought to us in our chamber while we were equipping ourselves for the proposed excursion through Wales. Carr received it, and a certain prolongation of his visage prognosticated distress; a sudden paleness intimated the sum total as being more than he expected. We dismissed the waiter, and I called to him to learn what was the matter. "Why," said he, "I have neither money enough to pay our expenses through Wales, nor to clear us from this house." "Well then, Carr," I replied, "I must help you," and accordingly, on being made acquainted with the extent of his purse, and finding, on an accurate parallel drawn between that and the charges in the bill, there was a deficiency of sixteen guineas, I supplied him; but this so lightened mine, that I was obliged to send my servant to the Cambridge bank, with a draft for forty pounds, on my father's agent in London, to get it cashed, bring it to Buxton, and await my arrival there.

A few days before our departure from Oxford, we invited all our friends to dine and spend the evening with us, and a jovial party indeed we had. It was customary after dinner, to prepare for singing that excel-

cellent quintetto “ Hark the merry Christ’s Church Bells,” and await their ringing; then strike up at once; from its being a local song, every student who could sing at all was acquainted with it, and from its being continually practised, we heard it sung on this occasion with very great effect. During the former part of the afternoon all went well;

Wine whet the *wit*, improved its native force,
And gave a pleasant flavour to discourse.

But when the *cacoethes bibendi* began to operate, wit, argument, and common sense took unto themselves wings and flew away, and the head being no longer capable of giving or receiving pleasure, the feet were called upon to bear the body, if they could, in rambles through the town till supper-time. The original party, being numerous, we separated into detachments, and in the course of half an hour the whole town was in an uproar. The Oxonians had, as they called it, a great deal of fun, which, being interpreted, means that they did a great deal of mischief. Some were arrested by the watchmen, others by the proctors, and a few by private families, till the names of the individuals and their respective colleges being taken, they were released on information of the persons with whom they had dined, and their promise of appearing before authority the next day.

The first riot being over, they dropped in, one by one, a little discomposed in dress, to supper; then was laid, during the dereliction of reason, a plot for revenge on those who had interrupted their amusements, to be executed before they slept. No sooner after supper

were they again *Bacchi pleni*, than they sallied out in small parties, to attack the different posts of the enemy, returning occasionally to relate their success to the garrison. But the proctors, with their assistants, were watchful, the guardians of the night did their duty, and the injured were determined to have redress. Broken lamps, windows, &c. were to be paid for, and all the misde-meaning young gentlemen were to be subjected to the requisite discipline of the university the next day. At last Nature effected what inclination would have deferred, and imposed on all the necessity of retiring, as well as they could, to their respective colleges.

Carr and myself, although we had no personal concern in the riots, felt ourselves implicated by instrumentality; we accordingly determined, for the honour of our own university, to wait on the proctors early the next morning, and make such apologies as authority had a right to expect from two young men of the sister establishment incautiously occasioning disturbances.

We did so, and by a well-timed acknowledgment of error, rescued ourselves from obloquy, and considerably mitigated the inflictions on our friends.

After taking leave of the Oxonians, we set off, thoughtlessly, to pursue our tour through Wales. We arrived at Bristol, *then* the largest city in England, excepting London. The house we put up at was highly celebrated for its larder, which was constantly supplied with provisions of all kinds: indeed it had more the appearance of a market-house than an appendage to a tavern. Here we dined; and after dinner repaired to the Severn side, to inquire for a conveyance across it. The breadth of the river staggered us; and the mountains

seemed to frown refusal of admission to pockets scantily supplied. We returned to the tavern for consultation on ways and means; calculated our resources; and at last found that our united purses would bear no heavier tax than what would be sufficient to take us, by the shortest road, to the house of my friend's father. We therefore determined to leave the Severn to run unmolested by us, "among its crisped reeds," and for once to pursue a direct line, in spite of Hogarth. But even in this course a little management was necessary; for we had spent more money at Oxford than would have paid the expenses of our intended tour three times. There was, however, no alternative: it was this road or none. We therefore contrived, by arriving at one tavern too early, and at another too late for dinner, to save enough for a comfortable supper at night; which we enjoyed most heartily. At last we arrived at Congleton, the whole funds of our united stock being eighteen pence. But we were within eleven miles of Mr. Carr's house. We ordered a dinner, the first we had been able to procure for several days. But as we could not pay for it, it was agreed between us, that Carr should take my horse and gig, drive to his father's to obtain money, and return to me in the morning; while I remained, as it were, in pledge for the payment of the bill. He did so; and brought me ten guineas, with which I set off (his father's house not being yet ready for my reception) to Buxton.

A singular occurrence took place during my short journey this day. As I approached Buxton, I observed a heavy cloud behind me, surcharged with water. I hurried on to prevent its overtaking me. I passed

through a chasm where the angle, perhaps, had formerly been of two ranges of mountains. The mountains diverged so as to make this angle about thirty degrees. On looking back, I observed the cloud separate; the attraction of each range of mountains being equal and opposite, rent in twain the cloud, and each part discharged its contents on each side of me, while I was perfectly free from rain in the valley. The cloud, having passed over the range of mountains, again united; and I had the pleasure of arriving at the hall at Buxton completely drenched.

I alighted, inquired for my servant, and found that he had not yet arrived. I asked for dinner; but was told they were not in the habit of supplying more than the ordinary dinner. However, after observing that I came to make some stay there, placing my name among the list of visitors, and cajoling the head waiter awhile, by remarking on the neatness of the house; the convenience of every thing, ("a little flattery sometimes does well") I succeeded in procuring a chicken and a bottle of claret. While attending on me, I questioned him concerning the company then at the watering place, and particularly respecting the nature of the amusements adopted for recreation. He replied that he knew of no other than that of drinking tea and playing cards. Pretty amusements, truly! "thinks I to myself." For a young man, just lanching into life, this won't suit very well. I had scarcely finished my dinner, when a young gentleman, having seen my name on the public register of visitors, requested permission to speak with me. He entered the room, and I was rejoiced to find in him an old college acquaintance. This gave some stimulus to

my spirits, which began to be a little depressed, from the information given by the waiter; for I had made up my mind for the enjoyment of balls, concerts, plays, &c. But my friend, in the course of our conversation, informed me that he had been there some time, and had found it so dull a place, that he had determined to leave it on the morrow. I told him I had understood, from the waiter's description of the company at the different houses in Buxton, that there were ingredients enough to make up a most elegant feast for delicacy's palate; and that all that appeared requisite was, a man of spirit to bring them into proper combination. "Then," replied he, "do you undertake it; for you are used to frolick." "With all my heart," said I, "but I shall need a first introduction." "That I can give you immediately," answered my friend, "come with me into the tea-room, and I will introduce you to all the company here." Having made a little arrangement in my dress, I attended my friend. The first family to which I was introduced was that of the earl of Lauderdale. The countess was immediately so condescending as to ask me to drink tea with her party. I accepted gratefully the invitation; and while the table was being prepared, my friend introduced me to every individual in the house.

Let it be considered by the candid reader, and I hope I may observe it without the imputation of vanity, that I was then a gay, dashing young man, of tolerable figure and some accomplishments; that, as an addition to the sanction of my friend, who had prepared the company for my reception, by lavished encomiums on my talents, while I had been dressing; I had equipped

myself in the uniform of the True Blue club, considered, by all acquainted with the university of Cambridge, as the highest badge of honour the students of Trinity college can bestow. These circumstances I mention only to account, in some measure, for the facility with which I acquired an intimacy with those who were so much my superiors in rank and fortune.

During our refreshment, I readily contracted a familiar intimacy with the honourable William Maitland, the son of lord Lauderdale, and was honoured by the affability of his amiable sister, lady Jane. Our conversation turned to the amusements of the place: Maitland observed that there were none; and that cards were the only refuge afforded to those who could not otherwise employ their time. A party was proposed; I joined it, and with a feeling that would have been reluctant, but for the opportunity it gave me of continuing with a company that delighted me. In the midst of the game, when I became tired of poring over black and red spots, "surely," says I to Mr. Maitland, "we can contrive some amusement, that will be more acceptable to the young ladies than this."—"And what will you contrive for the old ones?" observed lady Lauderdale; "the pleasure of seeing their daughters dance," said I, "with the renovation of their own feelings, by the admired proxy. Let us bring the company at Buxton together; let us cordially agree to make ourselves as happy as we can." Maitland agreed with my proposal; and it was determined that we should, the next day, visit all the families in the different houses of accommodation, and invite a general meeting at the *Hall*, so called, our place of residence, for a ball on the Friday following.—

We suffered not our plan to die away; we put it in execution the next morning: on the Friday evening, nearly all the visitors attended; and the result of a happy meeting was, a determination that we should have assemblies twice a week, at the respective houses alternately.

Thus was a dull, insipid, card-playing, time-killing place, turned so far into a scene of rational amusement: well regulated society banished unnecessary etiquette, and, by the exertions of two young strangers, countesses and their daughters were brought together, in defiance of the ceremonious consideration of who should pay the first visit.

It may not prove irrelevant to my future observations, to offer to the American reader, a short description of the place, which afterwards proved to me the scene of superior delight, and the extreme of folly.

Buxton is situated in the county of Derbyshire; in the midst of a romantic, but not very fertile neighbourhood: its celebrity is principally owing to the hot springs, to which it gives rise. The hotel, called the Hall, in which I resided, had attached to it two baths, into which the water of the hot springs was conveyed. There was in front of it, a delightful grove, and walks intersected a well cultivated shrubbery. Other hotels for accommodation for visitors, with shops, a turning manufactory for the beautiful and various spars the country produced, with a few private houses, then formed the principal part of the settlement. There are in the neighbourhood of the village, two extraordinary natural curiosities; the one is under a mountain called the Peak; the other is denominated Poole's Hole. The opening of

the subterraneous cavern under the Peak, is very expansive; the principal cavity is so large as to admit of a rope manufactory being carried on in it: the extent of it, though traced to a considerable distance, cannot be ascertained, on account of a rock which touches the stream that runs through it and thereby impedes further penetration. About the middle of it is another rock, descending within two feet of the water, under which visitors have to pass lying in a boat. To visitors, inclined to be munificent, an hour or two may be spent with the highest gratification; for on the hint given, the principal vaults are lighted up, and the reflection of the lights from the spars, form a most enchanting sight: to add to the enchantment, a band of choristers are suddenly heard from a natural orchestra, to which they ascend by a private way, just as you have passed through a gloomy narrow passage, and entered into a cavern of astonishing expanse and height.

One day, as I was informed, a person desired to explore this subterraneous cavern, but would only be at the expense of one candle: a guide attended him. They had passed under the middle rock, and nearly arrived at the termination of the cavern, when the candle was accidentally, or purposely extinguished. The economist had to make the best bargain he could with his guide, and remain with his own fears, during his solitary penance, till two candles were brought to relieve him and his pocket.

The other natural curiosity, is a subterraneous cavity, called Poole's Hole: some part of the roof of this phenomenon having evinced a greater inclination to the stream that bubbled among the rocks below, than to the arch above, descended one day, in all the majesty of

despotism, and said to it; “ thus far shalt thou go, but no farther:” but the superior power of human ingenuity removed the obstacle; and, while afterwards lowering the banks of the stream, the workmen found a human skeleton: one of them immediately cried out: “ These must be the bones of that man who was missed about twenty years ago, and supposed to have been murdered.” The interposition of Providence for the discovery of crimes, is so worthy of consideration from the succeeding remark, that I shall make it a virtue to relate it in its vulgar garb.—Unguardedly, a man, then present, observed: “ No, I’ll be damned if these bones are his, for *he* does not lie here.” It immediately struck his companions, that if the man could know that the murdered person did *not* lie *there*, he must *know where* he *did* lie: accordingly, they questioned him; the embarrassment, consequent on guilt, oppressed him, till he confessed the crime—and was afterwards hanged.

But Maitland and myself had only hitherto promoted two evening’s entertainment during the week, and we had determined, if possible, to be happy ourselves, and to make others so, during the whole time we remained at the watering place. We therefore proposed every species of delicate amusement, our youthful imaginations could suggest, and occasionally put them in practice.

And now, as I am about to embark on a portion of the history of a family still living, to the liberality of whose sentiments I was indebted for the highest rational gratification; may I be permitted to observe, that there is in human nature an ingenuous feeling emanating from the breast of real virtue, that will not shrink from the

acknowledgment of former intimacy, with a being who could once please, but who is now become the victim of misfortune.

To you, earl Bechtive, to your almost adored family, and their amiable associates in delights, that raise the soul to heaven, that teach the dignity of human nature, by proving what we might be, if we would, I am indebted for some of the happiest hours of my life. Sweet, indeed, was the intercourse of friendship: every valve leading to my heart was open to receive it, and in your's, my lord, none seemed closed against me.

My noble friend! who so often intrusted your amiable and beloved daughter to my care, do justice to my memory for the sake of the feelings of the numerous connexions whom I have left. Should lady Harriet herself, honour these pages with a perusal, she will drop, at least one tear on the follies of him whom she once deigned to honour, and thought worthy of her society.

Pshaw! this wont do; this is the indulgence of feeling; this is gratitude; this is acknowledgment of past favours; past twenty-five years. According to the common practice of the world, past favours should be forgotten, when you can receive no more. But the fountain of the eye is inexhaustible: the dews of recollection will lend *their* moisture to the stream that pays too liberally its tribute to a burning sun. The superficial glance of ordinary travellers through life, will, in the pride of ignorance, condemn what they cannot immediately explain; while the humility of science gives optics to the mind, enabling it to penetrate to the soul of nature, as of man, and fix its steadfast gaze in veneration of divine supremacy: but out upon that mechan-

ism that fashions virtue by the rule and square; and sells its artificial structures to ungenerous vice. Give me the being that sees and feels; that smiles in rapture on the talents of another; weeps o'er his brother's sorrow; glows with admiration of superiority; but bends to the unfortunate; relieving, he knows not why; and cherishing, he knows not wherefore—but that there is a God.

To virtues such as these, even age may bow with youthful rapture; nor need the blush display its crimson on the cheek of her who reads: where the supremest virtues are, in him who can't admire there must be vice; and it is the serpent's venom only that our nature shrieks from. We love in our domestic animals, the feelings that inspire their confidence, if they will force the eye to shed the tears of sensibility; so if a female *will* be all that's good, she cannot but expect to be adored—for changing only the past to the present, I might observe, in the words of Metastasio.

Ah! se amabile tu sei,
Colpa mia crudel non è.

But, I must pursue my history, regular or irregular; yet will the soul sometimes burst forth in spite of all restrictions—then be my apology—human nature.

All endeavours are in vain! I cannot yet proceed—the bosom will swell; the sigh will force its way; the tear will fall in spite, or in defiance of mortal economy or pride, excited by the contemplation of the duties imposed on us by the divine Author of our existence, which teach us the admiration of virtue, which teach us to love and respect—Lady Harriet! as I loved and respected you. Your blessed husband, and your proud brother (proud of his sister's merit) will pardon these

effusions; these effusions, which proceed from the same source as that from which the earl derives his present happiness—the contemplation of your worth.

There—now I have wiped the moisture from my eyes, and can see clearly—had I seen clearly once!—but no matter. The sun but sets in promise of to-morrow; and this world's light will be withdrawn, but that, through darkness, we may the more admire the day.

One of the amusements which Maitland, myself, and others, attempted to afford the ladies, was our performances on the theatre. A small company of comedians usually assembled at Buxton; and several of us played with them occasionally. Some of my later acquaintances will smile when I inform them, that one of my parts was that of a country clown, whercin I sung the song of which the first verse is,

What's a poor simple clown
To do in the town,
Of their freaks and vagaries I've none;
For the folks I see there
Two faces do wear,
But an honest man ne'er wears but one.

This was my first appearance on any stage since I left Eton.

In our morning rambles on foot, when our party was not very large, we frequently stopped to repose ourselves under a tree or a hay-stack, near a farm-house, where we refreshed ourselves with the pure beverage of new milk, and eat oat-cake—yes, cake of oats in the centre of England, in Derbyshire: in spite of Dr. Johnson, *we*, human beings, ladies and gentlemen, fed on

oat-cake, though his definition of oats is, that they are food for horses in England, and men in Scotland.

Blindness now betrayed me to a wretch—those hours which should have been dedicated to rest or contemplations on the blessings of the day, were spent, O shame! in the indulgence of one of the most detestable vices that can disgrace and satanize our nature—in gaming. To the departed spirits of my beloved parents (beloved, I knew not how much till I felt their loss) I dare not offer an excuse;—to my dear sisters, living; to the shades of my brave war-devoted brothers, apology is also silent: I had no plea for the indulgence of the horrid crime. I wanted nothing: money was never scarce, till Folly drew the check, which, as a basely forged, deceitful counterfeit on Honour's and Affection's bank, was crossed.

My soul will linger on these heart-felt moments of delight. In the bright hours of day, the brilliant intercourse of wit, gave lustre to the sun: the pause of natural converse gave interest and sweetness to the shade: the evening full early closed on pleasures too delicate to own the mantle of the night, and darkness shrouded up my mind.

Then was the body restless; it could not sink into that sweet repose which nature craves, but sometimes craves in vain. My soul, intoxicated with the pleasures of the day, wantoned in triumphant ecstasy, or fled with the dear objects of my tenderest friendship, and left a useless lump of clay behind.

Earl of Rinnaird! if thou art still living, be candid, and do me justice, in regard to what follows.

In my hours of reason, I mean in the morning, before the breath of female fascination had renewed the

feelings of the former day, and in my hours of gloomy meditation, when I could no longer see the objects of my friendship, you talked with me as a father; you cautioned, you advised me; you pleaded very forcibly the abilities of (the then) Mr. Erskine, who, by the exertion of his abilities, aided by your patronage, had been raised to the zenith of his profession at the bar: you offered me every encouragement to my future views in life, which you knew were directed to the church: and every note of counsel was harmonized by the tones of affection.

But, my dear lord! you pressed me into a party at a whist table, against every wish but that of obliging you: my carelessness lost you the rubber; you scolded me for inattention to what I had no delight in.—Again, on a Sunday afternoon, while I was preparing for a rational excursion, you asked me for the use of my private parlour, for yourself and friends to play at cards in it. Good as you were to me in precept; distributive in information; rich in anecdote; and liberal in its delivery; yet, my lord! you made then, by what you were about to practice, an impression on a young man's mind, that never can be effaced. You melted the wax till it trembled with the heat imbibed; its undulation called for impression: error is always the nearest companion of incautiousness; she instantly affixed her seal—and I became a gamester.

What strange infatuation it could have been that led me into this detestable and most dishonourable practice, I cannot tell—but the object of this book is, by the confession and explanation, if practicable, of my own follies, to prevent, as much as possible, the same in

others, particularly in my own children; that the sins of the father may be swept from them, and the virtues of the mother appear in them unclouded and serene.

I arrived at Buxton with only a few guineas in my pocket; but in a day or two after my arrival, my servant brought me the cash for the draft I had sent on from Oxford to the Cambridge bank, forty pounds: I was in the neighbourhood of a most respectable family, where I was engaged to spend a portion of the summer; my expenses were small; they did not, for myself, servant, and two horses, exceed twelve shillings per day. I had no wants, no cares, no distress. The pleasures of the day had shortly become so interestingly transporting, that perhaps the evening's reflections were irksome: they who *labour* during the day, may rest at night: enviable comfort!—they who abuse the time and bounty of Omnipotence, must pay the penalty annexed to folly.

I know not how it was; perhaps some soul congenial to my own, inhabiting some youthful male or female breast, may tell me; but something of a most powerful, half pleasurable, half painful influence affected me every evening, after I had parted with the companions of my day's delight: it was, to use a French expression, a *Je ne scai quoi* of listlessness, that longed for something that would rid the mind of a solicitude for pleasures it could not at the moment enjoy.

During the reign of this infatuation, one person perceiving it, seduced me, by degrees, to cards: and one evening, or rather morning, when the sun rose on my folly, it did not blush with a deeper crimson than that with which the consciousness of having done wrong, suffused my cheeks. I lost, during this sitting, at pi-

quette, with one man, thirteen hundred pounds; and from that moment, every pleasure was mixed with a most powerful alloy: when I sneaked to my pillow, it refused its softness to the head of guilt; my body rested not, for my mind disturbed it with its horrors: when I arose to meet my former friends, I knew not the flow of joy that formerly had warmed my bosom at our meeting: I shrunk from the eye of observation, for I feared the discovery of my follies, and felt as if I was unworthy of friendship: I saw *them* cheerful, as before, for the crimson tears of folly had not sullied their spotless innocence; but a haggard gloom stole, occasionally, over my countenance, and interrupted that flow of conversation we had enjoyed before. Yet did not all end here: by previous engagement on either side, in case of loss beyond present means of payment, the artful betrayer had seduced me to play for much larger sums than I had at my command, without my father's aid; and, consequently, I had to acquaint him with my misdemeanors, some time or other. This consideration induced a dread of his presence and my natural home. In this situation of my mind, a flattering hope made me imagine that I might redeem the money, by returning to the same society. I, therefore, resorted to it again, and with so frequent application of my time, that my friends began to notice it, and regret the change of my conduct: this regret was attended with the usual exclamations: "what a pity it is!" "how sorry I am," &c. These soon reached the ears of Mr. Carr, whose son had frequently visited me, and shared the pleasures of respectable parties. Mr. Carr had already begun to be uneasy respecting me, for my infatuations, of a widely

different nature from the one recently related, had detained me beyond the time appointed for my visit to his family; and one morning early, when I had just risen from a bed of wretchedness, his son arrived at Buxton, in a chaise and four, with a message from his father, insisting on my leaving the watering place immediately. I was not allowed time to pack up my trunks; and they, with my servant, horses, and gig, were left to follow me. This haste, however, proceeded from a desire that I should attend him to a distant dinner party that day, consisting of a meeting of the first persons in the county, to whom he wished to introduce me. When I arrived at his house, his welcome to me seemed mingled with much anxiety. After introducing me to his family, he hurried me into his carriage, which was waiting at the door, and we drove to the place of meeting: a heavy heart accompanied me all the way, for I felt as if every ear had heard my follies, and every eye would reproach me for them; and it was some time before my natural vivacity could, even at intervals, break through the clouds that veiled my intellect. A strong proof of my inattention at the meeting, to those persons with whom I had the honour of dining, and to each of whom I had been severally introduced, is, that although I am generally considered as possessing a retentive memory, I do not recollect one person who was present, except my reverend friend and his son.

The younger branches of Mr. Carr's family consisted of two brothers and two sisters, the family claimed the celebrated lord Fairfax, in Cromwell's time, as one of their ancestors. The elder sister, of the age of eighteen, possessed the most beautiful countenance, as I

thought, that I had ever seen; but the contemplation of it with the highest pleasure, never could remove those deep-rooted sensations my heart had embraced in the delightful conversation of another.

Our next visit was to the earl of Stamford's family; his eldest son, lord Grey, was, at the same time, at the same college with me.

Many mistakes prevail in foreign countries respecting the nobility of England. Extravagance always occasions greater notoriety than economy, and consequently a fool is generally more talked of than a wise man. To extravagance I shall be indebted, as the cause of what will form a principal interest in my own life: had I been an economist, I might have passed coolly and unobservedly along the noiseless vale of life; but I have climbed the peak of mountains, whence the object is discovered from afar; have rolled down to their bases; have, like the dreaded avalanche, increased in force and size as I progressed, and having no power over myself, have rolled with me others to the bottom.

Foreigners have heard of vices among the nobility, and have eagerly received the information, too eagerly to discriminate between that portion which deserved censure, and the one that claimed the highest tribute of applause.

Young men, who unfortunately lose their parents during their minority, lose with them those lessons of prudence which might have corrected their vices and stimulated their prudence: they expect the full possession of their fortunes at the age of twenty-one; their eye is constantly directed to that point which gives them liberty and fortune, and like unguarded travellers, too

eagerly impelled towards the attainment of their object, they are frequently induced to leave the beaten and accustomed road, to seek a shorter path through fens and woods; hence arise difficulties which occasion the necessity of anticipating their fortunes. Brokers, like eagles watching for their prey, hear of the embarrassment of a young man of rank and fortune, and kindly offer him their aid; again he dashes, again he applies to them for aid; and so the greater part of his fortune is spent in folly and extravagance, before it is properly his own. Such are the young noblemen who make themselves notorious. Others, whose fathers fortunately live to guide them through their minority, and be their friends in a long course of after years, steal quietly along, and are scarcely heard of. On the possession of their estates, they bless the tenantry around, and are content with that still voice of praise which conscience whispers to their souls.

But to return to my history. On approaching the mansion of lord Stamford, where we were invited to spend the day, I felt a tremulous fear within me, lest the hauteur of family importance should cast a gloom over the intended pleasures of our visit; perhaps too, a little diffidence may have interfered with the pride I felt on being introduced. Every dissatisfactory sensation, however, was quickly removed, by the playful inquiries of the young ladies respecting their brother, lord Grey, whom they artfully pretended to represent as a wild young man, though he had been well known to have been the soberest among the sober of Trinity college. They expressed their happiness in seeing one of their brother's fellow collegians, who might be induced to develop all his tricks. On such benevolent and truly

polite behaviour, founded on the really moral good; not on the political deceptive rules of Chesterfield; my *mauvaise haunte* was soon removed. The room to which we were introduced, was the morning visiting room, amply furnished with the several instruments of rational entertainment: a variety of trick-knacks, puzzles, chess-boards, &c. supplied the hours of relaxation from music; walking and conversation during the preparation for dinner; the hour of which having arrived, we entered a superb saloon, where we had a super-excellent dinner, served up in dishes of gold and silver: the first course of plates were of gold, the second of silver, and the third of the finest china, excepting which, I observed that every utensil in the house, that could be made conveniently of gold or silver, was so made. There was a tree in lord Stan-ford's park, so immensely large, that having been a little more than naturally excavated, a coach and four could pass through it. The day having been spent in hilarity and harmony, we took our leaves; and repaired home, having requested a return of the visit.

Mr. Carr, as I have before observed, was a clergyman; a man of learning, of delicate and acute taste, elegant in his deportment, and possessed of that refined politeness which distinguished the earl of Stair, when tested by Louis on entering the royal coach before the king, and founded upon the principle of regarding another's feeling. He was extremely particular with respect to the arrangement of his table, which was always elegantly and delicately covered. He was a complete lord Chesterfield with regard to the use of the respective instruments, and shrunk from seeing a knife touching a person's mouth. The honours of the table were per-

formed with the most scrupulous exactness, politely respecting the feelings of every one, paying as much, if not more attention to the humble than to the proud.

I feel a strong inclination to digress, and I must do so, though a little out of season. The people of the United States, so far as I have had an opportunity of seeing them, from Virginia to Massachusetts; and of hearing of them from Georgia to Vermont, possess, *generally*, an urbanity, approaching to hospitality; occasionally a reservedness indicating repulsion; but in several cities a liberality to strangers exceeding prudence. The causes are readily ascertained, and found in the variation of pursuits; but I must not now digress farther than to observe that each city is, in its pursuits, distinct from those of the other: some are wholly occupied in the desire of getting money, and keeping it; others give to their inhabitants a more expanded mind, and open their arms for the embrace of literature and science; a third class will laugh at the customs of another country as ridiculous, without considering that the same or similar principle which induces them to take care of themselves, prevails elsewhere, in the encouragement and preservation of others. Duties are not measured by the inch to each individual; the man who has not, should accumulate; the man who has much, should distribute in one way or other; and there is nothing which contributes more to the support of the poor, than the luxuries of the great, in countries where agriculture requires but a small portion of its population.

But with respect to Mr. Carr, I regret that I have to relate one circumstance which occurred on our visit to lord Stamford, which seemed to me irreconcilable

to his general conduct, Mr. Carr was particularly fond of certain delicate but rather uncommon dishes; the countess of Stamford knowing this, had ordered three of different kinds to be prepared purposely for him; and had even superintended the cooking of them herself; *this circumstance*, however, was not known to Mr. Carr, until the covers of that course had been removed; when lady Stamford observed jokingly, "Mr. Carr, I have been unfortunate in my expectation of hearing you praise my cooking; of three dishes I had myself prepared purposely for you, you have not tasted one." That Mr. Carr had not a knowledge of this fact, I believe, but it being well known how fond he was of them, and they being dishes of an uncommon nature, he should, I think, have conceived it, in the refinement of politeness.

Our next pleasurable excursion was to the races, in the neighbourhood; the first day we had a pleasant morning and fine races, after which the gentlemen arranged every thing for a ball on the following evening, for the ladies: the day arrived, the clouds poured their deluge down, and none but gentlemen attended in the morning: no ladies being there, the races were postponed, and the gentlemen were at a loss how to entertain themselves, their usual playthings being absent. Invention was racked to its utmost stretch, to discover means of amusement. But recurrence to the past provided them. In the long dining room of the house wherein the ball was to be in the evening, children six feet high pleased themselves with marbles, balls, pitching guineas, leap-frog, jumping over chairs, &c. to the great merriment of each other, and the dreadful laceration of many coats.

A handsome dinner had been provided for us, to eat which we seated ourselves. Whether the exercise of the morning had obliged many to keep their seats for a longer time than usual, after dinner, or whether any other incitation chained us to our chairs, I know not; but there we remained until a message was sent to us by the ladies, to inform us, that they came to the assembly, by invitation, to dance; but could find no partners. Roused by the delivery of the message, we started up; but having been so long accustomed to sitting, like feeble men rising from a bed of sickness, we could not stand, nor were we prepared in dress for dancing. All now became bustle and confusion, hair-dressers tumbled over hair-dressers, and gentlemen over gentlemen; at last, after considerable hurry and distraction, we dropped into the assembly room, one by one, like self-condemned criminals; some trying to look bold and conceal their crime, but all feeling internally a sense of merited conviction.

As I have taken the liberty of remarking a deviation from refined politeness, in Mr. Carr, I should be uncandid, were I not to observe on a great breach of politeness, of which I was myself guilty. I was residing at Mr. Carr's, and received the greatest attentions from himself and his family; and, consequently, should have requested the pleasure of his daughter's hand during the two first dances; instead of which, I solicited and obtained the favour of lady M. Grey; but I was shortly afterwards punished severely for the impropriety; for while I was attempting to be witty, and succeeding, in my own opinion, proud of the attention with which she honoured me, I paused in triumphant expectation, to lis-

ten to some notes of praise delivered by her lips: she looked archly at me, and observed rather tauntingly, "I never heard a gentleman talk such nonsense in my life; sure you don't know what you have been speaking about." I started with astonishment, and observed, "I hoped that I had given her ladyship no offence;" "no!" replied she, "the offence was to yourself; it cannot be transferred to me." We past, however, a pleasant evening; and at the races the next day, made our necessary apologies to the ladies. It was my fortune, while at Mr. Carr's, to become acquainted with sir John Stanley, bart. a near neighbour to my friend, with whom we spent many a pleasant afternoon, and who, having heard of my late misconduct at Buxton (as a remedy I suppose for the disease) proposed making me a member of White's, a fashionable gambling house, on his return to London.

Tell me, ye calm philosophers! who sit in sober dignity at home, and call on your presiding deity to give you knowledge of the world by inspiration; whose poly-Hymnia teaches you to reason man into a piece of mechanism; tell me what joys of sense will medicine to the deep-wounded heart?—say, will the most delightful object of the eye, the most enchanting music to the ear, the most delicious viands, the sweetest odours of Arabia; or that more penetrating thrill, pervading all our frame, the accepted touch of the white hand of modesty, distil one balmy drop into the wound? Ah! no: secluded from the world, you see no angels in the human form; you know no feelings they inspire. Can a physician give an instant remedy for ills of which he is ignorant? Experience exclaims, no. Proceed then in

your contemplations, and dissertations, on what men *should* be; while I, from observation, tell you what they are, and what they ever *will* be.

Amid the varieties of rational pleasure which our friends provided for us, our bosoms were occasionally oppressed with anxieties and restlessness. I had a double cause for mine. My friend's was single. One sensation, however, was common to us both; but such a one as has puzzled all philosophers, from Aristotle to Dr. Johnson, to explain: I therefore dare not attempt it—I can only relate the effects.

When my friend and I had returned from a party, or a party had left us, and the family had retired to rest, it was our practice, and frequent practice had made it habit, to take our chairs, sit in silent meditation for a few minutes, till our eyes met; then shaking our heads, heave a deep sigh, as a prelude to the succeeding conversation; little of which ever referred to the pleasures of the day; for my friend Carr, with all his prudence and pretended adamant, had not proved insensible to the fascinations of a young lady who formed one of our amiable party at Buxton.

In the morning we would sit for hours together talking over pleasures past, which we seemed to re-enjoy in contemplation; then, suddenly a gloomy silence would ensue, while with our canes we traced upon the ground, a shadowing tree, a rock, a stream, a hay-stack; which having been the scenes of heartfelt happiness, our fancies had made sacred.

In the midst of the parties in which we were now engaged, our eyes would frequently meet, and in the most intelligible language declare our thoughts: for my

part, a sudden chillness, with heavings of my heart would frequently affect me, and mostly so when I perceived myself in company the most respectable for prudence, talents, and refined virtue; for, I felt as if I had no right to be among them, having forfeited, by imprudence, my privilege of admission to such society—I thought

"All tongues were licensed to condemn me."

After many an evening and morning, passed as I have above described, my friend and I, unable to support the pangs of longer absence from the respective objects of our friendship, proposed a visit to Buxton: no sooner was it proposed than determined upon, and no sooner determined upon, than our eyes brightened; our countenances beamed cheerfully: the prospect before us enlivened our conversation, and after exchanging toasts in two bumpers of wine each, we arose to examine the weather. It promised fairly for the next morning; nor did it deceive us. We determined to leave my servant behind, lest he should tell tales, and that we might be the sooner at our journey's end, drive "tandem." We invented some plausible excuse for our ride, intending only to gratify our feelings for a few hours, and return home in the evening; the distance being only about twelve miles. The dawn arrived, our persons seated in the gig, we drove off, our minds winged with the swiftest plumes of love, preceding us. Never did youth anticipate more happiness than we expected to experience. All the anxieties and hopes that usually attend a state of expectation, were lulled by hope, or banished by our confidence in bliss. We gave full scope to imagination, and a loose rein to wit. At last the village appeared in

view. Then did my heart begin to palpitate; oh! then I felt, I know not how. Friendship invited, but shame cried out, "avaunt." However, we pushed on, and arrived at the Hall, my former place of residence. But, reader! if you have felt sensations like those I have described, judge of our astonishment and mortification, when, on inquiry, we learnt that the objects of our visit to the Bath, were no longer there: they had departed about a week before. I thought I should have sunk: I looked at Carr, his feelings reciprocated mine, and all the welcomes of our old acquaintances, could not excite one smile upon the countenance of either—till one of them observed, "lord Bective's family is at Matlock." We looked at each other; no words were necessary: I ordered the ostler to take good care of the horses, as we should want them immediately. Carr and I retired to a room to take some refreshment, for we had not yet breakfasted; and so soon as our horses were sufficiently refreshed, drove on to Matlock. As we approached the door of the hotel, about five o'clock in the evening, we heard a scream, and looking up, perceived several of the females of our party at the windows; we instantly alighted, and having delivered our horses to the ostler, entered the hall, to which they had descended to welcome us. Soon after, the earl received me with an apparently cordial welcome, but almost instantly retired. The sense of my imprudences at Buxton returned, and I began to fear that I had lost the attachment of my respected friend. Carr and myself engaged the ladies in conversation, till one of the party who had withdrawn with the earl, returned, and taking lady Harriet aside, whispered something in her ear, which seemed to surprise

and affect her much: the intelligence, I knew not then what it was, was immediately communicated secretly to all the females of the family, while I sate racked with fears and tortured with suspense. I asked lady Harriet what was the matter; she told me she would inform me by and by; this added to my pangs. Ah! said I to myself, the earl has heard of all my follies, and thinks me no longer worthy to be the companion of his daughters and his nieces—and I drooped under the impression and hung my head. "Come," said lady Harriet, tapping me with her fan, on my arm, "let us go to tea;" "shall we be welcome guests?" said I: "most heartily so," replied lady Harriet; "my mother waits in the tea room to receive you." This was a cordial—this was Samaritan oil poured into the wounds of one who had been robbed by thieves. I rose up, took her hand, and led her to the tea room; the rest followed with my friend. The countess received me cordially, and for a moment all was well; but the secret whisper tormented me: I received again some consolation when lord Bective, on my observation that I had never visited Matlock before, remarked that it was a beautifully romantic place, and asked me if I would join his party in a walk after tea; to which proposal I readily assented. As we were preparing for our walk, lady Harriet informed me that her father had suddenly given orders for their departure the next morning—a flash of lightning could not have struck me more dumb: "but speak to him," said she, "perhaps a little conversation with *you* may induce him to change his determination." "Indeed!" I exclaimed: "what is the cause of this sudden determination?" "I do not know," she replied, "my cousin will inform you: this cousin was Carr's favourite.

Accordingly, when the ladies were all ready, I took Carr aside, and told him, that with his permission, I would walk with miss —— at first, as I had something to hear from her, and requested him to attend to the earl in my stead; he consented, and as we walked, I had the happiness to learn from miss —— that the determination of the earl arose from a different cause than that which I suspected, and that his friendship for me was as great as usual: then, “thinks I to myself,” he has not heard of my follies, for his noble mind could not bestow his friendship on a gamester. I joined him, and ineffectually endeavoured to persuade him to prolong his stay at Matlock. After a long and pleasant walk around the romantic scenes of Matlock, we returned to supper, passed an agreeable evening, though the afflicting sensations that my friend and myself felt from the idea that it was to be our last, threw a gloom over our conversation, in spite of every endeavour to dispel it.

The morning came; we had the pain of handing the ladies to their respective carriages. I took my leave of the earl, who shook me heartily by the hand, (some comfort) the carriages drove off and left two wretched mortals as motionless as if they had been turned into pillars of salt.

When the carriages were out of sight, for our eyes followed them till they were visible no more, each of us instinctively heaved a deep sigh, and remained for some time in silent meditation.

“What’s to be done,” said I: “let us return” said Carr—“agreed.”

We ordered our horses and set off for Buxton. The trifling occurrences on the road, such as the leader’s be-

coming restive, the gig's breaking down, our own melancholy effusions, and so on, are not worth mentioning; but we had read a few novels, and had heard of lovers adoring the very *ground* on which their mistresses footsteps were imprinted, and we thought there could be no great harm in adoring the chairs in which our favourites had been seated, and the beds on which they had slept: accordingly, we determined, that instead of going to the Hall, we would drive to the earl's former residence at Buxton: we did so, entered the parlour, and each of us seized his well known favourite's accustomed place: left to ourselves, we played such pranks as would have raised an honest smile in the most rigid cynic's cheek.

After our frolick and some refreshment, we ordered our horses and proceeded home, where of course we expected censure, but the tenderness of my reverend host forbade it, when we told him we had been unexpectedly detained.

From Mr. Carr's I wrote to my father a general account of my proceedings and feelings; and informing him that I had sent a draft on his agent for forty pounds, with other requests not necessary to be particularized.

Mr. Carr's friendship still continued unabated towards me; nay, I ought to declare that it was increased; for with the most tender admonitions he lamented my past follies, as a father, and cautioned me against the continuance of them. Why did I not take his parental advice? Why did I afterwards lose this reverend, respected friend? Or rather, why did not I, in the first instance, avoid that error which led me to such an extravagance of folly; for the danger is in the first error, which it can give us no pain to avoid; since what we

have not been accustomed to, is at least unnecessary. Vice never makes a direct attack: she employs error as the inoculating matter, and the incision scarcely felt, she touches it with the embryo particle, which she well knows, "in time will venom breed." Why did I engage in the first party at the whist table? I had always an aversion to cards as an insipid amusement, attended with a great waste of time, and a confinement of

"The breath of reason and the flow of soul."

It is true that I played occasionally at Cambridge, but it was because I did not wish to appear singularly scrupulous, or because I did not wish to sit alone moping in a corner of a room, where a large party had assembled with no one to converse with; and—to read

"Were want of decency and grace."

But in the instance above alluded to, the sun yet shone, and I was desirous of enjoying an evening's walk with some of my own party, and the only inducement I had to take a hand, was that of obliging lord Kinnaird, who could not make up the four without me. I therefore consented: the sacrifice I made, was painful to myself; my thoughts were elsewhere. In the last game of the rubber, we were nine all; lord Kinnaird was my partner; our adversaries had six tricks and we five; I had two aces in my hand, which would have commanded the odd trick, but as I had not attended to the game, in the confusion of ideas, I played the wrong one, and lost the rubber.

Thus was the ice broken; though, independent of my own feelings, I ought to have weighed the consequences of disobliging lord Kinnaird, against those of an introduction to an amusement, useless, but insinuatingly

seductive; and painful as would have been the decision, refused to play.

It is probable, that had I not played this evening, I never should have played at all; but having done so *once*, I was applied to on all occasions when a party was deficient: my restraints grew weaker every day, till I at last resorted to cards as a momentary opiate to restlessness and anxiety: dangerous remedy! The consequences I have before described. It is observeable that folly is seldom arrested in its progress but by its adequate punishment, which sooner or later is sure to meet it on its road: our most trifling *errors* are attended with pain: we cannot err without regret; but that regret soon vanishing, we err again, if wisdom armed with resolution come not to our aid.

I had been some days at Mr. Carr's after our return from Matlock, when one morning Mr. Carr called me into his closet and produced a letter, saying it was from my father to himself, and at the same time delivered another to me: I took it with a trembling hand, opened and read it. It was written in a style not altogether consonant to my feelings; a milder tone would at least have led me nearer to repentance. Repentance! I had repented *mossfeelingly*, most *sincerely*. I only wanted a mild fostering hand to cherish the reviving virtue; which, like a tender plant that had been blasted by the winter's chill, was putting forth new shoots: the mild forbearance of Mr. Carr, first pleased, then attracted my gratitude, softening my disposition, till it willingly embraced his counsel; and it is probable, that had I been suffered to remain there a few weeks longer, my mind would have settled in a firm resolution, hereafter to commit no fault.

But my father's letter was severe; full of reproaches, deserved indeed, most truly, but, reiterating what I had myself confessed to him, more roughly, though not so pointedly, as my own conscience had done before. Far be it from me to arraign the conduct of my dear deceased father, but it behoves me upon the principle on which I write this book, to explain the causes of my deviations, and the effect which injudicious attempts to correct them produced: injudicious, not in their intrinsic correctness, but in their application to the object.

A blacksmith's hammer is an excellent instrument for iron; a roller for lead; yet both would be useless in their application to the delicate mechanism of a watch. Every judicious mechanic first considers the nature of the metal he has to subdue; the work he has to perform on it, and then selects his proper tool for operation. So should it be with regard to the human disposition: consider first the temperament you have to deal with; next the changes you have to effect in it, and then adapt your conduct to the need.

Added to the reproaches in my father's letter, were insinuations at which my heart revolted, and the buds of repentance dropped from the stem, on the perusal of them. That I was gay, I confess; that I, with William Maitland, was the promoter and director of all the amusements (excepting cards) at Buxton, I confess; that I suffered myself foolishly to be seduced to gaming, and lost much money, I confess; but that I ever forced myself into company, I deny. I kept that society to which my birth and education entitled me. If the reputation of scholarship without pedantry, if a few accomplishments added to a tolerably correct conduct in

general, a lively imagination, and some talent for conversation, in a young man scarce twenty years of age, obtained for him the affection of his superiors in rank and fortune, was he criminal in feeling himself flattered? was he criminal in being grateful? or in his ambition to preserve the acquaintance of the respectable characters to whom he had been properly introduced?

But my dear father knew me not: enveloped in public business, he seldom saw me, but at the breakfast, dinner, or supper table, in our own family, and that only during vacations; excepting, indeed, when he called me to his office, to assist him in copying the accounts for the paymaster general of the navy. He knew nothing of my learned or accomplished acquisitions, and not having seen me for some time, I presume that he thought me still the same crude mass of inanimate matter I had before appeared to be; and making little or no allowance for the honest pride I must have felt from the favours that had been bestowed upon me, he ordered me to come home immediately in the stage-coach, and requested Mr. Carr to discharge all debts I might have contracted; furnish me, if necessary, with sufficient money, and send my servant with my horses and gig to London.

Mr. Carr, with tears in his eyes, endeavoured to persuade me to obey *willingly*—I can only say that I obeyed; and after taking an affectionate leave of a family to whom I shall feel forever grateful, I set off for London.—In the stage coach, I had ample leisure for contemplation, and I indulged it. Indeed, I was much indebted to the coach itself, and its inhabitants, for the most serious part of my reflections; the contrast between

the partner of my present seat, and the one with whose company I had been so frequently honoured before, in a far different vehicle, affected me so much, that I shed tears of anguish and remorse.

I arrived in London, and proceeded the next day to my father's house at Rochester—also in a stage coach—it was late in the afternoon when I arrived, and I found that my father had company to tea: commissioner Proby (of whose son I have already spoken) and his family; and that the whole party were in a garden my father had at a distance from the house, adjoining Rochester castle. I sat down for a few minutes to determine whether I should conceal myself till the company had returned to the dock-yard, where the commissioner resided, and then meet my father alone; or whether I should boldly walk up to the garden, and see them all together: I determined on the latter plan, because, “thinks I to myself,” if I meet my father in company, he cannot have a good opportunity of saying any thing to me that will hurt me: I accordingly set off to the garden; on entering it, I saw them walking in the centre path, with their backs toward me: I felt like a Satan stealing into a Paradise. As I advanced towards them, one of my sisters hearing me, turned, and on seeing me, told her mother, who instantly, on observing me, approached to meet me, took me by the hand, and kissed me often; (bless these mothers) but when I had told her I was well, she spoiled all by a shake of the head, intimating that I had been a naughty boy—now, this I knew, and had felt severely before, and did not wish to have my *wounds* opened afresh: my father received me with a cool affection; my sisters with a modest “how do you do, James?”

the commissioner, with a hearty shake of the hand (for I suppose he had not heard of my follies) and his daughters with friendly politeness.—So far the most painful task, I thought, was over; but I knew I should have more to suffer hereafter. The commissioner and his family soon left us, and we returned home.

Something like ceremony, for we had not met for a long time, secured me the first evening from any violent assault on my feelings; but a few weeks removed all obstructions, and the squibs came hissing around me from all quarters.

Reader! I have not, you will allow, been profuse in praises of myself; permit me, therefore, now, not in justification, but in palliative excuse for my future errors, to present two pictures to your imagination—I say, not that either of them *should* have been so, I only say, that the pictures I am about to present you, are truly taken from life.

Imagine then, a young man, of a vivid disposition, just lunched from the university, where he had made some figure in science as well as frolick, and mingled with the best company in and out of college: imagine him introduced to the first persons of rank and accomplishment, in the respective counties of Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Shropshire, and *there* passing three months, amidst all the pleasures of the most polished societies—his feelings I cannot paint, you must conceive them.

Then, imagine that young man, suddenly deprived of his servant, his horses, and his gig, and ordered immediately home in a stage-coach; that he arrives there without money, and without daring to ask for it: ima-

gine, that instead of conciliatory language, wafted on the soft tones of forgiveness for past follies, he hears nothing but reproach and constant recapitulation; instead of that sweet soothing intercourse of soul, which should characterize affection between sister and brother, behold the frost of cold reserve, nipping the bud of love, or the fire of anger consuming it: no peace but in solitude, at home; no comfort but in sympathy abroad.

Reader! must not the young man feel the change most poignantly.

To return to the first person. Reader! you will say I deserved punishment. I had received it already from my own conscience, and was penitent before the order came; an addition to my punishment could not remedy the evil, but might excite irritation. The deed was done, and the business was to prevent a repetition of the same. Kindness might have effected every thing; I am sorry the reverse was attempted.

Shunning and shunned by my own family, I passed a miserable time: my only comfort was in attending an unhappy friend of mine, who had been wounded in a duel: my company seemed to solace him, on his bed of sickness: we told our mutual tale of sorrow to ears of sympathy; no reviling taunts gave poignancy to feelings already too acute; he pitied my misfortunes, but urged not the follies that induced them; *I* tore not the bandage from his wound; but when it hurt him, *I* gave him ease.

I had been prevailed upon to attend my sisters to the Rochester assembly. The morning arrived, and on examining my drawers, I found that I wanted a new pair of silk stockings, gloves, &c. I had determined not to ask my father for a farthing, and *I* presumed that my

father had determined not to give me any without being asked; I had, therefore, resolved not to go to the ball. As I was descending the stairs, I met my mother, whom I begged to get somebody who would be dressed decently to attend my sisters to the assembly, for I could not go with them. She argued with me, till I begged she would not press me to change a resolution I had made, as no duty could require my losing my time in such amusements: my sisters endeavoured to persuade me, but it would not do; I remained firm; and I confess, that in the evening, I felt a malicious satisfaction in seeing them drive off with an old woman instead of a young beau.

When they were gone, my electrical machine having been for some time out of order, I requested my father to permit me to bring it into his room, where I could arrange it better than in my own, which was lumbered up with all kinds of mechanism, philosophical instruments, &c. He consented; and I having put it in good order, had the pleasure of affording him much amusement, by the experiments I made, and the tricks I played with it. This, I had hoped, would have paved the way to some rock of peace; but, unless I can adopt Plato's adage: "Never less alone than when alone," I passed another solitary month. I was constantly, when at home, in my own room, excepting at the hour of meals (and often then) engaged in study, or amusing reading, or in mechanical and philosophical experiments: my solitude was generally relieved in the evening by a young lawyer, who attended to read Latin with me; and I frequently went, during the morning, to read Milton to a young lady, who was a cripple, and her sisters, and to

my wounded friend Pilcher, to read French—but I had lost my term at Cambridge, and therefore I attached myself principally to mathematics, in case I should take my degrees.

The next assembly night drew near, and I was again solicited to go; but the same objections occurred. On the morning of the ball day, I, having descended to the breakfast room, my father told me he had a letter for me, which he would deliver to me, if I would pay him sixpence for the postage: I thought he was joking, and replied I had not a sixpence in the world: but I soon found him serious; he solemnly declared that he would not deliver it till I paid the postage. “My father,” said I, emphatically, “you *know* I have no money.” “You have had money enough from me, you must acknowledge,” said he, “to have enabled you with the least prudence, to have saved sixpence to pay for a letter.” My God! said I to myself, what is my father driving me to? All my past pleasures rushed at once upon my mind, and formed a dreadful contrast with the scene before me; and finding that my heart was heaving almost to bursting, my pulse beating high, I made a powerful effort, and remained silent, while my father continued reproaching me for my past follies: follies! the remembrance of which, should have been buried in eternal oblivion, to have prevented a repetition of them. While my father was speaking, the superscription caught my eye: I shuddered with horror; it was from M'Dermot, the man to whom I had lost, at one sitting, thirteen hundred pounds. A cold chill seized me—when it had a little subsided, I observed, that the hand writing was too familiar to me; that I knew the contents, and could answer without

opening it; and *would* answer it in such a manner as I trusted would save him any further trouble about his son: and instantly walked to the window. I confess the impropriety of the remark, rendered more unjustifiable by the presence of my mother and sisters: my mother was alarmed; my sisters trembled; my father advanced to me in the attitude of striking; I lifted up my arm to ward the blow, and instantly rushed out of the room. One of my sisters followed immediately, and presented the letter: she had paid for it. It was too late; the die was cast; my determination was made: I retired to my chamber and read the letter: it was M'Dermot's, urging me to make some arrangements with my father, for him, before I came of age. Alas! I dared not speak to my father on the subject. I packed up some necessaries, hastily, in my cloak-bag; hid it, and sat down in all the gloomy horror that a distracted mind invites, waiting impatiently to hear the opening and closing of the front door: at last the sound reached me. I threw up my window, looked over the parapet wall, and saw my father departing for the dock-yard at Chatham. I watched him to a considerable distance, then sighing a prayer to heaven, that he might not suffer by my absence, tremblingly I bade him adieu.

I went down stairs, and sneaking through the back yard, proceeded through the carriage-way into the street; then proceeded to my friend Pilcher, and informing him of what had occurred, requested him to lend me three guineas, which he readily did. I then begged that he would let his servant go with me, and wait in the carriage-way, adjoining my father's house, till he should receive a cloak-bag, which I would throw

to him from an upstairs back window, and then convey it to his house, where I would return and stay till the stage passed, which was to stop at the inn close by: all this was done. I took my hat, and in passing by the parlour, where my mother and sisters were sitting, I opened the door, and told them aloud, that I was going to Mr. Pilcher's; then whispered, as I was departing, "God bless you all." I went to my friend's, and when the stage arrived, I entered it, and set off for London. During the first stage I felt extremely uneasy, on account of the observation I had made; and on my arrival at Dartford, where we changed horses, I sat down and wrote to my mother as affectionate a letter as I could dictate; begging her not to be under the least anxiety, in consequence of the hasty expression I had made use of in the morning; that there were no fears to be entertained of my personal safety, and begged she would forgive my abrupt departure.

I arrived in London, procured lodgings, and, as I had near three guineas in my pocket, I took time to consider what was best to be done.

I have already hinted, that my parents had designed me, from my infancy, for the church. There was in our family, a living of two hundred and fifty pounds per annum, in the disposal of which, my mother had considerable influence; and her highest ambition was to see her eldest son in possession of it: her perseverance rescued me from the sea, to which my father's attachment to the navy, would otherwise probably have devoted me; and so warmly did she prosecute her plan, that she was continually telling me, in my infancy, how happy she would be, when she once saw me in the pulpit: then

would she turn a chair, place me in it, with my hands on the back of it, and make me repeat the Lord's prayer, the belief, the commandments, and other pieces of scripture, she selected for such occasions; hugging and kissing me at every interval, to encourage me; and such was her success, that while I was yet at Dr. French's school at Bow, before I went to Eton, I actually wrote a sermon, upon this text:

"Riches take to themselves wings and fly away, but the love of the Lord endureth forever." I read it to my schoolmates who told the master of it, who desired me to show it to him. He seemed much pleased with it, pointed out some errors, which he desired me to correct; and frequently afterwards, when he had company in the parlour, sent for me to preach it. The flattery I received made me such a devotee to religion, that I really believed I had faith enough to remove mountains. One fast-day I had determined to taste nothing all day, and notwithstanding the taunts and laughter of my schoolmates, I kept my resolution sacredly. But one of them had ridiculed me beyond bearing in the morning, on having observed that I sat seriously at the breakfast table and eat and drank nothing. A quarrel ensued, and he challenged me to fight him; I told him I could not during the day, but would fight him at night. Accordingly, we set to in our bed-room, and I beat him: but there was a something in my fasting during the day and fighting by previous agreement at night, which my schoolmates could not reconcile to their ideas of orthodoxy, and they cruelly called me a hypocrite.

However, my devotion to the church continued with me weaker or stronger occasionally, till I left Cambridge, on my intended excursion through Wales. It completely left me during my visits in Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Shropshire. This effect was produced by three several causes essentially, though many lateral occurrences assisted them.

On our first visit to Lord Stamford's family, I observed during dinner the chaplain seated at a side table with the children: had he been only their tutor I might have passed it over without further contemplation; but as he was a clergyman, I felt it as a wound given to the respect I had ever thought due to the sacredness of my future profession. However, when the ladies had retired he was admitted to the table, where his wit and good humour contributed greatly to the hilarity of the company. When I consulted my pillow in the evening, it told me that side tables would not do for me.

A lady of rank and fashion, I forget her name, resided in high style during the summer months about a mile or two from Mr. Carr's. We were invited to her house to dinner and spend the evening. A large party had assembled in a superb drawing-room, when some of the company inquired for the children; the bell was rung, and they were brought. But what was my surprise when I saw them led into the room by a young clergyman whom I had known, esteemed, and respected at Cambridge! While others were complimenting the mother on the beauty of her children, I rose, in spite of etiquette, and having advanced towards him, shook him by the hand with a cordiality which, as it seemed, he little expected to experience in that grand

saloon, for he smiled and blushed. After a little conversation, in which I could easily discover a disinclination to be communicative at that time and in that place, but an apparent desire to see me again, he was ordered to conduct the children to the nursery, for the servant had summoned us to dinner. A country farmer, when called to his dinner, will take his chair, bless his God, sit down and begin to eat in a moment; but a nobleman's table must be approached with reverential awe, and every one must arrange himself according to the due form and order of etiquette; this occupies so much time that there is none left for grace; so down they sit, the dishes are uncovered, and profusion shows its face glowing with luxuries of every kind. Having seated myself, I looked around to see if my friend was present; I found that he was not. I turned to see if he was at a side table—there was none. What! said I to myself, is he not even allowed to sit in the same room with us? and my heart bled within me. Is a gentleman, continued I silently, of ten times more learning, worth, and virtue than myself, banished from this table because he is a clergyman and a tutor; while I, who am doing no good whatever upon this earth, am sitting here upon an equality with those who think *he* is not fit company for them? O Fashion! buoyed up on perversity of idea, what injustice dost thou not command!

Some time after the ladies had withdrawn themselves, I addressed myself to the master of the house, requesting permission to visit my friend, the tutor of his children.—“We will have him here,” replied our host, “if that will be equally agreeable to you.” I answered, “undoubtedly; I thank you, sir.”—He accord-

ingly ordered him to be called. When my friend had entered the room and made his bow (which I thought rather too low) I arose, took a chair, and placed it at the table near mine; he thanked me, and seated himself. In the course of the several opportunities that offered for my conversing with him separately, he observed, that having no influential relations or friends, he had chosen his present situation as the one most likely to contribute towards his promotion in the church. I did not wish to say any thing that might have a tendency to make him discontented with what necessity imposed, but ("thinks I to myself,") if I must pass through slavery to freedom in the pulpit, I'll none of it.

I frequently held conversations with Mr. Carr on the subject while at his house; *he* too had often witnessed and lamented the indelicacy with which his profession was treated, and considered that those rational, liberal, yet innocent amusements and occupations, which were freely allowed to other gentlemen, were too closely restricted among the clergy.

These circumstances, with many other occurrences and observations I had noticed, weighed with my own feelings, while I was in the heyday of gayety, determined me to decline choosing the church as my profession.

We will now return to London, where, after having visited the particular friends of my family, who of course all censured me for my abrupt departure from my father's house, and endeavoured to persuade me to return, I joined some of my old college acquaintances, in whose society my pangs, for I carried every where a little hell within me, were partially relieved.

Mr. Carr was at this time in London, but I dared not visit him; I was too fearful of his deserved rebuke: but I contrived to see his son, who had just entered, or was about entering, one of the inns of court, the Temple. After much conversation with him and others, I made up my mind to the study of the law, provided I could procure a reconciliation with my father and his consent: but the principal difficulty to surmount was my dear mother's predilection for the church, which still continued strong. I was in hopes, however, that my father might reconcile her to the change, by telling her, that a seat on the woolsack was as high a post of honour as a cushioned footstool in St. James's chapel.

Among those who most anxiously solicited my return was Mr. Danvers, my present brother-in-law, who was then addressing my eldest sister, Henrietta; but he could not succeed with me. I had once returned after committing one fault, and what was the consequence? Instead of forgiveness, return of affection, mildness, which might have effected much, kindness and generosity, which would have effected all, I was tortured with incessant mementos of one night's folly; with continual instances of distant reserve, envious hints, malicious censures from the whole family, my dear mother excepted, and kept without the necessary money for daily use. Had a different, totally different, course been adopted; had my father frankly forgiven me at first, and told me that my folly should be no more thought of by himself or any of his family; had he commanded the silence of my three younger sisters (for Henrietta has no share of my complaint; she was

from home) and restrained their injurious conduct to their brother, I might have been happy. Had he liberally offered me money, I should have declined acceptance, and imposed willingly upon myself, as a duty, that economy which he forced upon me as a punishment. As it was, I had no opportunity of being actively virtuous. I could not save, for I had nothing to hoard. I could deserve no praise; could practise no economy, in not spending money, for I had none to spend.

If this was my treatment on my return home after the commission of one folly, what was I to expect after the aggravation given by my abrupt departure but an increase of misery? I therefore declined yielding to all solicitations, and when my dear mother wrote to me the most affectionate letter the tenderest heart could dictate, I could only tell her, that so soon as I should have obtained a reconciliation with my father, and become thoroughly settled, it would be my greatest happiness to visit her. The reconciliation was soon after effected through the instrumentality of my respected friend Mr. Carr, whose son I had permitted to tell him every thing. My father came to London. We met, shook hands cordially, and a promise of forgiveness on one side, an assurance of repentance and a promise of future amendment on the other, reconciled all former differences.

There still remained, in justice, some pecuniary arrangements to be made, and the affair with M'Dermot to be settled; I therefore engaged with my father, that when I should be of age, I would sign a receipt for my share of three thousand pounds, left by a relation in trust to my father, and a release of some other pro-

perty. Some compromise was made with M'Dermot, I did not understand what, but I was never troubled by him afterwards. A few years had passed over this settlement, when he rendered me an essential service, as an atonement.

I had the pleasure of introducing my father to Mr. Carr, at his house, and left them together. The conversation held on this occasion, determined my father to accede to my wishes, and I was soon afterwards entered on the books of Lincoln's Inn.

It was some time before I could suit myself with chambers; and in the mean time, I lodged at No. 10, Norfolk street, in the Strand. I hired a back parlour for my study, and a bed room; and determined to sit down steadily there, and study law, till I could obtain chambers in the square of Lincoln's Inn. Breakfast was the only meal I engaged for at home; I generally dined at one or other of those numerous coffee-houses and chop-houses, which render living in London so accommodating to your purse, and your society; as you may take your choice at all times, from a dinner at three-pence, to one at five guineas.

My father had given me money to purchase books, necessary furniture, and clothes, and for some time I felt perfectly at my ease, and was, what a parent would call, a tolerable good boy. I would, occasionally, spend an evening with an old aunt, Lady Brett (widow of sir Piercy Brett, and mother to the lady of admiral Bowyer) and read the Bible to her: she too told me I was a good boy, and that she had remembered me handsomely in her will: whether this last circumstance, or real affection, and a sincere desire to smooth the pillow of decli-

ning age, operated principally on my feelings, I leave it to the reader to decide; but I continued my visits and readings to her ladyship, occasionally, during the whole of my stay in London.

While I remained in Norfolk street, I was one day dining with a party of friends, at the Piazza coffee-house, when a runner to a lottery office sent in a waiter, to know if we would admit him, and to inquire if any of the gentlemen wished to insure tickets for the next day: he was requested to call again in half an hour. In the mean time, our conversation naturally turned on the lottery then drawing, and each related all his winnings, with, perhaps, *some* of his losses: I soon perceived that the man who had called, and the office, were well known to the majority at table. The question was put, "who will insure when the man returns?" All agreed that they would insure more or less, according to their respective means. I hesitated, but fearing to appear singular, at last consented. The man was punctual, and delivered the insurance tickets. I insured seven numbers, which was all I could effect, for two hundred guineas each: we pocketted our insurances, drank a glass or two of wine, and parted; and I thought no more of the business. The next morning, as I was sitting in my study, very seriously engaged with Blackstone's Commentaries, I heard a rap at the door, and on its being opened, an inquiry for me, and immediately my servant introduced the same man to my study: he advanced towards my table, and emptied on it a bag of gold: while I sat wrapt in surprise, some of the guineas rolled against Blackstone; the law book instinctively closed at the touch, and when the man told me that one of my

seven tickets had been drawn, I as instinctively rose to count the money. He asked me if I would insure again; I told him I would consider of it, and if he would leave the name and place of his office, I would call there: he did so, and departed. I sat some time meditating on my good luck, and ruminating whether I should venture again or not. The point was left undetermined, when it was time to dress for dinner; but I was about reopening Blackstone, to decide the case for me, when two friends of mine, who were of the party the day before, called on me to inquire where I should dine. I told them of my luck: they had lost their money, but advised me to try again. We dined together at the same coffee-house, meeting, as usual, other friends, and so forming a party, who seeming inclined to sit long, I obtained leave of absence for half an hour or so; took a hackney coach, put plenty of money in my pocket, and then drove to the insurance office.

I am about to relate an anecdote, which I am aware will exceed the credulity of most of my readers; it is nevertheless a fact literally and *bona fide*.

Arrived at the lottery office, I insured forty-two numbers for the next day, and returned to my friends, big with the expectation of making my fortune—I was in such a state of anxious hope, all the next morning, that I could not read—plans upon plans rushed into my head, of this or that, which I would do on the obtainment of such or such sums of money; and my brain was, to use a vulgar expression, all agog. I waited till the lottery was drawn, and then went—not to the office where I had insured, for fear they should conceal part of my winnings from me; but to another, where I had my num-

bers examined; and, to my great astonishment, found that not one of them had been drawn. Mortified beyond description, I next went to the former office, where I had them again examined, with the same information; but, three numbers had been drawn before I insured them, and they, consequently, returned the money I had paid on them, which amounted to fifteen guineas. I got into the coach to drive home; and, when in it—what! says I to myself, insure seven numbers and get two hundred guineas, and the next day insure forty-two and get nothing!—this is not reducible to mathematical calculation; it is mere chance; I'll have done with it: so, throwing myself back in the coach, I began to doze, when the hack struck against a post or another coach, and roused me. Looking out to see where I was, I observed No. 131 painted in gold letters on a window in the Strand. A thought immediately struck me that I might be lucky if I insured that one number, and *that only*, with the fifteen guineas I had received, and venture no farther. I determined; and, accordingly, on my arrival at my lodgings, I sent my servant for the runner: he came: I told him what I wished; and, for my fifteen guineas, he gave me a certificate for three hundred and fifty. The following evening I was drinking tea at a house in the lower part of the street, when I heard a carriage enter it. I instantly put down my cup, and ran out of the house, without hat, gloves, or cane, and arrived at my own, just as the runner had his hand upon the knocker of the door: he brought me information that No. 131 was drawn that day, and what was still better, he brought me three hundred and fifty guineas.

I had, and have still a cousin, who was the idol of all our relations for economy, prudence, and correct management, not only of his own, but of the affairs of others, George Fennell—he was my father's agent, and, I believe, *that* of the heads of every family connected with us—Though some years older than myself, I remember him, when quite a boy, visiting London, to take, under my father's patronage, the situation of a clerk in the navy pay-office, of which he is now accountant. He has from that time to this, ever been kind and affectionate to me, and I am proud of this opportunity of acknowledging it.

Having received the three hundred and fifty guineas, I was determined to save them, and hazard no more—Therefore, and to "make assurance doubly sure," I resolved to proceed immediately to my cousin George, listen attentively to some sound advice, and deposit the money with him. I preferred my cousin to a banker, because I thought it would be better for me, when I wanted money, beyond my father's allowance, instead of giving a check *for* it, to receive one *with* it—a check to my extravagance.

Accordingly, I set off with the money that very evening to my cousin's chambers; but fate, as usual, seemed to oppose in me every effort of reformation—my cousin was not at home. I was sorry, till fancy dazzled me with the brilliant idea that fortune had thus decided, to give me another opportunity of courting her favours, that she might be to me still more munificent.

I returned home, deposited the greater part of the money in my chest, and with the rest went to the lottery office, and insured as far as what I had with me would go, excepting two or three guineas; then went to

the coffee-house, where I met six of my acquaintances: we agreed to sup together, and after supper we proposed clubbing five guineas each, and sending one of the party to a neighbouring faro table, to make the five guineas ten: all consented, but we could not muster the money: I offered to go for it, as I was the nearest home; but one of the party drew a check, and our landlord gave us the money for it: we then cast lots to see who should go, and the lot fell to me; but I had never been at the house before, and I hesitated, till one of the company offered to go with me: I took the money and we set off.

I played with various success for some time, till at last I attained the point at which I had been ordered to stop: I did so, and informed my companion that I had effected what had been proposed; and, consequently, ceased playing for the party; but that I should withdraw my ten guineas and continue to play on my own account: he requested that I would give him his also, for the same purpose: I did so: what his success was, I know not; but I shortly won about thirty guineas more, and prudently withdrew.

On inquiry the next day, I found that all my insurance money was lost; I resolved to insure no more; and indeed a circumstance occurred in the evening, which, had I not so resolved, would have effectually deterred me from it; at least for a time.

I was in the green boxes at the theatre, Covent Garden, when a large star attracted my attention to the company in one of the lower boxes on the opposite side: I immediately recognised my revered friend lord Bective and his family, and in the adjoining one, their ami-

able associates. I paused to consider what I should do. I recollect their sudden departure from Matlock, on our arrival there; the cause as yet not thoroughly understood, and was doubtful of my reception; however, I plucked up courage and descended: I tapped at the door of the box; it was immediately opened, for they had perceived and watched me. Lord Bective shook me cordially by the hand, enquired kindly of my health, my situation and engagements; said he was very happy to see me, and invited me to dine with him the next day; which invitation I most gratefully accepted.

I then entered into conversation with the ladies; one of whom, in the next box, requested I would call early and pass the morning at Mrs. M——'s house, opposite the earl's. I need not say I promised. I felt overjoyed to find I had not forfeited the friendship of this amiable family; and I this evening conducted the ladies to their carriages with sensations far different from those which I experienced on an occasion of a similar nature a few months before.

Joyful expectations have as much power in banishing repose, as have painful reflections. My mind was occupied all night in anticipating the pleasures of the following day, and disdained the dominion of sleep. I rose early, dressed myself, for the morning, with more than ordinary care, and proceeded to St. James's street. I had not been there long, before I found myself in company with the whole of our former party. Then were *recapitulations pleasant*, and all enjoyed them.

I staid till I had scarcely time to go home, dress myself, for the evening, and return to dinner. However, by the assistance of a shilling, in addition to the regular fare of a hackney coachman, I managed it. The earl had a

large party; but I scarcely knew whom: for my feelings were so completely engrossed by his own family, that I confess I paid only a strained attention to his company.

Soon after dinner, the earl asked me where my father resided? I told him Rochester. "Then my information is correct," he replied. "I am happy to hear it; for we shall pass through Rochester in a few days, and will give ourselves the pleasure of waiting on your family." This was a most mortal stab; and I had scarcely power to articulate, "your lordship will do our family much honour." Looking at lady Harriet: what! thought I, are you then going so soon—a few days!—seen only yesterday! Recovering myself a little, I added, I had hopes, my lord, that you had intended passing the whole season in London. The earl replied, that he had business which called him out of London, and was sorry he had not had the pleasure of seeing me before. I told his lordship, that had I known of his being in London, I certainly should have done myself the honour of paying my respects to himself and family on the first information. And here the conversation ended; but not my sufferings. Finding my spirits become more and more depressed, I took my leave early. The earl and his family set off in a few days, and I never saw them more.

Estimable and dearly esteemed family! should this book ever meet your eyes, disdain not the grateful effusions of a heart, which you once taught to beat with the supremest happiness.

A period of insipidity, dullness, and anxiety ensued. My friends tried to rouse me from it; but I shunned them who could have given me the best remedy, and permitted myself to be guided by those who afforded

me momentary ease. One evening, I suffered one of the latter to introduce me to Burlton's for a little amusement at faro. I had taken but ten guineas with me, and I soon lost them; but the elegance of the rooms, the supper table, and the apparently genteel company, had something in them of an inviting and fascinating nature, and I determined to come again with more money.

I did not, however, push my resolve to execution immediately; but began to join freely in private parties, with my gayer friends of the inns of court. In the evening parties I seldom, very seldom, met my friend Carr. His economy, prudence, and attachment to his studies restrained him; and he had not put himself in the way of Fortune, to be allured by her gilded hook from the safe retreat that virtuous employments had secured for him.

Frequently, and almost incessantly, did I say to myself, I was doing wrong. As frequently as I erred I repented; and as frequently as I repented I erred; but my resolution was so weak, that I

“*Resolved, and re-resolved, and did the same.*”

Attached as I was to foolish gayety and extravagancies, I was as much ashamed of them; and I therefore determined, that if I could not *conquer*, I would at least *conceal* them. I thought, too, that by absenting myself from the societies in which I was so deeply engaged, my attachment to perpetual parties might be gradually weakened, till at last my mind would be completely weaned from them. I wished also the society of females, and particularly that of my own relations, of

whom I had many in and about London. Accordingly, I took for a month, until I could have possession of chambers which I was treating for in Lincoln's inn, a small well-furnished house in Buckingham street; hired an old woman to make my fires and breakfasts; my dinner I got from a cook's shop; and left my lodgings in Norfolk street; took possession, and kept bachelor's hall. During my residence in this house, my visits were generally to and from my relations. When I dined or drank tea out, it was always with a respectable private family. I studied hard all the morning; but at night—ah! “there's the rub,” I would steal out, occasionally, to Burlton's; but I played cautiously, and generally came off the winner. One night, indeed, I had a little tumble, by incautiously breaking my resolution; which was, never to play after I had lost what I took with me. However, I had the money at home, and gave a check for the amount due, to the bank, on George Fennell, and took him the cash to answer it with before ten o'clock the next morning.

During my residence in Buckingham street, I had several tea and card parties; when I could get the ladies and gentlemen of the families with whom I was intimate, to condescend to visit Bachelor's Hall. And here, best of all, I was visited by my father when he came to London.

The reader is not to suppose, that *all* my afternoons and evenings had been hitherto spent with my rakish companions. I visited frequently the most respectable company in and out of London.

Lord Folely intended being absent from Lincoln's inn about eighteen months, and wished a tenant for his

chambers, who would take them as they were, elegantly furnished, and richly ornamented with fine prints.— There were a drawing-room, library, two bed-rooms and a kitchen. This was what exactly suited me: accordingly, I took them for one year; and moved myself, my books, and my old woman into them. Here I found it necessary to be more frequent in attending commons, to save my term; for I had hitherto much neglected them. This operated towards the renewal of my intimacy with my former acquaintances; but I had an outer door to my chambers: so that when I wished to be private, I might be so by closing it.

I was so much pleased with my chambers, that they inclined me to study, and I spent most of my time in them. Many of my evenings were passed in solitude at home; and I began to estimate highly the observation of Plato:

Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus.

Still, however, the supper and the company occasionally drew me to Burlton's; but being cautious, I was generally successful.

Yet we are not always on our guard; and the evil spirit will wakefully watch every opportunity of thwarting our best resolves. Again, one evening, I had suffered myself to be seduced from the adherence to the rules I had laid down for my conduct when at Burlton's, and found myself, about three in the morning, a loser of five hundred pounds, beside what I had brought with me. The dealers were inclined to break off; but I insisted on another deal, which, after some altercation, was granted. By this one deal, I recovered the five

hundred pounds; all that I had brought with me, and was the winner, by the sitting, of eleven guineas.

This winter, on the 11th of December, 1787, I became of age, and was thereby entitled to receive my share of a certain sum of money, which was left to the children of three families, to be paid to them respectively as they came of age; but it was represented to me that I did not want the money, and that it would be preferable to let it lie till more of the nephews and nieces reached the age of twenty-one; that the expenses of obtaining it might be divided among a number; instead of which, if I claimed separately, I should have to pay them all. I consented, and deferred my claim. I received it about two years afterwards.

I had other claims, in which I was equally disappointed for a time. An uncle of my mother, Thomas Colby, esquire, commissioner of the victualling, had, in his will, left my mother and her two sisters, two thousand pounds each; not subject to the control of their respective husbands, but entirely at their own disposal; and a considerable balance, after the stated legacies should be paid, to be divided between the children of his three nieces as they came of age. He appointed my uncle, sir Piercy Brett, and Mr. Aylmour, a lawyer, as his executors. But a difference arose respecting the intentions of Mr. Colby. The question was, whether the children, then living, were exclusively to receive the legacies; or whether the children that might thereafter be born, were to be embraced by them. The executors, puzzled to decide, threw the will into chancery; and while it remained there, my youngest sister was born, and the lord chancellor decided on the ques-

tion in her favour: thus the money remained undivided till it pleased Providence to prevent the possibility of an increase of offspring.

During this winter I visited my father's family several times. Once, when they were about going to the play, I attended them. It was customary for the officers of Chatham barracks to perform, occasionally, for charitable purposes; and I undertook the part of Jaffier, which I performed, as I was told, considerably well.

About this time my aunt, the widow of captain Matteate Brady, had the misfortune to hear of the death of one of her sons abroad. All her relations went into mourning. At the expiration of a month after the arrival of the news, such of her relatives as were in and near London, were invited to dine and pass the afternoon with her. Among the rest, myself. She lived about five miles from London. Like a foolish, thoughtless young man, I determined to cut a dash on the occasion, absolutely forgetting that it was intended as a consolatory visit on the death of her son. I accordingly borrowed an elegant carriage of a friend of mine, coachman and footman; dressed myself in complete order; and that I might be still more fashionable, took good care to be too late. In this style I arrived at Mrs. Brady's door, to the great surprise of all the uncles, aunts, and cousins there present. I ordered the coachman to return about dusk; entered the house, and saluted Mrs. Brady as if nothing had happened. Then turning to see who was the next claimant on my respect, I perceived the whole company, male and female, in deep mourning. My heart rebuked me for my carelessness.

I was the only one in colours; and the eyes of the whole company were upon me. After saluting all, I made the best apology I could invent for my dress, by stating, that having sent my black suit to the tailor's, to get it prepared for the occasion, he had disappointed me; and that waiting for it had occasioned my being so late. There was present an uncle, named Arnaud, who lived at Portsmouth, but who was then on a visit to London; a worthy, honest, lively character, who had amassed a considerable property by industry, prudence, and frugality. He appeared to watch me closely, and every now and then, I thought I perceived a certain turn of countenance which seemed to say, *that boy is going to ruin.* This induced me occasionally to change my tone; and in the end I managed so well, that I obtained the consent of all the visiting uncles, aunts, and cousins, to come and sup with me at my chambers. As the evening approached, my carriage came to the door; and having taken leave of Mrs. Brady and her daughters, and reminded the rest that I should expect them, I took my cousin, John Brady, in the chariot with me, and drove home to my chambers. There I ordered my old woman to get every thing in nice order (though, to do her justice, she always kept them so) and, fool as I was, instead of desiring her to hide all the superfluous plate, I told her to bring out every article, as I was going to have a large party to supper. I then went to the coffee-house, at the corner of the square, whence I generally was supplied when I dined or supped at home, and requested that a waiter might be sent to prepare the table; and that they would send me supper for twelve persons, and returned hastily to my chambers; for I

expected my company every minute. Here, again, my prudence, if I ever had any, forsook me; for I forgot to tell them to send the plainest supper they could contrive; which was what I should have done, instead of leaving it to the cook of the coffee-house, to send me such as I usually had when I had set parties. Well! my company came, and I introduced them to my library till supper should be ready. When every thing was in due form and order, we were summoned to attend. We entered the room. My uncle stared, my aunts sighed, the misses turned up their eyes in wonder, and the young men rubbed their hands in anticipation of a glorious feast. We seated ourselves. I helped some of the ladies; and when I asked my uncle what he would wish, he rose from his chair, and having looked over all the dishes on the table, turned to one of the waiters, very formally, and said, "pray, sir, have you such a thing as a bit of bread and cheese in the house? *that* is usually *my* supper." I felt the rebuke forcibly, and made the best excuse I could; but my uncle's question soon served as a match to light up the wit of the whole table. Pray, nephew, what's this? says an aunt. O dear, cousin, what's that? says another. La! cousin, what am I to do with this? cries a third. Then comes a broadside from the young men; a raking shot from my uncle, which took me fore and aft. Never was poor mortal so treated by his guests. However, I defended myself as well as I could; but determined, that if ever I should have the pleasure of their company again, I would give them literally nothing but bread and cheese, and keep my dainties for those who would take the good things of this world cheerfully, and be thankful for them.

Soon after this, my good cousin, George Fennell, undertook to teach me practical economy; and, for this purpose, requested that I would give him my company at dinner-time, whenever I was not otherwise engaged. I consented; and, accordingly, called on him occasionally, at his office, about his usual hour of leaving it. His lessons were perfectly systematic. That he might not stagger, by too abrupt a change, any inclination I might have to reform, he took me, in the first place, to one which he thought the most expensive coffee-house that I should visit. Here we dined, as I called it, *decently*, for half a crown a head. This was about one third of what I was accustomed to pay at the Piazza coffee-house. The next time he took me to one of a degree a little inferior, where we were entertained for two shillings; the third time for eighteen pence; then came the shilling ordinary; the tenpenny eating shop; the seven-pence-half-penny chop-house; the fivepenny stake-kitchen; and, lastly, the threepenny *a la mode* beef cellar. He informed me that I might get a dinner one penny cheaper; but he did not like to take me there, as he had never been himself. I told him I thought that I had gone low enough; but that I should like to know where such economy could be practised. He gave me the best information he could; and one day, afterwards, in a frolicksome humour, I went to St. Giles's, with a friend, and dived into a cellar, where the knives, forks, and spoons were chained to the table. We put a morsel in our mouths, paid our twopence apiece, and withdrew.

After we had withdrawn from the respective houses where we had dined, my good cousin and myself would enter into conversation, as we walked along, on the vir-

tues of economy, and he would generally sum up his arguments with this honest question: "Have you not dined well enough? have you not had a belly full?" I would reply to him, that the demands of Nature were answered, that a trifling sum had been saved, but I wished to know what improvement I had gained; what enlargement of mind, what refreshment to former literary acquirements, or what incitement to new studies; what scope had been given to the exercise of wit, humour, and those polished accomplishments which render a man's company desirable, and promote his future interest in life, founded on his continued amelioration, and the acknowledgment of it from others. In the society of my old college acquaintances I found a continual renovation of attainments, which without them had probably been lost. Each was emulous of proving that he had not lost his time at Westminster or Eton, at Oxford or at Cambridge; that he was not even neglectful of his studies at his inn of court, during the morning, and it was an established rule among all never to visit each other till near dinner time.

My good cousin, who was settled in the navy pay-office, had a certain track laid out for him. According to the system adopted by the government of England, he was not subject to the predominance of party; he could not be removed but from his own demerits; he entered under a salary of fifty pounds a year, when he was a boy; I remember the time well. No higher knowledge was requisite than that which would enable him to perform the duties of his office correctly; and by the exercise of prudence and economy in private, added to his attention to the public business, he was

sure to rise, as he has, to the highest situation. But my pursuits were widely different. I had yet to study nearly four years before I could be called to the bar; acquire that general knowledge of the world which is necessary to the enforcement of legal attainments; to preserve, if not improve, what I had already gained of science; and perhaps, above all, to obtain that confidence, quickness of conception, and aptness in repartee, of which it is so essentially the province of a lawyer to be possessed. This was not to be gained by dining alone at chop-houses, shut up in a box; but by engaging in the society of men of similar or superior acquirements, that by the emulous exertion of ability each might improve the other. My cousin's plan was undoubtedly founded on a correct system of pecuniary economy; but the taciturnity attendant on such sober compliances with the demands of Nature, imposed a consequent economy in the exercise of the lungs, the brain, and every liberal feeling of the heart, which could not be relished by a young man of vivid disposition having some talents for conversation, which he was occasionally disposed to elicit.

Besides, the idea of saving a few shillings in the day time, while I was risking twenty times as many guineas in the evening, appeared to me futile in the extreme. Could any combination of feeling reconcile the apparent absurdity of a young man's deserting, for the sake of a small sum of money, a society in which he was delighted and improved, while he was constantly engaged in other pastimes of a more culpable nature, wherein his purse was sometimes emptied of the last guinea, or filled to overflowing?

The advice, though good seed, fell on a barren rock; the sun scorched its germinating efforts; it was parched up and died. George Fennell has my thanks for his good intentions. I write on the supposed though premature eve of life. My thoughts are serious, although the volatility of my fancy may attend me to the grave. Be it as it may: I pursued my own plan, and followed my own course, studying Coke and Blackstone in the morning, and breaking through every law in the evening; excepting when Voltaire, with his fascinating sophistry, detained me at home. How different then was my estimation of that man's works from what it is now! I was then a gay young man: I am now a father and a Christian. I then admired the whole; for I had not the ability to analyse. Let me now frolic for a moment, and in my chymical alembic distil my opinion. It will be considered by the candid reader but as an opinion, and that of a very feeble judge. Voltaire was in natural disposition gay: he forced himself to be occasionally serious. Nature and Art were consequently continually at variance; and he was open without frankness, politic without cunning, sociable without friends. He knew the world, and seemed purposely to forget his knowledge of it. In the morning he was an Aristarchus, in the evening a Diogenes. He loved grandeur and despised the great. He was at his ease with his superiors; nay, as the king of Prussia will confess, he was sometimes rude before them; but he was constrained before his equals. He introduced himself by politeness to society; then treated it with coolness and left it in disgust. He was ambitious of appearing at courts; he loved their pleasures for a moment, and then

was tired. He was feeling, possessed of great sensibility; but without a fixed object of attachment. He was artificially voluptuous; for he was without passions. He adhered to nothing from choice; but attached himself to every thing from a spirit of inconstancy. Reasoning without principles, his reason sometimes betrayed him, as folly others. With a lively wit, but incorrect heart, he thought of every thing and mocked at every thing. He moralized without morals. He was excessively vain; but still more interested; for he laboured less for fame than money, of which he had a perpetual thirst and hunger. He was formed to enjoy; but he would amass. He seemed himself to check every object of his own wish. I think he was at heart a Christian; but, because he was so, he tried to appear an infidel. He appeared perversely to convert every natural gift to his own disadvantage. "*Nil sicut unquam sic impar sibi.*" Born a poet, his verses cost him no trouble. This facility in composition injured him; for he wrote freely; but seldom produced a finished work. Easy, ingenuous, and elegant in his writings, could he have prevailed upon himself to fathom the ocean of ancient record. His province would have been history, had he quitted poetry, and could he have confined himself to truth. He wished to follow the system of Bayle; but, with his usual inconsistency, he reviled while copying him. People have observed, that a good writer, without indirect passions and prejudices, must be also without country and religion. On the presumption of correctness in this point of view, Mr. Voltaire may be regarded as a man taking strenuous steps towards perfection; for he was continually complaining

of his own country; praising others a thousand miles off; and yet *maudisant* the whole world; he blamed his own country in every respect, and praised others as indiscriminately. Religious, as I really think he was—yes, truly religious, profane as he has appeared—he discarded all systems of religion, and quarrelled with them solely because they *were* systems. Because others had adopted a something he had not thought of before them, he warred with every thing, in spite of his own reason, that did not originate with himself. If a friend said to him, there was no Christ, he would say to him, there *was* a Christ. If another said to him there *was* a Christ, he would say there was *none*. Conversing with him in any character, he was every thing superficially—a politician, a geometrician, and a natural philosopher; a man of science, of arts, of literature apparently; but nothing profoundly. He had too delicate a taste to be an ingenious satyrist. He was a wretched critic, especially on English productions. He blamed without reason, and judged without knowledge. His own countrymen say of him that he never could attach himself to the happy medium. He was fond of the abstract sciences, and the abstract sciences abstracted him. Ferguson wisely observes, that an undevout philosopher is mad. Voltaire has proved the position just; yet with some recantation—Voltaire was, and was not: now he appeared and acted as a philanthropist, and the next moment as the most outrageous satyrist. To sum up the whole of his character in a few words, he wished to prove himself an extraordinary character, and he was so.

Non vultus non color unus.

I like Moliere and La Fontaine; Racine I admire; Corneille I respect; but what have I to do with them?—Yes, something.—Moliere I recollect used to read his comedies to his washing-woman, that he might judge if he wrote naturally; and Boileau addresses his first satyre to Louis the fourteenth, to try how far flattery would succeed. *Je ne veux pas qu'on le joue* was played in spite of the king, while Boileau's flattery bought for him but a temporary pleasure, and as temporary an emolument.—Enough, enough.—Let me return home.

Reader, I beg pardon; I don't know what I had to do with Voltaire; but no matter—I bargained with you in the beginning for extravagancies, and you will find enough.

I have now to relate one of the most important events of my life—important, not in its intinsic nature, for it was an every day occurrence; but in its effects. I had a large party to dine with me one Saturday afternoon, at my chambers. I had then about a thousand pounds, sterling, in bank and cash at home. I had also a large quantity of plate; the finest glass; china, of which the set cost eighty guineas, and every thing corresponding. Let me entreat, seriously and solemnly, the young man to attend to this! Thus possessed, about four o'clock I took my presidential chair to entertain about twenty guests, whom I then thought my friends, and estimated as some of the finest young fellows in London. They had an excellent dinner, and not being uncles, aunts, and cousins, they enjoyed it. The wine being excellent, "*nunc est libendum*" was the first toast after dinner; and none of us having wives or children to claim

the sense of sober affection, we lavished our uncurbed encomiums on the fleeting beauties of the day. After a merry meeting, we sallied forth in full trim to the opera. I went behind the scenes, and, addressing myself, in Italian, to one of the principal female singers, she answered me impressively, in French, *c'est selon*. There was a something in the manner of her uttering these words, which made a more powerful impression on my mind, than any I could have felt from the most solemn lecture, "*C'est selon!*" All the affairs of this world seemed involved in the reply. I meditated on it seriously, and, while meditating, I was accosted by a gentleman, who asked me if I would go to Burlton's. I answered, no; that I had had a large party to dine with me, and had then too much claret in my head. To make a foolish business as short as possible in its relation, I went with him. I had not been there an hour, before I had won two hundred and seventy guineas; when a new party entering the room, our situations at the table were changed, and with them my luck. I then began by losing the two hundred and seventy guineas I had won; next, seventy guineas I had in my pocket; then a check of one hundred and seventy, which I had in my possession; and completed my morning's entertainment, by giving two drafts on my banker, for three hundred guineas each; which, excepting a deposited note for fifty pounds, was a little more than I had in bank.

This event completely cured me of my gambling frolics, it being the last in which I ever engaged. It produced a very great and unforeseen change in my affairs: for my sufferings were extreme in consequence

of it. I felt ashamed; and I, who but a few hours before invited a large party to dine with me, now shut myself up alone in my room, and refused company of every kind. Yet, on a future evening, I suffered myself to be impelled, by my ardent desire of a something, I scarcely knew what, to try with my poor remaining forty pounds (for the note was necessarily encroached upon) my chance once more. But on my arrival at Burlton's, about midnight, I found no company, and they would not play with me alone. The runner, perhaps the partner, of the faro bank, called on me on the Monday morning, to demand the check of one hundred and seventy pounds, and to inform me that, independent of the note of fifty pounds, they had not sufficient at Hamersley's to pay the two drafts of three hundred guineas each; and that he had, consequently, advanced the few guineas requisite to make up the sum. The necessary arrangements were made; and, after a few days' grumbling with myself, I wrote to my father, requesting that he would let me have three hundred pounds. This he declined; but soon afterwards visited me at my chambers. In the foolish expectation of revenging myself on my father's refusal of the money requested, I had formed the plan of going on the stage; and on his visit to me, took an opportunity of sounding his sentiments respecting the theatre; and drawing a parallel between the characters of lord Mansfield and Garrick—my father, with a liberality that always characterized his sentiments on public affairs, observed to me, that each person who arrived at the head of the profession to which he was called, and there maintained his honour, was, in his opinion, equally respectable.

I took this as a preliminary intimation of future assent to any pursuit I might be inclined to undertake. And, after my father's leaving me, I determined to put my new plan into execution. Accordingly, I parted with my chambers, disposed of my plate, and took my place in the mail-stage for Edinburgh, where I arrived in the month of June, 1787.

Arrived at Edinburgh, after a continued journey of four hundred miles, I rested myself; and having arranged my dress, sallied forth from my hotel as a knight-errant, in pursuit of adventures. My first direction was, of course, toward that part of the town wherein the theatre was represented to be. In a large space in front of the theatre, called the Theatre square, I accidentally met with a gentleman, with whom I had before formed a slight acquaintance, a colonel Maxwell, and to whom I had the pleasure of delivering a letter of strong recommendation, from my friend Carr. He received me with the warmest friendship, which continued till the day of my finally leaving Edinburgh. Having been informed of my motive for visiting Edinburgh, he observed that he regretted it much, as the first hopes he had on seeing me were, that I had come only on a visit to those acquaintances, who had brought such favourable reports of me from England; but added, that if I was determined in the pursuit mentioned, he should be happy to render me every service in his power, and to introduce me to others who would do the same. While in conversation with colonel Maxwell, a gentleman appeared at the front door of the theatre, whom the colonel pointed out to me as the manager of the theatre, Mr. Jackson. After taking an occasional leave

of my friend, I advanced towards Mr. Jackson; and having accosted him, made him acquainted with my designs and projects. He received me very politely, and invited me to dine with him; taking me, in the mean time, to his house for an introduction to his family. After which, I rejoined the colonel, who introduced me to several of his friends and acquaintances. The result of my conversation with the manager was, that I should make my first appearance in Othello, in the course of a few days, as an amateur only, receiving no emolument. But I had no dress. The manager agreed to supply me with one. It was then said, by him, to be the customary costume; but the audience and actors of the present day will find their risible muscles a little excited by my description of it. The dress consisted of a coat, waistcoat, and lower garment, of white cloth, cut in the old fashioned style; the coat and waistcoat ornamented, or rather loaded, with broad silver lace; to which was superadded a black wig, with long hair, and to which was suspended a ramillies of about three feet in length, resembling that of the French jockey already described. This, with the addition of a pair of white silk stockings, and my dancing pumps, made up my equipment. Thus prepared, I was expecting to reap all fame from the exertions of the evening, when two letters were placed in my hand, the one from my father, the other from my eldest sister, then unmarried. I opened them. The one from my father contained these words, I remember them to a letter:

JAMES,

The last rash step you have taken is a disgrace to yourself and family; and if persisted in, must forever

cancel the connexion between you and your late affectionate father,

JOHN FENNELL.

My sister's letter might, though of considerable length, be summed up in as few words; she observed, that the profession I had adopted, would forever prevent her visiting me, or being visited by me; and she feared also that it would considerably interfere with the arrangements my father had made, for the advantageous settlement of the female part of his family.

With sensations naturally excited by the perusal of the abovementioned letters, I made my appearance; was well received, and performed six times during the summer season at Edinburgh.

I here had the pleasure of meeting and renewing my intimacy with my old assistant in the promotion of our pleasures at Buxton, the honourable William Maitland: having frequently been in company with him, without having received an invitation to his father's house, one day as we were passing by it, I observed, "Maitland! what is the reason I have not received an intimation that your family would be glad to see me at their house? and why do you so often pass by it with me, without asking me to enter it?" He answered, "I am glad that you have asked me, for it relieves me of much anxiety that I have felt on that account—It is, because you are on the stage, against which my mother retains ancient prejudices, that she does not invite you to her house; but I trust that this circumstance will not interrupt *our* friendship." It did not; and we mutually enjoyed intimacy during my stay at Edinburgh.

Another circumstance of a similar nature occurred to me during my short stay this season at Edinburgh:

A lady, whose name I have not yet mentioned, the widow of sir Alexander Gibson, with whom I had the pleasure of being acquainted at Buxton, had invited me, in case of a tour to Scotland, to spend some days at her castle, about six miles from Edinburgh; telling me, at the same time, that she had an only daughter, of uncommon accomplishments, who would be possessed of a very large fortune on her being of age, and to whom she was desirous of introducing me. I had promised to wait on her ladyship in case I visited Edinburgh; and accordingly one Wednesday morning I hired a post-chaise and set off for the purpose of executing my promise. Arrived at the park gate, I observed the avenue to the house and the surrounding land in a neglected state; and presently the old castle appeared in view. I entered the castle, was ushered up stairs, and shown into a large hall, where the worthy lady sate alone. She appeared rejoiced to see me; and, after the usual civilities, invited me to dine and pass the afternoon with her. I accepted the invitation. I inquired for her daughter: she informed me that she was at boarding-school, and could not, consequently, see me then; but that if I could make it convenient to stay till Saturday, she would send for her, and she should then sing and play to me all the day. She then took me to the window and pointed out the estate that was to be her daughter's. Alas! "thinks I to myself," my dear friend, were I to tell you what I have done, you would not show me this. Soon afterwards I turned the conversation to different subjects; in the course of which, while speaking of the accomplishments of her daughter, I asked lady Gibson if she had ever been to see a play; what she herself thought of theatrical amuse-

ments, and so on. Her ladyship's replies were such as exhibited the most profound detestation of theatrics, and all persons connected with them. Now, "thinks I to myself," I am in a pretty hobble: while I was endeavouring to relieve myself from my dilemma, her chaplain made his appearance, and eased my disturbed thoughts for a time, by rational and literary discourse; but after dinner, when he had retired to his studies, or to sleep, I could no longer bear that lady Gibson's friendship and generosity should be imposed upon, and having again introduced the subject of the theatre, confessed candidly that I had myself been several times on the stage at Edinburgh. Had a flash of lightning struck and destroyed the battlements of the castle, it could not have excited a more dreadful amazement in her ladyship. Good God! says she, is it possible? and her subsequent remarks hinted that her chaplain and herself had been polluted by dining with an actor. I endeavoured to soften the good lady's resentment, by informing her, that although I had appeared on the stage, I had received no emolument, and played only as a frolick, for my own amusement, as I had done before at Buxton. By degrees her countenance was restored to its usual serenity; her eyes no longer darted those flames of anger which threatened to consume me; and her mouth began to smile with intimation of pleasure. "O," replied she, "if that is all, it may be passed over as a youthful frolick: but if you continue in it, I could never permit you to visit my house." I thought it better to be candid at once, even at the expense of banishment from the castle, than to suffer her ladyship to be deceived: I accordingly told her that I feared I should be obliged to

pursue it, as my future profession; nay, that I had, indeed, so determined. After this observation, the conversation became reserved on both sides, and I embraced the first opportunity of taking my leave of the castle and its inhabitants; to which, and to whom, I never returned more. I had the pleasure of conversing once only afterwards with lady Gibson, with whom was her amiable daughter, whom I saw then for the first and the last time. Her dancing master's insinuating hops prevailed over the dull tragic step, and I trust, or at least hope, that they are happy.

It was here my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. Home, the author of Douglas; being about to play the character of Young Norval, he invited me to breakfast, and pass the fore part of the day with him; I did so: after breakfast we retired to his study, where he favoured me with lessons, which I have since had the opportunity of communicating to others.

As I shall hereafter have an occasion to mention this amiable and persecuted character, whose only fault was the production of one of the best tragedies the stage can boast, I will trust to the reader's placid acquiescence in a few remarks:

The tragedy of Douglas was first represented at the theatre in the Canongate, Edinburgh, on the fourteenth of December, 1756—and the finances of the house being then in a distressed situation, afforded it a temporary, yet considerable relief. “ It will, forever,” says Mr. Jackson, “ be a monument much to the honour of the poetic genius, as well as a lasting credit to the theatre at large.”

The characters were thus originally filled:

MEN.	WOMEN.
Douglas, - - - Digges	Lady Randolph, Mrs. Ward
Lord Randolph, Younger	Anna, - - - Mrs. Hopkins
Glenalvon, - - Love	
Norval, - - - Hayman.	

Soon after this I had the honour of dining in company with the celebrated James Bruce, Esq. of Kinnaird, the persevering traveller to the source of the Nile. The result of an afternoon passed in very gratifying moments to *me*, was a most friendly invitation to spend a few days with him at Kinnaird, his family mansion. I accepted it with avidity and rapture for the time I had to spare between my performances at Edinburgh, and those which Mr. Jackson persuaded me to repeat in Glasgow; for I had by this time conceived a sincere friendship for Mr. Jackson, and was inclined to yield to his suggestion that I, having made some stir in Edinburgh, should be guilty of an indelicacy if I did not perform in Glasgow. Mr. Jackson had behaved to me in the most honourable manner: he had offered me remuneration for my trouble and expenses incurred in Edinburgh, which I had declined; he had offered me a considerable pecuniary emolument for my playing at Glasgow, but I was determined, that so long as my private purse was inexhausted, I would continue with him as an amateur. I accordingly agreed to perform as such at Glasgow. In the mean time I spent so many fascinating hours at Kinnaird, that, but for a promise made, I should have wished to decline any further performances. I went to Glasgow and performed. There I met with many old acquaintances, particularly in the army. Among other officers who were pleased to notice me, in spite of my being on the stage, was lord George

Lenox (nephew of the duke of Richmond) who afterwards was engaged in a duel with the duke of York. He invited me to dine with him at the mess, and became, and afterwards on all occasions proved himself, a sincere friend. The influence of Mr. Bruce, who lavished kindness on me, was here felt by me with the warmest sensations of gratitude—having introduced me to the principal professors of that excellent establishment, the college, he invited me to spend the remainder of the summer at Ardwhillary, a place in the Highlands, bordering on Loch Ludnoe; to which he usually retired, if retirement it could be called, where persons of the most refined literature and accomplishments attended him. I arrived there soon after himself. On my arrival, I saw him dressed completely in the Highland habit, standing at the door of his house, and I think I never witnessed a more commanding figure: He was at least six feet two inches in height, with a proportionate contour: his figure evidently evinced a life spent in salubrious exercise and temperance; while the dignity, with the politeness of the most accomplished gentleman, had been preserved, through all the wilds and deserts he had passed, to ornament his person. Of his learning and his talents I shall speak hereafter. Having received me with the most cordial welcome, while I was admiring the dress he wore, he asked me if I would do him a singular favour. Of course, I replied, that I should be happy in so doing. "Then," said he, "will you condescend to wear the Highland dress while you remain here? if so, and you will permit me to present you with the Kinnaird plaid,* my taylor

* The lairds of Scotland have their plaids of distinct colours and workmanship, and they are named agreeably to the title of

shall make it up for you immediately." I consented, and in a day or two found myself completely equipped; but not being accustomed to this mode of dress, I felt a little awkward at first, and it was not till Mr. Bruce consented to a small adoption of the English costume that I could feel reconciled to it. Here I was introduced to a family, whose head was then petitioning for the dukedom of ——, alleging that he was the heir; and that although his ancestor, during the former reigns had been attainted, he never had been attainted, and that consequently the natural heir had a just claim to the dukedom and the property annexed to it. The parents had a daughter about eighteen years of age, of an eccentric, interesting, but sometimes severe character. She was occasionally every thing inviting, occasionally every thing repulsive; but always more inclined to serious, instructive conversation, than to volatile amusements. She was one of those girls who having been praised, and deservedly so, for intrinsic sense, think all inferior amusements beneath their dignity, and seemed reluctantly to join in every pleasurable party proposed. One evening, according to our usual custom after supper, a new species of literary amusement was to be proposed, and the person whose turn it was to designate the nature of it, was at a loss, and remained so for some time; the company all the while attending in silent expectation, one of them observed that we were all "amort;" then, said Mr. Bruce, let us amuse ourselves in wri-

the estate on which the wearers live—there is a peculiarity in each, distinguishing it from another's—during my whole stay in Scotland, I never saw two plaids belonging to different families alike.

king epitaphs, each on the other by his side. The project was agreed to, and pens, ink and paper having been provided, we began. I shall mention one production only, that of Mr. Bruce, who wrote the following on the young lady above alluded to, then sitting by his side.—Her name was Elizabeth—the lady I believe is still living:

EPITAPH.

Here lies our sweet Bess,
Queen Bessy the less;
Abyssinia's prince her chief mourner;
She cared not a fig,
For cotillion or jig,
If she got common sense in a corner.

She was wise, she was gude,*
Sometimes sulky and rude;
She had more of the owl than the dove, sir;
If the devil might take her,
In turns with her Maker,
She'd please both *below* and *above*, sir.

One of our many amusements at Ardwhillary was, fishing in the beautiful lake before the house; in this amusement Mr. Bruce seemed warmly to partake. I have frequently seen him up to the neck in water hauling the seine with as much strenuousness as a common fisherman. In this lake the most valuable fish were salmon, and char, commonly called red-whims. The largest salmon I ever saw from this lake at Mr. Bruce's, weighed thirty-seven pounds. But so great was the influence of superstition among, not only Mr. Bruce's fishermen, but all of them on the borders of the lake, that they took a rooted dislike to my presence, because

* *Gude*, Scotch orthography.

I had been present at first at a few hauls in which no salmon had been caught; and declaring that I was as bad as the minister, generally requested me to withdraw when they had bad luck. It is a fact, that I never was present when a salmon was caught; and ridiculous as it may appear, the fishermen generally attributed their want of success to my being with them.

I once undertook to swim across this lake and back again, without touching ground on the opposite shore, excepting with one foot. Some one informing Mr. Bruce of my attempt just after I had started, he immediately, with affectionate anxiety, ordered his boatmen to attend me; they overtook me about half way, but I declined assistance; they, however, still kept by me, and I performed what I had undertaken.

In the mornings, during my stay at Ardwhillary, I generally passed the greater part of my time with Mr. Bruce, in his private chamber, reading with him his manuscript, and receiving from him such instruction and information as few can receive from the most celebrated universities. Still was there time for relaxation; and when the weather would not permit us to seek amusement out of doors, the bagpipe and the reel afforded us sufficient within.

Anecdotes serve occasionally to enliven the dullness of private history. I was walking about the grounds one evening, when, having strayed to the road, I saw a large party of Highlanders, male and female, refreshing themselves under the foliage on the bank of the lake. I begged leave to join their party, and finding them inclined to be communicative, I asked them whence they came, and whither they were going?

They informed me that they came from a great distance northward, and were travelling southward to the lowlands to get work during the harvest. On further inquiry, I found that the usual product of such excursions was twenty shillings, ten of which it was their custom to expend for oatmeal, and the other ten supplied them with necessaries at home during the winter. I observed a considerable difference in the arrangement of the head dresses of the female peasantry, and was informed that it was intended to distinguish the married from the single, which I thought an excellent precaution.

Having passed two or three months in the most agreeable manner at Ardwhillary, I left it with regret, and returned to London; here I found all the doors of my relations closed against me, or opened with such a ceremonious coolness, that I was very soon convinced I could no longer be a welcome guest. Some few young men, cousins, still favoured me with their acquaintance; one of whom meeting me one day in the street, informed me that my aunt, lady Brett, had lately died, and had left *no will*; and that consequently her only daughter, now the lady of admiral Bowyer, had possession of the whole property. It was then adieu to my promised legacy; yet I thought it strange that the old lady, while I was reading the Bible to her, should have so frequently told me, that she had handsomely remembered me in her will, and that after her decease no will was to be found. However, I bore this buffet of fortune with stoical ingenuity; I mean that I pretended not to care about it. I took my old lodgings in Norfolk-street, and finding that my relations generally de-

serted me, I thought it high time, somehow or other, to begin to take care of myself; accordingly, one Monday morning I went to Covent Garden Theatre, inquired for Mr. Harris, the manager, and was introduced to him. I told him in a few words my business: he took me before the curtain, the rehearsal being over, and heard me recite a few passages from the respective plays in which I had performed. He appeared pleased, and asked me if I could make my first appearance in Othello on the Thursday following: I observed that I should prefer a later day, upon which the Saturday was determined upon. I had at this time the honour of an intimacy with Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker, and his family; he had kindly permitted me to make use of his drawing-room, which was ornamented with large pier-glasses, for rehearsal, and the practice of attitude, gesture, expression, &c. Mr. Smith, then called, for distinction's sake, gentleman Smith, had favoured me with peculiar attention and useful instruction. One morning I was rehearsing, while Mr. Coutts, Mr. Smith, and a young friend of mine, Mr. Crawfurd, a humorous, eccentric character, were present; when Mr. Smith observed, that if I had a black eye it would be worth ten housand pounds to me—upon which Crawfurd, doubling his fists, observed, that as a proof of his friendship, he would give me *two*; of course I declined his obliging offer. In the continuance of our conversation I asked Mr. Smith if he had ever played Othello himself? "No," said he; "I have been forty years on the stage, and have never blacked my face, or passed through a trap-door." I played Othello on the Saturday, and with such success as induced the manager to request

that I would repeat it on the Monday. I consented, with the advice of Mr. Coutts, and performed accordingly.

Soon after my appearance in Othello, I had the pleasure of an invitation, which I accepted, from Mr. and Mrs. Broadhead, the parents of a fellow collegian. Mrs. Broadhead informed me that she had lately received a visit from Mr. J. Kemble, who, immediately on his entrance, walking up and down the room with apparent anxiety, entered on the subject of my performance; hinting, that in a few days he would give me a lesson; he accordingly did, by performing the character himself, for which trouble I considered myself particularly indebted to him. I regretted much that he would not condescend, or that it was not convenient to him to give me a second lesson, that the benefits derived from the former might have been more deeply impressed on my mind.

My next part was Alexander the Great, which I performed twice; and, my fifth night, contrarily to the advice of Mr. Harris, was Jaffier. At this time I was visited by Mr. Danvers, now my brother-in-law, who called on me to request that I would desist from playing, as he was about being married to my sister, Henrietta; that sir John Danvers and my father had given their consent to the union; and he was fearful that sir John, who had promised to make him one of the richest commoners in England, if he married with his consent, would withdraw it, if he knew his intended wife had a brother on the stage. The general amount of my conversation with him was this: that having been deserted by my relations, I had, in my turn, a right to disregard

them; that being left to myself, I should conduct myself solely upon the principles of self-interest, and should, consequently, continue in a vocation which promised to support me. He left me, but wrote immediately to my mother, from whom I received a letter, dictated by the heart that seemed to know

"The only method to subdue me."

I yielded; and informed Mr. Harris, that family difficulties would prevent my appearing again on the stage. Mr. Harris appeared to regret it, and observed, that as I had played several nights to full houses, without receiving any emolument, he wished me to take one night for my own benefit. I replied, that the same cause which prevented my playing for him, operated equally against myself; and that I was, consequently, obliged to decline his generous offer at that time. My sister was married; and every thing being settled beyond recantation, I then applied to Mr. Harris, who readily appointed a night for my benefit. I feel proud in relating the following anecdote. - All the clubs, of which I had been a member at Cambridge, came to London in full uniform, to attend my benefit, and presented me with a guinea for each ticket. Mr. Coutts, having already taken and paid for a box, sent to me, with a very friendly note, sixteen guineas for sixteen tickets, which he destroyed. The number of guinea tickets amounted to about two hundred, which, with the profit from the receipts in the house, proved something acceptable to a man who, on this occasion, received the first remuneration for his exertions on the stage. I played Macbeth, and the Liar, Young Wilding.

On my leaving Mr. Jackson, at Edinburgh, I had promised him, that if I should make the stage my profession, I would engage with him during his next winter season. Mr. Harris offered me a handsome engagement in London, which I could not accept, in consequence of my promise to Mr. Jackson. Mr. Harris then applied to Mr. Jackson, offering him any sum of money, he could reasonably demand, to release me. Mr. Jackson declined. I was therefore under the obligation of returning to Edinburgh. Mr. Harris had offered me the money to pay the penalty annexed to my agreement; which I mentioned to my honourable friend, Mr. Smith, who quickly observed, "whatever may be the consequence, never enter into public or private life by a breach of engagement." I assured him that I had no such intention.

A little before this time, I received from my father a very affectionate letter, enclosing two bank notes of one hundred pounds, sterling, each; informing me that, however he regretted the course of life which I had adopted, he should be extremely sorry that any of his sons should be obliged to run in debt for necessaries for his equipment; he therefore enclosed two hundred pounds, which he requested I would consider as the last he could afford to give me in justice to the other children; and an order on his tailor for two suits of stage clothes, to be made according to my direction. Mr. ***** had been employed by our family for many years, and I had contracted a considerable respect for him. I wished to deliver my father's order; but I felt a shyness of mentioning for what purpose the articles were to be used. I therefore invented the follow-

ing expedient. I went to Mr. *****¹, and informed him that I wanted two *court* dresses, the one of the best black velvet, and the other of dark brown silk, embroidered handsomely. They were made and sent to me: the one at the price of about eighty guineas, the other of one hundred and ten. My folly *now* appears to me to have had *then* no bounds. The kind intentions of a parent, in sending me two hundred pounds after the pain I had given him, were frustrated by my vanity, in desiring to wear nothing but what was real. I expended nearly the whole of the money in two other dresses. The one I had made for Alexander, cost me above one hundred guineas, and was, after all, totally unfit for the character. I borrowed, of my jeweller, diamond ornaments to the amount of six hundred guineas: one of which was a spring diamond, which became injured during my exertion, and I had to pay ten guineas for its repair.

Soon after my benefit in Covent Garden, I received letters of invitation from several managers in the smaller cities of England; but, with the advice of Mr. Smith, I declined accepting any. I therefore remained in London till the time of my engagement with Mr. Jackson arrived.

I was very near committing myself on *this* expedition, as I had done on *others*. I had purchased a travelling chaise, and determined to go post all the way; but one night I had a dream that staggered my resolution more than all the advice in the world could have done; and brought to my recollection the following observation of Dr. Young:

“Night visions may befriend—
“Our waking dreams are fatal.”

On the morning, I took my dream into serious consideration; and having found that I could give an explanation of it, consistently with sober reason and common sense, I permitted my fancy to imagine it a supernatural warning, and obeyed its impulse.

My dream was this: I seemed to be on the top of a very tall and slender pole, which trembled under my weight, and threatened every moment to break, from my least stir. On one side was the sea; on the other a heap of rugged rocks. Drowning, or being dashed to pieces, seemed to await the smallest motion I should attempt. I paused in thought for some time, and at last determined, that my only method of escape, was to slide down as gently as possible to the bottom. I thought that I pushed my resolution to execution, and having gently let myself down, I crawled over the rocks, and beheld a country before me, affording the most ravishing prospect the eye could contemplate. I entered it, and in the ecstacy of mental enjoyment, I awoke.

I consulted my pillow, that true responser to rational inquiry, for a few minutes; then arose, and proceeded to Long Acre, where I disposed of my carriage for one guinea less than I had given for it; and soon after set off, with a young friend and my servant, in the mail coach for Edinburgh.

My young friend, who accompanied me, was a son of sir John Whiteford, of Edinburgh; who, on my arrival, introduced me to his family, by whom I was constantly afterwards honoured with the kindest attentions.

I took with me to Edinburgh a number of letters of introduction. Among the rest, it had pleased my old schoolmate, Mr. Lockart, the son of the banker of

that name, in Pall Mall, to recommend me as an extraordinary literary character, to sir William Forbes, a banker in Edinburgh. I delivered the letter to sir William, who immediately called on me, and invited me to sup with him on a following evening. I attended, and, to my great confusion, at first, found myself introduced to the principal literary characters in Edinburgh; collected, as it were, as a phalanx to examine me. Their works and characters were known to me, but not their persons. The conversation, at first, was general between the ladies and the gentlemen; and I soon found, the *mauvaise honte*, under which I had laboured, was removable even in the presence of such learned men. But after supper the attack began. Lady Forbes had placed me, as a stranger, in compliment, by her side at the upper end of the table; and by *my* side she had placed an intelligent young lady, miss Anstruther, to whose politeness I was indebted for relief to my occasional embarrassments. Thus armed, I ventured, at last, boldly into conversation on literary topics. The liberality of the company had, at first, directed their observations to Shakspeare and his commentators, supposing them themes with which I was most conversant; and it now became my turn to give the retort courteous. Mr. M'Kenzie, the author of *The Man of Feeling*; Mr. Home, the author of *Douglas*; and sir John Dalrymple, well known in the scientific world, were the principal supporters of a conversation, which, occasionally ornamented by the remarks of the ladies, detained us to a late hour. I mention these three gentlemen only, because with them I had the pleasure of future intimacy. But from this evening, chiefly, sprang those

great honours, which were afterwards conferred on me in this hospitable city. Sir John Dalrymple invited me frequently to breakfast with him, as did Mr. Home. The pleasurable hours spent with Mr. M'Kenzie, were generally accidental; and I must acknowledge, candidly, that whatever acquirements I might have brought to this celebrated city, I took with me many more from it.

A friend of my dear mother and my sisters, living at Rochester, had written a letter respecting my family and myself, to a Mr. Stewart, of Edinburgh. This gentleman called on me and invited me to dine with him. I, of course, accepted the invitation. Here I met a very large party of ladies, to whom I was severally introduced. After dinner, Mr. Stewart called me apart, and observed, that he had invited these ladies for the express purpose of introducing me to them, that a plan he had proposed for my interest might be facilitated; which was, to persuade me to attend Mrs. Stewart and her family to the assembly that evening; whither all the ladies he had invited were going, and where he would introduce me to the most respectable society in Edinburgh. Some little arrangement of dress was necessary, and Mr. Stewart sent his carriage with me to my lodgings. I attended Mrs. Stewart and her family, and that evening was introduced to the greater part of the company then present; and with others, to captain Macrae, my unfortunate friend, who afterwards, in consequence of a duel with sir George Ramsay, was obliged to leave his country and retire to France.

I had had formerly an acquaintance at Eton college, lord Downe, the son of earl Moray. This young gentleman kindly introduced me to his father's family,

with whom I dined one day, when lord Moray produced to me a curiosity, which his labourers had that morning found considerably below the surface of the earth. It consisted of two small gold cups, about an inch in diameter, connected by a semicircular gold wire. It appeared to me to be an instrument used by the ancients, for the purpose of receiving the tears of the saints and other votaries, to be preserved as reliques.

This day introduced to me a practice of a very doubtful nature, as respects the general estimate of its good or evil tendency. I should not mention so trifling a circumstance, but from the importance which has been attached to it by the critics in the United States, as affecting my voice during my performances. I allude to my practice of taking snuff. Lord Torphichen was sitting by the side of lady Moray, when the covers having been removed, he produced a very elegant gold snuff-box, which was immediately noticed by the company near him. The consequence was, a desire in every one to see it. It was handed round, and the compliments paid, gave him an opportunity of returning them with ample interest; which I thought produced to him a considerable advantage with the ladies, and I was nearly breaking, in thought, the tenth commandment, when it occurred to me that I could procure as good a one for myself, and also as brilliant a breast-pin, which was equally the object of admiration. Accordingly, on my return home, I wrote to my jeweller, in London, who sent me a very handsome gold snuff-box, and a diamond breast-pin. Having the box, I could not produce it to the admiration of the ladies, without having

snuff in it, as an excuse for wearing it; and, having the snuff in it, I could not offer the use of it to another (lest I should be supposed to exhibit the box from vanity) unless I took a pinch of it myself: thence originated the practice which, like all other habits, particularly perhaps bad ones, increase in proportion to their indulgence.

An observation, and a very sensible rebuke, made by Omai, the Otaheitean chief, when in England, may be here appropriately introduced. It contained, in my opinion, a severe sarcasm on unnecessary habits. Having been offered a pinch of snuff, he replied, “no, my *nose not hungry.*”

While on the article of snuff, I may as well hazard another anecdote. Passing through Newcastle, about a year after the former occurrence, I stopped at a tobacconist’s to replenish my box. Hardham’s thirty-seven was then the fashionable snuff. I asked the tobacconist what made that snuff so much more valuable than any other? He replied, “Sir, I will give you two thousand guineas at this moment if *you will tell me.*”

With these and other valuable introductions, I entered upon my profession at Edinburgh; and pursued it, during the winter, with the highest satisfaction to myself, and, as I trust, to the content of others; enjoying my time, generally, when not engaged at the theatre, at balls, concerts, and with the elegant and hospitable society that city affords.

Still, my *old* friends, lady Lauderdale and lady Gibson, refused me admittance to their houses; and though I occasionally had the pleasure of seeing them, a silent bow, on either side, was all the salutation.

But, though I behaved pretty steadily this winter, my wildness had not entirely deserted me. And as young men generally attach themselves, as far as they can, to society congenial in sentiment, and reciprocal in habits, so did I embrace the favourable opportunity, afforded by colonel Maxwell, of relaxing a little the restraint of private parties, and giving a looser rein to mirth and humour, in a company of select friends, to whom he had favoured me with an introduction. This party, with a few occasional exceptions, was always composed of the same persons, and we being frequently together, "the world had noticed it." I had been in the habit, for some weeks, of receiving and answering letters from an unknown female correspondent, whose superior genius, though perfectly uncultivated, had attracted my attention. Her letters generally contained pieces of poetry, which she wished me to correct. They were sometimes humorous, sometimes serious; but, generally, satirical.

One morning I received a letter entirely poetical, written in a very humorous style, inviting me to a rendezvous, in Argyle square, that evening at eight o'clock: It purported, that the interview was requested in complete confidence, that, as a gentleman, I would exactly conform to the conditions; which were, first, that while walking about the square, I should constantly wave my white handkerchief, as a signal that I was the person who had received the letter; and, secondly, that on meeting a young lady, who would there have a white packet in her hand, intended for me, I would receive it without asking any question, or taking further notice whatever. The terms were rather hard, to be sure;

but as I had a great desire to be personally acquainted with my incognita, I consented, and determined to go. The answer I was to give, if I accepted the invitation, was a piece of white paper, to be affixed to the middle pane of the upper sash of my window, so as to be visible, at a first glance, from the street. I immediately set up the paper, where it remained all day, and, in the evening, before my time, repaired to Argyle square. I entered it, and as I passed any company of females, I waved my handkerchief as delicately as I could; still I saw no one with a white packet; but I perceived a solitary friend of mine acting like myself. We had passed each other twice, when, on our third meeting, he approached me and observed, "Fennell, you are playing one of your d—d tricks on me." I asked him what he meant. "Come here," says he, "to this lamp, and I'll show you." I went with him, and he produced a letter, verbatim et literatim, the same as the one I had in my pocket. "I know," added he, "you wrote this letter." "Then," said I, "I must have written *this* one to *myself*," producing mine, in every respect the same.—"Come, come," said I, "let us pocket our offences with our handkerchiefs, have no more waving, and by laughing at the folly of others, get retribution for our own vexation." He agreed, and we had the malicious fun of seeing all our party, exceeding twelve, one after the other, entering the square, and parading it, waving their perfumed cambric handkerchiefs, in the completest style of invitation; yet, no lady, with the white packet, appeared. But, at last, in pity to our friends, who each thought he was on secret embassy, and, consequently, avoided the other, we laughed most heartily at the first

we met; requested him to do the same at others, and thus make out our evening sport. This being effected, they all agreed to retire to spend the evening, where indeed we had all been engaged; but each had sent in his excuse to a party, of which there was not one present to receive it; and I resolved to wait to ascertain the result (being certain that some adventure would occur) and bring them information before they parted for the night.

Accordingly I walked the square with patience for some time, till I perceived an apparently young lady with a deep black veil, with something white in her hand. I took out my handkerchief, and waved it; and immediately approaching her, inquired politely if that packet was intended for me; on which she asked my name. On my informing her, she replied, "No: 'tis for a worthier man." I observed that there had been many worthier men attending that evening the general invitation; but as none had proved more patient than myself, I thought I was entitled to some communication on the cause of our being so assembled. "I thought," said she, "one of the conditions on which you came here was to ask no questions, and enter into no conversation." I observed that my instructions were, that, *on* the receiving the packet, I should ask no questions; I was not bound to silence *before* the delivery of it; but if she would then deliver it, I would speak no more, and retire immediately. This she declined. I then requested I might attend her whither she was going. She replied, I might walk with her a little further, upon condition that whenever she desired me to leave her I would go at once. I con-

sented. My doubts and consequent inquiries introduced a conversation interesting in the extreme. The brilliancy of genius flashed occasionally like a meteor, while, on the other hand, the indication of the most generous feelings of humanity, enveloped in tones of sorrow, pierced deeply to my soul. At times playful, witty, and satirical, she seemed to court the same, or similar, effusions from me; but on my attempting any thing like levity, she checked me. She permitted me not to touch her hand, even to assist her in crossing the streets, during a promenade of nearly two hours. At last, having, chance-directed, as I thought, wandered to the pathway opposite to my lodgings, she stopped suddenly, and thus addressed me: "There are your lodgings: as you are a gentleman, leave me without saying a word, and enter them without looking back to see which way I may go. I left her and obeyed.

I entered my parlour, and sat down, reflecting on the occurrences of the day, and the singularities of the evening; trying to analyze the extraordinary character with whom I had passed two hours. Every primary idea that occurred was opposed by a contradictory one. She could not be *this*, because she was *that*; nor *that*, because she was *this*. Imprudence and prudence, like action and reaction were equal and opposite. The admired flights of genius were contrasted by remarks of the most trifling nature. To the solemnity of moral doctrine succeeded the instantaneous burst of mirth and humour, of which, however, sterling wit generally closed the scene. Her sudden pauses and momentary changes from one subject to another of a totally different nature, yet with apparent ready sense, made my

judgment waver in attempting to decide whether affection, cunning, or an absolute detrition of reason prevailed.

Of her face and person I knew nothing. Her general character appeared of a very eccentric inclination, and, perhaps, from a consideration that Nature might have been less indulgent to her in some respects than in others, I owed the feelings of commiseration which I at this time experienced on her account.

After this period our correspondence continued as before, and our meetings were frequent, still under such restrictions that I never saw her face. She would walk with me on the usual parade, but never permit me to touch her hand. One evening she asked me if I would enter a dark street to which we had accidentally strolled, one with which I was not acquainted. I declined at first, but afterwards attended her. When we had proceeded a few yards, I observed that it would be pleasanter to return to the lighted streets. "Stop," said she, "I have a present for you." I stopped. A few lamps glimmered here and there, and as she drew a something from her bosom, I perceived it glitter. I started back, and asked her what she meant. She desired me not to be alarmed. I told her I was not; which, by the by, was not altogether truth; but that I did not like to proceed further, and would return. "Stop, I insist," said she: then addressing me by name, she added, "I had hoped by this time you would have been in heaven. You are not fit for this world, and I intended to have sent you to a better." I thanked her; but requesting the privilege of staying a little longer in this, I hastily bade her good night, and withdrew.

A few days afterwards I was paying a morning visit to two young ladies of high respectability in Edinburgh, one of whom is since dead: the other I had the pleasure of seeing a few years ago near Newyork, where I believe she now resides; when the door being opened, two ladies were ushered in. My back was then towards the door, but on my friends' rising to receive them, I heard a well known voice, and, turning round, beheld the little witch that had enchanted me, at least I judged so from her voice and conduct. She was introduced to me by name and without disguise, and being in the presence of well tried friends, the mystery was by degrees developed. She was a young lady of respectable family and character; but having an inclination to be poetic, and wishing some assistance, had adopted the mode above related to procure it. I had now the pleasure of attending her free from all restraint, and when I had left Edinburgh she published a volume of poems with considerable success, soon after which, actuated by "that principle of coalescence which, by the irresistible decision of the excellent Former of our nature, bends the sexes towards each other, and is ordained to unite them inseparably in person, affection, and interest,"* she married, and is now, I hope, happy.

One of the most pleasant occurrences during this happy winter, was my connexion with the American students in this city. I have before mentioned the pains taken by my father to instil into my mind an early partiality to America. He succeeded; and on an acquired intimacy with the students, they honoured me

* Wilson's Medical researches.

with admission to their society, consisting of a certain number, each one representing a state in the union, and I was proposed as a representative for Vermont, when it was first admitted as a state into the union. The fruits of this connexion have been here, as they were in Edinburgh, most delightfully experienced; for my favourable reception in Annapolis I am indebted to Dr. Shoaff and colonel Tayloe, who was at the same college at Cambridge—but I am anticipating. I must return to Edinburgh.

Towards the conclusion of the winter season, Mr. Jackson requested me, if convenient, to join his summer arrangements, when the theatre would be opened for a few weeks only, during the Leith races, as he expected to engage Mrs. Siddons. I was rejoiced at the opportunity of performing in concert with that highly celebrated character, and cheerfully accepted his invitation. Mr. Bruce, whose kindness to me had not abated during the winter, had invited me to spend the intermediate time with him; and I did so, highly to my satisfaction and improvement.

I returned to Edinburgh to perform my engagement; and was proceeding in it, when the circumstances occurred, of which I cannot give a better account than by copying a portion of Mr. Jackson's History of the Scottish Stage, and the pamphlet I published on the occasion, with the addition of two or three notes.

Mr. Jackson introduces the subject in the following manner:

"That season closed; the next passed away in harmony, peace, and profit; and at no period were my prospects of advantage fairer, or my hopes of prosperity

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wound up to a higher pitch, than at the commencement of the summer of 1788. I may safely say,

“ ‘Twas not in mortals to command success,”

but every mode was practised to deserve it.

“ Besides the first female luminary of the age, I had also a local favourite. Mr. Fennell, who had appeared in the principal tragedy parts during the winter, was prevailed upon to continue in Scotland, purposely as a counterpart to Mrs. Siddons. Several new pieces were in readiness, and such preparations made, as in all probability must have ensured a most brilliant season. But, alas! who can control his fate? The demon of discord broke in upon our repose, confounded our operations, and rendered nugatory our most earnest endeavours.

“ An offence was taken by some gentlemen at an expression imprudently uttered by Mr. Fennell, which, like a spark among combustibles, pervaded the minds of the audience, and attracted the attention of the town.

“ The result was, the ruin of Mr. Fennell; and proved to the manager not only a considerable pecuniary loss, but the means, likewise, of affixing upon him undeserved blame, for supposed incidents in that transaction, that never existed, or in which he never in any shape interfered. For,

“ Slander will leave spots, where malice finds none.”

“ As I am now unavoidably brought forward, with respect to the theatrical events of my management in general, at the particular request of some of my nearest friends, I am persuaded to subjoin a recital of that part of the business of eighty-eight, in which I was personally concerned:

" Towards the close of the season (1787) Mr. Fennell, without any introduction or recommendation but his own appearance and report, became known to me. I gave him a hearing; and finding in him a stronger dawn of theatrical merit, than in any young dramatic candidate I had seen since I became manager, I instantly appointed him a trial.

" The audience approved of him; and from their approbation, I entered into an engagement with him for the next season, under the penalty of two hundred pounds. He went upon a visit to some friends in London, where he was introduced to Mr. Harris, who entertaining the same idea of his abilities with myself, immediately brought him forward in the character of Othello, in the Theatre Royal of Covent Garden, where his theatrical merit received the public sanction. He afterwards performed Alexander, Jaffier, and Macbeth.

" In Jaffier, the only part I saw him in there, he was received with universal marks of approbation and applause: and, I must confess, it was no small satisfaction to me, that Scotland had been his nursery, and that I should have had the honour of rearing the plant.

" The two hundred pounds penalty was offered me, and any larger sum I should think reasonable, by way of damages, provided I would give up his article. I, on the part of the public of Edinburgh, and myself, declined the proposal; and Mr. Fennell, on his part, had more honour than to break an engagement, once entered into, however disadvantageous to his own views his adhering to it might have proved.

" Mr. Fennell continued the winter with me in Edinburgh; and I must do him the justice to say, that he at-

tended to his business, in every instance, with the nicest punctuality. He was never absent at *one* rehearsal; and cheerfully undertook, at the shortest notice, every part assigned to him.

"Mrs. Siddons having been engaged here for the summer, I prevailed upon Mr. Fennell to stay in Scotland till after the races; and though Mrs. Siddons's arrival, from the illness of her son, was delayed a month longer than Mr. Fennell expected, he still, without reluctance, continued in Edinburgh, and undertook many laborious new parts, in the different plays that were *intended* to have been performed.

"I am thus particular in respect to Mr. Fennell's behaviour antecedent to this dispute, in order to explain my conduct towards him; and to remove, or rather justify the charge of partiality, or favouritism, of which I had been accused.

"Partiality, I presume, may be praise-worthy, as well as censurable. I attempted to cherish the stage abilities I saw in Mr. Fennell; and in this I surely stept not out of the line of my duty. It is a manager's business to search for, and to encourage rising merit, wherever it exists; and whenever the same theatrical abilities shall stand forward to my knowledge, they shall receive the like partiality from me to introduce them to public notice.

"In casting the play of *Venice Preserved*, I gave the part of Jaffier to Mr. Fennell, and that of Pierre to Mr. Woods, as being, in my opinion, after very mature deliberation, the only way, as my company then stood, the two characters could most properly be arranged.

"On my arrival from London, I was informed that Mr. Bland had, at Mr. Fennell's request, told Mr.

Woods that if he desired it, he was willing to change parts, provided the manager consented. This Mr. Woods declined. Mr. Fennell, in relating the circumstance to me, declared, that though he had performed the one, and the other was quite new to him, he had no objection to the change.

"Though the alteration was against my own judgment, as I thought the parts stood best as they were, yet the morning before the rehearsal, eight days previous to the play's being performed, and indeed it might have been put off eight days longer, I told Mr. Woods, that "not having the most distant intention of giving him uneasiness, if he had the least wish to perform Jaffier in preference to Pierre, I knew Mr. Fennell had no objection to the latter; and that before the play was rehearsed, I would, if he pleased, reverse the parts." He replied, "That as he had studied the character, he would play it."

"The tragedy of *Venice Preserved* was therefore advertised for representation as originally cast.

"From this circumstance arose a contention, that was attended with very serious consequences. The progress of the dispute, the three nights it lasted, till it ended in a very disagreeable affray, I shall pass over in silence; a minute detail of those facts, by Mr. Fennell, having been laid before the public.

"An anonymous letter, in a very illiberal stile,* gave me the first intimation of a premeditated scheme to disturb the performance that evening. The cause assigned was, that Mr. Woods had performed the cha-

* This letter is inserted in my Statement of Facts.

racter of Jaffier, and, for that reason, Mr. Fennell should not be permitted to proceed in the part.

"The purport of this letter appeared to me the more singular, as Mr. Fennell had repeatedly performed the character the preceding winter* in Edinburgh, and afterwards in London, as I before observed, with the greatest applause; and undoubtedly, with respect to personal accomplishments, was the actor, of all others then in Scotland, who could best figure with Mrs. Siddons; and who, without laying any violent restraint upon our ideas, might justly be supposed to have

"——— dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob him of his prize."

"I considered the character of Jaffier likewise more in Mr. Fennell's mode of acting, than that of Pierre, though I knew he differed with me in opinion on that point.† The part of Pierre, too, being in that line of playing in which Mr. Woods is generally allowed to excel, I deemed him the only person in my company to fill that character with propriety.

"Pierre and Jaffier, in the estimation of the theatrical world, are equal in rank, and excel each other in repre-

* Mr. Jackson has been betrayed here into a trifling error. It was not *after* the "preceding winter" that I performed the character of Jaffier in London, but *before* it. I had played the character in Edinburgh and Glasgow the preceding *summer*: and after the *summer*, performed it once in Covent Garden, then played it several times during the winter in Edinburgh.

† In this instance Mr. Jackson's opinion differed from that of Mr. Harris, and my friends in London, who recommended to me the part of Pierre; but I was obstinate, and persevered in the choice of Jaffier—and why? because I foolishly wished to show the ladies how I could make love.

sentation only, as the particular talents of the actor elevate or lessen, in the idea of the spectator, the importance of whichever part he assumes. I have seen Garrick and Barry alternately in both parts, and the candid critic was doubtful where to bestow the preference.

"Mr. Mossop, indeed, raised the character of Pierre beyond all reach, and left any Jaffier I ever saw with him at a distance: but, had he attempted Jaffier, I am confident he would, with Barry in Pierre, have stood far behind.

"I mention these circumstances, as, I presume, not improperly, as I thereby only mean to show, that in the distribution of the characters, I was not inattentive to the abilities of each performer; and assigned the parts impartially, and with no other view than the general advantage of the evening's performance.

"I cannot help here expressing my surprise, at the impolicy of any individual, or set of individuals, who would wish to obtrude themselves upon the public, as censors to the theatre, to begin their improvements by the creation or adoption of a rule that must prove of the most fatal tendency to the audience, as well as the manager.

"The appropriation of parts to particular actors, would at once efface the force of novelty from the performances; and render nugatory the efforts of a manager either to strengthen his exhibitions by a variation of character, or an introduction of any new face.

"In vain might messrs. King and Holman be brought down from London, with great pains and expense by the manager, if the performers in each of their lines were to be asked permission for them to ap-

pear in their favourite characters. One residentiary actor being in possession of the enfeebled fops, and another of the lovers in tragedy, lord Ogleby would be precluded by the one, and Romeo by the other.

" The propagating a belief of the mere existence of such a theatrical custom, must certainly be highly interesting to any individual performer, who, having gained an establishment in this or any other city, at a distance from the metropolis of England, might find it accord with his views of settlement, to have it thought a branch of the theatrical system, that parts having been once played, and therefore possessed (as he would term it) by one, cannot be taken away by the manager, and given to another, without a breach of the fundamental laws of the theatre.

" How a custom of this kind, once established, would operate with respect to the manager, we have in part observed. It is necessary, however, we should descend a little to the minutiae of its effects.

Should the maxim above mentioned be adopted, the having a numerous and strong, or a weak and thin company, would be equally the same. The expense of half a dozen large salaries, would be an unnecessary burden upon the manager; and the engaging a good or a bad company, must be of equal tendency to the public.

" If the part of Richard alone is to be attended to, and of six respectable actors belonging to the company, one only is to be the hero of the play, and the other five, in consequence of having once played the first character in the piece, are to be indulged with the pleasure of sitting still, what is to become of King Henry, Bucking-

ham, Richmond, and even Tressel? they must, of course, be filled up with walking gentlemen and message-bearers, and their places again supplied by scene-shifters and mutes; while the GREAT ACTORS of the company, in the upper boxes, are lookers on; and stand forward among the foremost to ridicule the industrious underlings, who are using their best endeavours to struggle through the parts for which they are unfit. This practice, once acceded to, how far might not its mischievous effects be extended?

"An actor, who had formerly played the Ghost, having, a few seasons ago, at a provincial theatre, performed the part of Hamlet, when the company returned to the head quarters at Edinburgh, and the play of Hamlet was ordered into rehearsal, the country Hamlet sent in, as an excuse for his non-attendance, that having once played the part of Hamlet, he could not possibly think of demeaning himself so far, as to appear again in the Ghost. Let the reader figure to himself the embarrassment of a manager, on receiving five other remonstrances almost at the same time, and much to the same purport. Horatio had performed Hamlet at Aberdeen, the King at Montrose, Laertes at Dundee, Ostrick at Perth, and the Player King at Stirling. They are inexorable, full of the same importance; one and all, with one voice, cry out, Hamlet or nothing!

"What is the manager to do in this case? he must either lay poor Hamlet on the shelf, or dress up some of his attendants and lamp-lighters to fill up the characters in one of Shakspeare's first plays; or be reduced to the necessity of adopting Mr. Foote's mode of creating actors, by filling up the deficiency with a number of

pasteboard figures; which would not perhaps be esteemed a very pleasing expedient by the audience of Edinburgh.

"Far-strained as this anecdote may appear, as supposed, perhaps, to have been adduced only for the sake of argument, I here declare, the first season I was manager at Edinburgh, I had six Hamlets in my company; but from the above very nice punctilio of not descending to an inferior part, I was compelled to lay aside the play for want of performers that whole winter.

"Particular agreements had been made by my predecessor, and I was at that period obliged to comply.

"The pernicious tendency of this system at the commencement of my first managerial campaign in this theatre, showed me at once the baneful effects it must ever be attended with, both to the audience and the manager: and from that moment its existence on the Edinburgh stage was exploded.

"For these ten years it has been a declared and an avowed rule of this theatre, that when a performer of supposed superior merit makes his appearance, those in his line are to give way; a general alteration in the cast of characters consequently takes place, according to the situation of the company; and however an individual performer may be displeased at the change, his feelings must necessarily yield to the accommodation of the whole.

"Let me not on this point be misunderstood. I would not have it supposed that when a new performer appears in the part of Othello, I could possibly propose the actor who played it before should descend into a silent senator. There is a line beyond which no impar-

tial or prudent manager will step. In the changing of Jaffier for Pierre (as in the present instance) Brutus for Mark Antony or Cassius, Castalio for Chamont or Polydore, &c. &c. the actor can suffer no diminution of rank. In secondary parts likewise, where it is necessary for carrying on, or more properly arranging the business, the useful performers may be removed or changed on any emergency, without degradation as to situations or consequence. By drawing steadily and amicably together only, can a strong company render a performance respectable, be of utility to a manager, and afford satisfaction to an applauding public.

"For the above motives the same custom was established in the two theatres in London: and it is now no unusual thing in the bills to see an almost total new arrangement of characters by the same performers, and in the same pieces, that have been differently represented for seasons before.

"It appears to me a most strange and improbable idea, that any man, or set of men, coming to the theatre, with a play-bill in their hands, should be induced, by the mere motives that can actuate any part of an unbiassed audience, to call out to a manager for a reversal of the characters so specified in the bills of the day.

"An unprejudiced public, who visit a theatre with an intention to be pleased, will not lightly adopt any hasty and violent measures, either in maltreating an actor who is exerting his best endeavours to afford them pleasure, or in forcibly deranging the regulations adopted by a manager, who is anxiously and unremittingly labouring in their service.

" Some secret simulation, or sinister motive, must actuate the bosom of him, who can be induced to step forward in so singular a manner, as to retard a performance, and break in upon the peace of the house, without a very glaring piece of offence on the side of the performer, or some flagrant, unpopular and persevering misconduct of the manager. I speak this, not from theory, my opinion is grounded upon practice and theatrical experience, which has not been small, or of a short duration.

" So early as the year fifty-seven, I was introduced to, and was for several years the intimate acquaintance of Mr. Rich. I was an admitted friend of the family on all occasions; and being permitted to become a party in the conversations of the manager with the first actors of the day, I had consequently no small opportunity of being early initiated into the mysteries of the interior politics of the stage.

" I was at that period favoured with the freedom of the theatre of Covent Garden, both before and behind the curtain; a privilege, which, by succeeding managers, has been unremittingly continued to me. I was honoured with the same terms of intimacy by Mr. Garrick at Drury Lane, which I enjoyed to the day of his death.

" I was for some time concerned in the management in Dublin; and for ten years past, have necessarily gained some little knowledge in my official capacity in this theatre. In all that period, not one instance occurred that could induce me to change my sentiments on the subject: and the opinion I had thus formed has been lately confirmed by the first theatrical authority now living.

" Riotous attempts in behalf of, or in opposition to any established performer in London, have been very rare. One instance only, that of Mr. Lee, at present occurs to my remembrance, which happened, I think, in the year fifty-eight (of which I was an eye witness.) It appeared evidently a partial combination. It lasted only one night, and that for a very short space. The friends of the theatre proved victorious, and detection and disappointment to the aggressors were the result.

" In provincial theatres, the audiences are more limited, and the restrictions of the actors less ascertained. There a performer, even with a small degree of merit, and some address, finds it no very difficult matter, if he lays himself out for the purpose, to be introduced into company, and to obtain an acquaintance. This point established, his protection, from the partiality of the friends he has gained, becomes secure.

" He holds his situation, plays his routine of characters, and, wrapt in security, laughs at superior merit. He is esteemed a *bon vivant*, and a good kind of man; and, in spite of the abilities of a stranger, tenfold in comparison to what he possesses, must have the preference.

" Thus the partial and limited ideas of the partisans on one side, and the broad and general opinion of those on the other, must immediately clash, and consequently create animosities and party disputes in a narrow circle, which, in a wider and more extended scale, can seldom, and that with difficulty, exist.

" The disturbance in the Edinburgh theatre in 1788, was certainly very prematurely entered upon by the original aggressors; I mean the anonymous letter-wri-

ters, and the first opposers of the performance of *Venice Preserved*. Prior to the dispute, indeed before the above play, which gave rise to it, was advertised, a gentleman meeting me accidentally in the street, inquired of me, "Who was to do Jaffier?" I told him, "Mr. Fennell." He replied, "Mr. Woods has played the part." "Yes," I answered, "he has, and very respectably; and so has Mr. Fennell. But my opinion is, that Mr. Fennell should do Jaffier, and Mr. Woods Pierre, as being the best manner the parts could be cast."

"Here the conversation upon that subject ended. Had that gentleman then been so candid as to have acquainted me, that he and a few friends of Mr. Woods wished to see him in Jaffier, I should as candidly have informed him of the exact state of my situation in that respect; that Mr. Fennell really wished, and requested to play Pierre; but that Mr. Woods having had the part given to him, and having studied it, was averse to the change.

"I should likewise have acquainted him, that it was my most anxious desire, my interest, and my duty, to cast the plays as should be deemed most acceptable to the public, whose voice was, and always should be a law with me; and whatever performer they most approved of, they should certainly see. My opinion in this case would have been, that the two competitors should have played the parts alternately, and whichever actor the audience most approved, should certainly have retained the part.

"A declaration of this kind from me, at that period, would, I presume, have satisfied the gentleman and his friends, and might possibly have prevented the disagree-

able measures that succeeded. The anonymous letter-writer would have been spared some trouble; Mr. Fennell might perhaps have proceeded in his duty, without the appearance of disapprobation; and the calling out for the manager would have been rendered unnecessary, by the foregoing information.

"The anonymous letter before mentioned, I should have passed over in silence, as I do numbers in the course of a season, had I not deemed it necessary to put Mr. Fennell on his guard, should any attempt be made by the writer or his adherents to carry those threats expressed in his letter into execution.

"In the progress of the dispute, the ground of quarrel was changed, and, at a very early period, the contention assumed a very different aspect, the original cause having been lost in subsequent consequences. The quarrel now, was an offence taken by a respectable society at an expression dropped in the course of the dispute by Mr. Fennell. The discussion of this point I shall not enter upon; as I mean to confine myself to those parts of the contention only, in which I was involved.

"On the Wednesday morning, a requisition was sent me, signed by a number of respectable gentlemen, with which I thought it a duty incumbent upon me to comply.

"Mr. Fennell having refused to accede to the terms of accommodation proposed, on Wednesday evening I addressed the audience in the following words:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"I am exceedingly sorry, that through the whole course of my conduct, as manager, during the late disputes at the theatre, I should, in any one instance, have

been supposed to have taken part with Mr. Fennell, in an improper manner. I have the highest veneration for this audience. It is, it has been, and ever shall be, my fixed resolution, to preserve, as much as possible, a due respect to the public; and if, on this occasion, in the minutest circumstance, I should have been considered as having failed in my duty, it was unintentional, and I am sorry for it.

“LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“It gives me inexpressible concern, to be under the disagreeable necessity of informing you, that, till this unhappy dispute is settled, *Mr. Fennell is withdrawn.*”

“This apology put a period to the disturbances in the theatre; and Mr. Fennell’s dismission gave peace to the contending parties. But peace came not to me. Tranquillity is seldom, very seldom, the lot of a manager. Mr. Garrick, in some of his writings, says, that the plagues of management, in one year, are sufficient to expiate a whole life of sin.

“Mr. Garrick’s unpleasing dilemmas could arise from managerial embarrassments merely; from the impediments to stage-arrangements; from the discontent of some disappointed actor, or the caprice of actresses; of the latter, to my knowledge, he had frequently his share: but he had no disquietudes from money-concerns. From a long flow of prosperity, and the tide of success, his coffers were full; mine were nearly exhausted: and my pecuniary adjustments were so totally overturned by this untoward circumstance, that I was obliged to struggle through the greatest difficulties to provide for the deficiency—a deficiency so considerable, that, should I

mention the sum, it would scarcely be believed. And yet when it is considered that I lost a whole week of Mrs. Siddons's performance; that the popular new pieces, that had been preparing for months, and for which Mr. Fennell had been retained in Edinburgh from the close of the winter season, were obliged to be laid aside; that his removal from the old pieces created a vacancy, which, at the distance of four hundred miles from London, I could not possibly in a moment fill up; and when, to these considerations, I add the very great defalcation in my receipts to the repeated plays, and likewise observe, that the same cause operated in Glasgow, the loss cannot possibly be rated at a trifle.

"I was the more disappointed on this head, as I had begun to build, and made purchases in the public service, that, from no unreasonable calculation, had the season gone smoothly through, would have been, as far as I expected, made up. For a well cultivated harvest was coming forward, and I had no suspicion of so unnatural a *blast*.

"A pecuniary deficiency on this occasion, was not my only grievance. Prejudices had taken root; and a dissemination of dislikes is sometimes more detrimental than a defalcation of finance.

"Good name, in man and woman,
"Is the immediate jewel of our souls.
"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
"'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.
"But he who filches from me my good name,
"Robs me of that which not enriches him,
"And makes me poor indeed."

"Through the whole progress of this unfortunate business, I am not conscious of having acted unbecoming my situation in any respect. From its origin to the conclusion, I laboured to prevent its effects. I remonstrated with Mr. Fennell on the stage; I procured an interview for him with gentlemen of the law, of eminence and rank; and on the morning of the day on which I was to pronounce the disagreeable sentence, I wrote him a letter of some length, conjuring him to consider his own situation, to reflect upon mine, and, by every tie of gratitude to the public, and friendship to me, that he would make the required submission, which, though bitter at present, would sweeten his future pursuits in life, and be the sure road to popularity and fame.

"The most apparent culpable circumstance then adduced to my charge, was, that four or five gentlemen, avowed partisans of Mr. Fennell, appeared in one of the side-boxes, the last night of the dispute, and that they were placed there by my direction. It is true the gentlemen came there, but not by my appointment.

"The circumstance above alluded to happened from the company in a side-box joining that of a lady in the balcony, thereby occasioning a vacancy below, of which the gentlemen before mentioned availed themselves. In this transaction, I was by no means instrumental; nor could I have prevented it from taking place, however I might have been inclined to it.

"The seats were arranged *at seven o'clock in the morning*, and the ladies' names inserted in the plan of the house. No place, therefore, could possibly have been given that day, with any party design whatsoever, as, till past five o'clock in the afternoon, I had not the

least suspicion of any disturbance being intended that evening; being fully convinced, in my own mind, that all differences had been finally adjusted the preceding play night.

" But, granting the contrary to have been the case, that I had suspected the disturbances of the former nights were to be renewed, and had consequently taken measures to secure the property, and to protect the peace of the house, the transaction was surely a most natural one, and might easily be justified upon the principles of self-preservation.

" The conduct adhered to by the London managers, on the like occasion, is the only precedent we can apply to. There, on the least shadow of a disturbance being meditated, measures the most effectual are adopted to counteract its effects.

" If a new play is intended to be run down, a young actor exploded, or any arrangement of the managers is expected to be opposed, from private animosity, partial pique, or particular whim, the friends of the theatre are immediately applied to, and stationed in groups in every part of the house; there joining the plaudits of the unbiased auditors, they openly exert their influence in support of the measure, without ever being deemed culpable for their interference, or any blame being thrown upon the manager for seeking their support.

" This, however, was not my conduct; nor were any extraordinary exertions on my side practised on that occasion: and I flatter myself, I can at this moment say, what I believe few managers, after such an unfortunate disturbance, would have been able to have said,

“ That I did not prepare my door-keepers in the front of the house, or my servants behind the curtain, for any offensive or defensive measures whatsoever.

“ That I did not admit a *single person* clandestinely into any part of the house, either before the doors were opened, or by any other secret mode.

“ That there was not *one* person introduced into the audience part of the house, by orders, or any other means, that did not absolutely pay for admission: nor did any person enter the house, even by payment, collusively with my knowledge.

“ And, with these declarations, I shall bid adieu to the subject.”

I shall now insert the pamphlet I wrote on the occasion, verbatim, as published July 24th, 1788, with the addition only of a few notes. It was a hasty production, and contains many instances of imperfect style.

“ Having pledged myself to the public, to lay before them an exact statement of the facts which occurred during the late unfortunate disturbances at the theatre-royal in this city, and their consequent effects, I am induced at the same time to offer a few observations in vindication of my own conduct therein; which I the more willingly undertake, from a consciousness of the integrity of my cause, and from a full confidence of receiving from an impartial public, that justice which a prejudiced combination has denied to me.

“ When I was first induced to embark in a profession to which the earliest infancy had witnessed my attachment, my fond imagination pointed out to me this country as likely to be the most favourable to my youthful endeavours. I fancied the laws of hospitality, and

that kind indulgence so seldom refused to strangers, would insure me protection, assist me in my desires to please, and foster any feeble abilities I might hope to possess. Little did I imagine, that where I sought an asylum, I was to find persecution and oppression;—that where I meant to give no offence, I was to be injured and insulted: but less did I expect, that, while enjoying, and apparently flourishing under the sunshine of public approbation, the worm was gnawing at the root. My constant care had preserved me from the attacks of open enemies; but against secret malevolence, even virtue has no protector. I have been wounded in the tenderest point, and too much injured ever to admit an idea of returning to a profession, in which the most rigid conduct could not shelter me from insults I am totally incapable of submitting to.

“ On the evening of the 8th of July, the day preceding the performance of *Venice Preserved*, Mr. Jackson put into my hands the following letter, which he had received that morning by the penny-post, evidently written in a disguised hand:—

‘ SIR,

‘ If the parts of Jaffier and Pierre are not differently cast before to-morrow, the play will not be allowed to go on. It is unpardonable in a manager, to thrust a fellow into a part which he must be sensible he is totally incapable of performing. ‘ THE PUBLIC.’

“ The above letter being anonymous, could have excited in me no emotions but of contempt, even had not the illiberality of the style exempted it from a possibility of receiving credit for its assumed signature.

Its threats, therefore, were considered only as the malevolent insinuations, to which every public character is subject, of secret and undeserved enemies. It pained me for a moment; but would in future have been totally unnoticed, had not the cruel necessity of referring to it occurred.

"On the following evening, I came forward in the performance of my duty, and was proceeding in it, when I heard several hisses, and the cry of 'off, off!' from some part of the pit. A reception so unusual and distressing, while it redoubled the applause from every other part of the house, naturally led me to consider what could be the cause of it. Instantly the anonymous letter flashed on my remembrance; nor was I long before I concluded, that the hissing must have proceeded from the authors of it. Recovering, therefore, from my embarrassment, during which the kind indulgence of almost the whole audience had supported me, I advanced, to discover, if possible, amongst whom the disapprobation prevailed, suffering most severely, while receiving injuries which I was unconscious of ever having deserved.

"Several gentlemen having called out, 'hear him! hear him!' a silence gradually ensued; upon which I thus addressed the audience:

'It would be but affectation in me to pretend ignorance of the cause of this partial disapprobation; but I should——'

"Here I was interrupted by several hisses from the pit; which being immediately drowned by the louder and almost universal marks of applause, I changed my intended address to the audience in general, and, refer-

ring only to the author of the letter, and his abettors, who I was naturally led to imagine were my persecutors, endeavouring to put their threats in execution, I said,

‘I cannot wonder that some persons are averse to my addressing the audience, when they must be conscious, that from my speaking, a scene of villany will be revealed, in which I fear they may find themselves but too deeply interested.’

“Here an apparently universal approbation followed; after which I resumed my former address to the audience in general, in which I had been interrupted, proceeding—‘But I should deem myself worthy of general censure, were I not at all times, and even at this present unguarded and unprepared moment, equal to meet and to confute any accusation that can be adduced against me, either regarding my conduct as an actor, or as a man.’—Here several gentlemen exclaimed, ‘I am sure of it! I’ll answer for you! I know you can!’—Silence having again prevailed, and no one appearing to accuse me, I rejoined, ‘It may have been imagined by some, and which I believe is the cause of this disquiet, that the part of Jaffier has been taken from Mr. Woods. I have to assure the public, upon my honour, that by a gentleman of this theatre (Mr. Bland, sen.) who was kind enough to deliver the message, Mr. Woods was offered six weeks ago the part of Jaffier; Mr. Bland being authorized by me to say, that with the permission of the manager, if more agreeable to Mr. Woods, I would undertake the part of Pierre. The reply delivered to me by Mr. Bland was verbally this: ‘Mr. Fennell never would have offered me the part of Jaffier, had he not thought he could have made a better part of Pierre.’”

"Here Mr. Woods appeared upon the stage; and after the tumult had again subsided, during which several persons cried out, 'hear Mr. Woods!' he thus began:

'I should not thus, uncalled for, have obtruded myself upon the audience, had it not been to set that gentleman right in one particular; and I can assure the public, upon *my* honour, that the part of Jaffier was never offered to me officially, but mentioned casually by Mr. Bland in the course of common conversation.'

"He then added—'What Mr. Fennell alludes to by a scene of villainy, I am totally at a loss to conceive; but I can assure the public, that a respectable, a very respectable personage, called at my house last night, to acquaint me with the intended disturbance. I was not at home; but Mrs. Woods, who knew my sentiments, assured him, that nothing could be more painful to me, than to be the cause of any public disquiet.'

"Here followed great marks of applause, and I withdrew to the back part of the stage, when, after some altercation in the front of the house, the manager was called for, and appeared.—

"*Manager.* 'I must confess I cast the parts originally according to the best of my judgment; but this day se'nnight, I offered, *officially*, the part of Jaffier to Mr. Woods.'

"*Mr. Woods.* 'You did so, sir.'

"*Manager.* 'Telling him, at the same time, that Mr. Fennell had always declared a preference in favour of Pierre; to which Mr. Woods replied, that he would rather perform Pierre.'

"*Mr. Woods.* 'Mr. Jackson certainly offered me the part of Jaffier; but as I then had studied Pierre,

however happy I might have been on this occasion to have performed Jaffier, I did not think a week sufficient time to recover it.'

"*Manager.* 'What Mr. Fennell alluded to by a scene of villany, I imagine to be this letter.' Upon which I advanced, and having asked and obtained permission of the audience, was preparing to read it, when a person from the pit cried out, 'let Mr. Woods read it!' I felt myself hurt, but said nothing; while others immediately exclaimed, 'read it yourself! Let Mr. Fennell read it!' I was proceeding, when another voice called out, 'then read the *words!*' This cruel attack on my veracity was felt too sensibly for concealment. I advanced to that part of the pit from whence the voice issued, and demanded, 'who dares imagine I would not?' The approbation of almost the whole audience was testified on this reply, by the most loud and lengthened applause; during which, somebody near me said something about *duty* to the public; to which I answered, 'I know, and will always practise, my duty to the public, but will not suffer myself to be insulted by any individual.' After which I read the letter, and then said, 'I now appeal to this public, before whom I had the honour to perform this part last summer; and to the audience of London, which also must be allowed to be a judicious one, from whom I received the most flattering marks of approbation; to both I appeal, in contradiction to the authors of this letter, whether or not I am totally incapable of performing the part I have undertaken?'

"Here the applause was such as convinced me, that I was attempting the part of Jaffier with the approbation

of the *public*, however discontented some few individuals might appear:

“ Upon this I requested the permission of the audience to retire for a few minutes; which being obligingly granted, I withdrew.

“ On the next day, Thursday 10th, I received the following letter:—

‘ SIR,

‘ You will please be informed, that you was permitted by *us* to perform *Jaffier* last night, not upon account of your own merit, or of your behaviour, which was assuming to a very great degree, but merely out of regard to Mrs. Siddons, and that the company might not be disappointed in seeing her *Belvidera*.

‘ We declare we have for you no enmity whatever. On the contrary, we esteem you as a young and rising performer. But we cannot with indifference see you unduly preferred to parts which have been long and most worthily in the possession of Mr. Woods, who is every way entitled to our favour, and whose well known merit we will protect, in defiance of the *malice* or arbitrary will of a manager, who, having no merit as a player himself, seems to be incapable of distinguishing it in others.

‘ Although we regard you much, yet we, as independent judges, cannot allow *any player* to dictate to *us*, or to force himself upon *us*, because, as he alleges, he was well received in the part elsewhere. Reflect upon this; and if so, we will not again see you in the distressing situation of last night. Regard the admonitions, and gain the approbation of

‘ THE PUBLIC.

Edinburgh, 10th July, 1788.’

" Some time after I received the following, of no date:—

' SIR, by g—d

' if you Take any more, of Mr. Woods Parts, you wold better not be in Edin^r, for by him that made you a gentleman as you Call yourself, I, will Brick every Bone in your Bodey, & use you like a Scounderll, as you are, and in the Men time

' I am yours

' A GENTELMAN.

' { I should have a
made Appolgay for
the Peppr and writing
but any thing is good
anuaf for a Villin. }

" Mr. Jackson received the following:

' Edinburgh, 10th July, 1788.

' SIR,

' You must be sensible your recent conduct as manager, has given much dissatisfaction; and you may be assured, that nothing but respect to Mrs. Siddons could have procured a tolerance for last night's performance. Be not therefore rash enough again to try the experiment; as we solemnly declare, we will not suffer your ignorance or ill will to force upon us abilities at best doubtful, in place of those which we have so often witnessed with universal applause. If any such attempt is made in future, dread the vengeance of

' THE PUBLIC.'

' Sir,

' Last night began what I suspect will not end much to your credit, and, I am sure, still less to your profit. You gave a character, in which it is well known by every judge that Mr. Woods excels, to a gentleman who, excepting in a very few places, did nothing but puff it away with mere ranting. To make a man act a second part to so weak a hand, who has long and deservedly been considered in a different light, is an insult to the public. Besides, there are surmises of a different kind, and still worse. But be assured from the author of this letter, who is equally unacquainted with all of you but from your merits, that the next time such a preference is given, or supposed to be given, the play will be stopped, and you and your favourites hissed from the theatre.

' CANDIDUS.

' Thursday morning.

' P. S. By every means that are proper encourage a young man, but never to the prejudice of older and better actors.'

" I should not have noticed the foregoing letters (which I confess I am ashamed of doing) had it not been to justify myself in the idea I have of the party as it was originally formed, and to prove upon what slight pretences a persecution began, which was supported by misrepresentations, and ended in the total oppression of a character to whom no one could advance and say, *you have done me wrong.*

" On Saturday the 12th instant, in consequence of the above letters, and the accounts I had gathered from

report of the intentions of the adverse party, I had prepared, and meant to have spoken, if called upon, the following address, which, as I shall hereafter have occasion to refer to it, I beg leave to insert.

‘ *Ladies and Gentlemen,*

‘ I must confess, that after having received the universal approbation of the audience to my conduct on Wednesday evening, when I was informed, that upon a severe examination of what I had said when called upon at an unguarded and unprepared moment, it was found, that my words might be so twisted from my original meaning, as to imply my disrespect to the audience, I most sensibly felt it. That I should be thought capable of such black ingratitude to a public, to which I submitted the exertion of my abilities, and from which I had ever received, and was daily receiving, the most obliging attention and applause, was a shock too powerful not to excite the most piercing sensations of sorrow and regret.

‘ But when I afterwards was informed that it was to be adduced to me, that I had absolutely insulted the audience, and was to be called upon to apologize for that insult, I regarded the impossibility of it in so strong a light, that any confutation appeared totally unnecessary, and any apology incompatible with propriety. My sentiments on that disagreeable occasion, were such as I have at this moment, and such as at any moment I would scorn to repress; but lest, from the unprepared and confused style in which they were delivered, any misrepresentation or misconception of my conduct may have crept abroad, I think it a duty I owe to the public, and myself, to obviate them all; and I here publicly

declare, that I have always cherished, and must ever retain, the highest respect for the audience of Edinburgh, and that nothing could be more distant from my intentions, than to show to them the least appearance of *disrespect*.

'I declare myself, therefore, that I stand perfectly acquitted in the eyes and hearts of the whole audience; and that in obtaining their acquittal, I have not forfeited any right to their esteem, by having acted in any way derogatory to my character as a gentleman and a man of honour.'

"On Saturday the 12th instant, previous to the performance of *Isabella*, the manager was called for, and informed that I was desired to appear on the stage. This Mr. Jackson immediately communicated to me; in consequence of which I came forward, and after the tumult which a mixture of hissing and applause had occasioned, had subsided, I said:

'With the greatest respect for this audience, I now advance, to be informed why I am called before you.'

"Some persons exclaimed, 'for an apology;' when there was immediately an almost universal cry of 'No apology!' together with the loudest applause. However, as the hissing still continued, I replied, 'An apology for what?' Many gentlemen instantly exclaimed, 'For nothing.'—' You have done nothing wrong.'

'You have never offended.' To which almost the whole audience gave their sanction. During which a person near me called out, 'Account for the scene of villainy!' To which I replied, 'Is it the author of it that calls upon me?' The tumult having again subsided, I advanced, and said,

‘Have I any accuser?’

“No one appeared!

“Observing which, after a short pause, I added:

‘As it seems to be the prevailing opinion of this audience that I have committed no offence, I cannot think of making an apology.’

“This being received by the strongest marks of satisfaction and support, in gratitude to that public which had so liberally protected me, I once more advanced, and added:

‘It has given me the most painful concern in having been thought capable of intending the least disrespect to an audience from which I have at all times received the most flattering and engaging marks of attention and applause.’ Here the approbation was loud, general, and lasting. Upon which I withdrew, imagining that I had acquitted myself to the satisfaction of the whole house; and I had every reason to be confirmed in my opinion, when, returning to the stage in the performance of my part, I was received by the loudest acclamations and huzzas.

“On the Monday following, when I had hoped every disquiet had concluded, I was surprised to find that a more formidable party had assembled, consisting chiefly of the younger branches of the law. Ill founded reports had been circulated; my conduct had been misrepresented; and combinations had been formed, determined to carry by force what they had before failed in by justice. Different meetings had been appointed, from whence they sallied forth to the destruction of the fortitude of a single man, whose conscious innocence, and the support of the public, had prevented him from making concessions which would have disgraced him.

"Upon my coming forward to speak the prologue to the *Italian Lover*, I was consequently received by the hisses and catcalls of their stationed parties in the pit; while I was supported, if not by an equal number there, by almost every individual in the boxes, and other parts of the house. In this cruel situation I remained for more than half an hour, making frequent attempts to speak the prologue, which was immediately impeded by the hisses of the adverse party, who were frequently called upon to adduce the cause of their creating the disturbance; which no one being willing or able to advance, the public insisted that the performance should be no longer delayed. Still there was a cry of 'off, off!' upon which I said, 'if any gentleman will stand forward, and be answerable for the consequences, I will withdraw'—being extremely desirous of procuring the public peace by discovering the authors of the conspiracy, hoping thereby to obtain the knowledge of, and at once to obviate the cause of it, which I was convinced must have originated in impropriety: still no one appeared. Upon which I added, 'if they who are concerned in it are ashamed of their cause, I entreat that they will drop it, and suffer me to proceed in my duty; but if not, let some one stand forth and support it.' Still they hissed, but no person would stand forth; when the dispute becoming more violent, several blows were received on either side. Upon which many gentlemen leaped from the boxes into the pit, which was quickly restored to some degree of tranquillity. When the tumult had subsided, during which I felt all the agonies a feeling heart is capable of, one of the party which was inimical to me stood forward, and put some

questions to me I could not distinctly hear. I asked him if he stood forward as the author of this conspiracy, or was concerned in it? He denied both, but professed that he stood up to express the intentions of my adversaries, which were to demand an apology. How just, how generous was such a demand, after my having been twice acquitted by the public, of committing the offence for which the apology was demanded! I, however, replied, ‘that even admitting that any unguarded expression had offended the audience on Wednesday last, it would be an additional insult to them, and a great disrespect to their decision, and that of the audience on Saturday last, to make an apology at this time for any words that may have dropped from me in their presence, which they did not think proper to call me to an account for, and which apology I had been supported in refusing, as unnecessary, on Saturday last.’

“ Upon which the gentleman resumed his oration, assuring me, that although I had been acquitted and supported by the audience, that audience was not the public; that the gentlemen resident, alluding I imagine to the profession of the law, only were to be considered as the public, who having thought themselves affronted, insisted upon an apology. He was then proceeding in the assertion of a circumstance which he had misconceived, viz. that I had confessed having insulted the audience; when he was stopped by the cry of ‘no, no!’ and suffered to speak no more.

“ I was then called for to repeat what I had said on Saturday, which, as nearly as my recollection would admit of, I did. After which sir John Dalrymple stood forward, and thus addressed me:—‘ Mr. Fennell, I am

your friend, and sit amongst those who are your friends: the expression ‘villany,’ which you made use of on Wednesday last, was a rash one, but excusable in one whose mind was hurt, and who was conscious of being a gentleman. However, I give you my advice to make some slight concessions to that part of the audience who have taken offence, who will overlook what is past, and the play will be suffered to go on.’

“ To which I replied, ‘ I never intended to offend the audience; the term *villany* was addressed only to the authors of the anonymous letter I had received.’ Still there was a great disturbance: the confusion having been so great, few persons had heard what I had said; when, after inquiring amongst themselves concerning it, a gentleman begged that I would answer one question, which ought to, and probably would, satisfy the displeased part of the audience.

“ Silence being obtained; he thus addressed me: ‘ MR. FENNELL,

‘ When you made use of the term ‘a scene of villainy,’ it was addressed to the author of the anonymous letter, and his abettors, and to them only, and not to the audience in general, was it not?’ To which I replied, ‘ undoubtedly.’ Upon which many of the *opposite* party exclaimed immediately, ‘ enough, Mr. Fennell: you have said enough. Huzza, Mr. Fennell!’ and a general applause ensued.

“ I then spoke the prologue; and again, from the applause I received, imagined that I had said every thing a man could say, and ought to have said, and had perfectly satisfied every opponent.

" But, on the following day, I was informed that there was a paper signed in the parliament-house, by the solicitor, the dean of faculty, and many gentlemen of the law, insisting upon the most ample apology for my conduct, or being dismissed from the theatre. I went to the Parliament square; but could hear nothing of it. I took the liberty of waiting on the lord advocate, wishing to be heard before such violent steps were taken. With his lordship I found the solicitor, to whom I mentioned every circumstance that had occurred, and the address I intended to have spoken on Saturday, had the confusion permitted me. When I had stated my case to his lordship and the solicitor, the solicitor confessed that he had heard a quite different statement that morning. Conscious of my own integrity, I was convinced it could be misrepresentations alone that could have procured me such respectable enemies. I was waiting next morning for a gentleman in the library of the parliament house, when I was called in before a committee, consisting of the lord advocate, the solicitor, and several gentlemen of the law whom I did not know. To them I read, having it by accident in my pocket, the address I mentioned the day before to the solicitor. It was agreed that that address would have answered on Saturday, but would not then. And after much conversation, when they found me resolved to make no farther concessions, the committee was dissolved. In a few hours after, Mr. Jackson showed me the following letter, signed by the solicitor, the dean of faculty, and a number of advocates and writers; but, as I am credibly informed (I cannot say it from my own knowledge, having been refused the sight of the list of

names) signed by no one gentleman independent of the law. The names annexed to the paper, were about one hundred and thirty.

'Edinburgh, 15th July, 1788.

‘Sir,

‘We are of opinion that Mr. Fennell’s late deportment to the public, and your conduct as manager with regard to that matter, require a very ample apology from both, testifying your deep regret for having failed in the respect due to them; and that if Mr. Fennell refuses to make such an apology, you ought immediately to dismiss him. And we take this method of intimating to you, that if this opinion is not complied with, either by making the apology suggested on Wednesday evening, or dismissing Mr. Fennell, that neither we, nor our families, will henceforth frequent your theatre, or show you any countenance as manager; except that, from our high regard to Mrs. Siddons, we shall postpone executing our resolution till her engagement expires.’*

“I need not descant on the injustice of the above epistle; but the last sentence of it cannot be suffered to remain unnoticed. The extreme delicacy of the sentiment with regard to my situation, and disinterestedness to their own, claim from me such tributes of gratitude, that, to pass over it in silence, would argue an insensibility I never wish to be thought capable of. To be endured on the stage, out of their professed regard

* This letter, as I afterwards found, was signed by Henry Erskine, and by one hundred and sixty-two other advocates and writers. I was not permitted, at this time, to know my enemies, or their numbers.

to another, however amiable, must undoubtedly, to a man of feeling, afford the highest satisfaction! and to remain in a situation where he ceases to be respected, must be, to a man of honour, the height of happiness!

" I have now laid before the public what I believe to be a just and impartial recital of facts. With regard to any idle reports that may have been industriously circulated, I have nothing to add, but,

' What state, what sex, what excellence of mind,
 ' E'er found an armour against CALUMNY?
 ' Give the most monstrous slander but a birth,
 ' Folly shall own, and malice cherish it:
 ' It moves but my contempt.'

" Having hitherto, as far as my own recollection, with the assistance of others, has enabled me, delivered to the public an exact and impartial account of every the least important circumstance that occurred during the late unfortunate disputes, I have to request its indulgence, while I obtrude a few observations on their respective causes; comparing which with the effects they have produced, I make no doubt I shall not only exculpate myself totally from any imputation of obstinacy or disrespect in making no concessions, but prove satisfactorily, that even before the signature of the letter to Mr. Jackson, I was the offended and injured person.

" I flatter myself the public will do me the honour to acknowledge, that before this distressing occasion, my demeanor to the audience was at all times marked with the strongest traits of respect and gratitude: my actions were at all times, from a consciousness of rectitude, so open to the eye of observation, and at the same

time so carefully solicitous to deserve and obtain the esteem I wished, that the least shadow of offence never could be adduced against me. My conduct in the interior part of my profession, was at all times attentive; no impunctuality had ever subjected me to reproach. I was anxious to please those whom I had the greatest reasons to respect. From what motives, therefore, could I be thought capable of offering offence? From wantonness? or ignorance? Common sense denies the possibility of the former; and the latter, I flatter myself, my education had prevented.

"Admitting, therefore, as I hope it must be by all, that I could have formed no premeditated design of offending the audience, my conduct, when interrupted in the performance of my duty, must have been at that time relative to their own. I came forward in the character of Jaffier; whether or not it was adapted to my abilities, was not my consideration, nor was I to be accounted answerable for assuming it. The part was allotted to me by the manager, and it was my duty to represent it. Why then was I attacked? Why was not the manager previously called for by those zealous partisans who imagined Mr. Woods injured by my appearing in a part, which in fact I had not done but in consequence of his refusing it? Or upon my demanding my accusation, if I had done wrong, or had been thought to have done so, why had I no accuser? From this, and several consequent circumstances, I am induced to believe, that the designs of the party (by what motives they were instigated may still remain doubtful) were not so benevolent as their pretence inferred. I am afraid they have succeeded but too much to their satisfaction: they

knew the original weakness of their cause, that an unjust prejudice only was the support of it; that it might be strengthened by silently prolonging it, but if too soon revealed, it must inevitably fall.

"What opinion could I have formed of a party, of which the first information I received was by means of an anonymous letter, couched in the most illiberal and abusive terms, and whose conduct in the theatre was vulnerability only in concealment? Could I have imagined, that any party, actuated by honourable motives, would injure under the shelter of obscurity? or that any one gentleman, whom chance or misrepresentation may have made my enemy, would have sent a letter infamous as the one before alluded to? Convinced, therefore, of the baseness of the design, I pronounced it to be 'a scene of villainy;' and called upon the authors, in the presence of that public they had insulted, by assuming its signature to avow themselves. No one appeared. Whom, therefore, could I offend, but such as were too conscious of deserving the opprobrium to confess themselves in public the supporters of their cause? Had there been *one* amongst the few at that time dissatisfied, who could have disowned any concern in the letter, why did not *he* stand forward to explain the cause of his disapprobation? My words and actions were open to public examination, and so should have been those of my accusers: but, on the contrary, the snake was concealed in the grass; nor could I ever discover it, though it had stung me. Thus was the persecution carried on for three successive nights, without my knowledge of any one of my persecutors, from whom I might hear my accusation, and to whom I might plead my cause. Misrepresentations

prevailed, where the voice of truth could gain no admission, or where, being admitted, it pleaded too feebly against the roarings of prejudice; to be attended to. In the court of justice, persecution, where first it should have been crushed, was nursed by calumny, till it grew too powerful not to overwhelm me; and then, and not till then, it burst to light. When I had been judged, I first knew my judges:—when I had been condemned, I first heard of my accusation. Then first I discovered that an explanation of my conduct had been necessary, since it had originated from feelings of which my persecutors had proved themselves entirely ignorant, the common feelings of humanity!

“ I cannot but reflect with horror on the powerful influence of secret and malevolent insinuations, when I consider that a combination, which was at first promoted by the most despicable of men, the writers of anonymous abusive letters, was gradually, by the power of malice, and unjust representations, increased, till at length it was owned and supported by gentlemen of great respectability in the law.

“ With what justice any one profession or denomination of men can, in a large metropolis, arrogate to themselves the sole and exclusive appellation of the public, in absolute contradiction to the sentiments of other professions, and inhabitants much more numerous, and at the same time equally respectable, is not for me to determine; the propriety of it was seen, and the necessity of submitting to it occasioned my withdrawing. But it is incumbent on me to vindicate myself, in refusing to submit to any particular set of men whatever; the peasant claims the same duty from an actor as the lord, be-

ing part of the community. Are, then, the voices of hundreds, to drown or overrule those of thousands? or are the whims, the prejudices of any set of men to be the rule of conduct to those whose rank in life entitle them to judge for, and consider themselves at least a part of the public? Are the middling class of inhabitants, by far the most numerous, and, I may venture to say, the best supporters of the theatre in this and every other metropolis, are they to be esteemed as nothing, or as people whose opinions are of no importance? It was my duty as an actor to consider the opinions of every rank of men; which having been decidedly in favour of my conduct for three successive nights, gave me reason to conclude, that the public did not conceive themselves treated with disrespect. To the *public*, therefore, who had acquitted me, no apology was necessary. Why then should the gentlemen of the law, and they only, consider themselves affronted? why should they imagine that the term *villany* applied to them? were they concerned in the letter?

" Whatever was the cause of this persecution, the effect has been most severely felt. I have been obliged to quit, by a most cruel combination, forever, a profession, which

‘ How I have loved,
 ‘ All my neglected duties of the world,
 ‘ Friends, parents, interest, country, all forgotten,
 ‘ Cry out against me, now I count th’ exchange,
 ‘ And find all barter’d’—

for the most exquisite sensations of anxiety at being even innocently the object which the shafts of malice have not found invulnerable. But let it not be img.

x k

gined, that while I am arraigning the injustice of my persecutors, my sufferings can give rise to an unworthy reflection on the honourable profession of which they are members: it is of the men who signed the letter to Mr. Jackson, and not of their profession, which I must ever respect, that I complain. I am happy to reflect, that amongst the whole profession, one hundred and thirty* only could be induced to sign it: some of whom signed it without reading it, and others from the fancied necessity of conforming to what they imagined to be the common cause. How far their wishes are gratified, I cannot tell; but of this I am but too sure, that was their intent to awaken in me a sense of the keenest sufferings of humanity, in that they have succeeded: was their intent to contrast with their own, the avowed opinions and open actions of my friends, in that they have succeeded: but if it was to increase their credit and respectability, I fear they have not yet arrived at that pinnacle of their ambition. To depress a man who never did them wrong; to support an unjust cause, which originated with the most despicable of men; to attempt to carry by violent combinations, what justice was unequal to the execution of; are not the roads most likely to lead them to honour or approbation. Prejudice may for a while repress the dictates of humanity; but it cannot utterly destroy them. If they are, as they pretended to be, the public, under whose auspices merit is to succeed and flourish, why did they seek to crush, or render unworthy of their protection, the object, who, from his inexperience in his pro-

* This was a mistake, originating from my not having been permitted to see the signatures: they afterwards prove to be one hundred and sixty-three.

session, had the most claim to it? Or how could they expect from the actor, the expression of those feelings they deny to him as a man? Or how can he be taught to represent the injuries of others, when he is insensible of those offered to himself? It is from our own feelings alone we draw the inference of what similar feelings, acted upon by similar causes, will produce in others. If, then, I could patiently have submitted to the insults of individuals, where could they have expected to find the sensibility necessary to depict the images of Jaffier's distress? The sensations of bodily pain, naturally excite exclamations of distress; and shall the nobler part of man, the intelligence of right or wrong, be wounded without complaint? The man that is the cause of exciting passions in another, productive of unfortunate, but natural consequences, which never could have existed without the provocation, is surely, of the two, the most to blame. As wisely may we say to the lamb, I will wound you, but you shall not bleed—as to the man of honour, I will insult you, but you shall not reply.

"To raise and not to debase, should be the object of every humane mind. I must confess, the man that dares to rely on his own honour, and the integrity of his conduct, is the least dependent. If such demeanor has deprived me of their countenance, that surely must tend more to their disgrace than my own. To bend and cringe, have never been the means of success that I have wished to adopt. I must by upright conduct deserve, or I never will receive favour; and what I originally refused from principle, I never could be induced to grant from fear. To make an apology for an offence I never had committed, seemed to me an act of cow-

ardice. Had I been sensible of having committed an offence, an apology should not have been called for: it should have been voluntarily offered; having ever deemed it more the characteristic of an enlightened and brave mind, to apologize for an offence, than by an ill-judged perseverance, to continue in the commission of it.

"I cannot take my leave of the public, without feeling and expressing the most heartfelt gratitude for their very indulgent support on this and every former occasion, regretting most severely the cause which will ever again deprive me of the power of soliciting their patronage in a public capacity, but still hoping to enjoy their undiminished esteem as a private character. If I have been blinded by a too fond attachment to a profession for which I was unqualified, I am young, and may hope forgiveness. The veil is now removed; and I have only to wish it had been torn from my eyes less rudely.

"JAMES FENNELL.

"*Walker's Hotel, July 24, 1788.*"

The foregoing account was written during a visit at captain Macrae's seat, near Edinburgh, where every friendship that man could experience from man was shown to me. Here I had the pleasure of being introduced to the daughters of the dutchess of Gordon. Mrs. Macrae was the daughter of the baron Nolken, then the Swedish ambassador at the court of London, and was one of the principal directresses of the *ton* in Edinburgh.

On the evening of the day on which the foregoing pamphlet was published, I went to the assembly as usual, and was highly received by my friends. Walking with one of them about the room before the dances had

begun, I observed lady Lauderdale, whom I saluted as usual with a silent bow. Having passed her, she rose from her seat and tapped me on the shoulder with her fan, upon which I turned round, when holding her hand to me, she observed, “I shall *now* be happy to renew an acquaintance which formerly gave me so much pleasure.” The pride I felt from having been neglected during the whole winter, prevented my saying more than “your ladyship does me honour,” and, perceiving that lady Jane Maitland was not with her, I was taking my leave, when she invited me to stay, and asked me if I intended to dance. I observed that I had no inclination to dance that evening, there being so many of my opponents in the room. Lady Lauderdale observed that she was sorry for it, as her daughter, the marchioness of Tweeddale, would have been happy to have led down the dance with me. I immediately addressed the marchioness, and informed her that such an honour would induce me to break any resolution; and taking her hand, I conducted her to the dance. The marchioness being the lady of the highest rank in the room, she of course began the dance. The two first dances being concluded, lady Margaret Stuart, the eldest daughter of lord Moray, offered me her hand for the next two dances, and lady Grace, her sister, for the two following; my amiable friend, Mrs. Macrae, honoured me with her hand for two more, and thus I fancied that I succeeded in momentary triumph over those who had endeavoured to oppress me.

The next day I wrote to the lord president, having in vain made application to several gentlemen of the bar, to undertake a suit I wished to establish. My letter

proved of so informal a nature, that the lord president could not notice it officially; but sir James Colcochoun was so obliging as to call on me with a regularly drawn petition, embracing the substance of my letter, which I signed, and the Tuesday morning following was appointed by the lord president for hearing me at the bar. Strange reports had been circulated respecting me. I had stated in my letter, and afterwards in my petition to the lord president, that being desirous of instituting a suit against a number of the gentlemen of the law, I had been disappointed in several applications I had made for assistance, and consequently requested that his lordship would appoint for me counsel and agent to conduct my suit. The day and hour arrived, when it was expected that there would be the eruption of a volcano; but, in order to disappoint public expectation, I determined to appear but as a bubbling spring. I entered the court, and with some difficulty insinuated my way to the bar, where being stationed, the lord president asked me what I wished. I observed, that having a desire to institute a cause of considerable consequence to myself before their lordships, I had applied to several gentlemen of the law, who had declined engaging in a controversy against their brethren, and therefore had to request that his lordship would appoint for me counsel and agent to conduct my suit. His lordship observed, that as a subject of Great Britain, I was entitled to all justice which that court could afford, and as a stranger, to its peculiar indulgence. He then asked me who I wished to have for my counsel. I was about replying, when Mr. Charles Hope stood forward and observed, that seeing no reason why he should not espouse the cause of a young

man whom he thought injured, although it was against his brethren, he had, since the presentation of the petition, offered me his services, which I had accepted; but added he, "as Mr. Fennell has justly observed, that the case is almost of an unprecedented nature, I should be happy to have some gentlemen engaged with me of greater ability and experience, to conduct the suit." Upon which the lord president again asked me whom I was desirous of appointing. To which I replied, that my choice remained as difficult as before; when Mr. Hope observed, that Mr. Abercrombie had mentioned his inclination to assist. His offers being gratefully accepted by me, an agent was the only person wanting. For this office Mr. Symms volunteered his services. The lord president then offered any other assistance the court could afford, if I was not satisfied. I told him that I was perfectly so; and having expressed my thanks, I took my leave. The next object was to procure the letter which had been written to Mr. Jackson, and to ascertain the signatures. This was soon effected; but instead of one hundred and *thirty*, I found that I had to oppose one hundred and *sixty-three* lawyers. The suit was commenced. On the first day of its trial, the court was so crowded that it was with great difficulty we could get through our business. My opponents contended against the relevancy of the action. We, however, succeeded in supporting it; and a day for the further prosecution of the suit was appointed. The assembly of persons on this occasion was so great, that the lord president was under the necessity of sending for the city guard to keep the bar clear.

A young gentleman, named Grant, had applied to me for permission to open my cause; for which pur-

pose, he said, he would take the gown immediately. I, with the consent of my counsel, agreed; and he accordingly did so, in the style of superior ability.

I am sorry to relate that the pleadings produced several challenges and one duel, which however were happily accommodated without bloodshed.

I will, for the present, decline any further account of the trial, as the issue of it did not take place till the following year.

The intervals between the terms were passed in social intercourse with the several families who honoured me with invitations to their houses. At captain Macrae's house I passed many weeks, and here assisted in arranging and directing a private play, *Venice Preserved*. Mrs. Macrae performed excellently the part of Belvidera, captain Macrae, Jaffier, and captain M'Ewen, who had been in the battle of Bunker-hill and returned to England with but seven men of his original company, played the part of Pierre.

I should here relate a circumstance which occurred during our preparations. The theatre, seats, and a gallery were temporarily erected in a large ball-room. An evening or two before the performance, while the ladies and gentlemen were rehearsing, Mrs. Macrae had retired to the fire, from which a red hot poker had been taken and imprudently set upright against the jambs. Her muslin robe in a moment caught fire, and in the same instant she appeared in flames. Captain M'Ewen immediately placed her on the floor and wrapped her in a carpet, which directly extinguished the flames. Mrs. Macrae was but little hurt; but captain M'Ewen was considerably burnt.

The observation cannot be too frequently enforced, that females, whose garments catch fire by such accidents, should be immediately extended on the floor, that the flames may have the least opportunity of operating, in consequence of the removal of all substances of an inflammable nature from the effects of their ascending inclination, and leaving only their expanding power to injure. We all know, that when we wish to increase the flame of a piece of paper, we hold the light downwards; when we wish it to burn less, we hold the flame upwards.

A considerable portion of my time, during the fall and winter after my persecution, I passed with Mr. Bruce at his seat at Kinnaird, and with captain Macrae, at a beautiful cottage he had built in the southern part of Scotland. The name of this romantic situation, and that of the county in which it was, are forgotten; but in the "tablet of memory," is recorded, as on brass, the kindnesses, the virtues, the friendship and the indulgencies, of that then happy, but since, unhappy family.

During my residence at this elegant cottage, I visited frequently, in company with the family, a neighbouring gentleman, who was a great sportsman, and had four fine spaniels, setters. I soon became familiar with them, and in compliance with the offer of the gentleman, borrowed them one morning for a day's shooting. They hunted extremely well till we found a covey; having started it, I fired. I could not but admire the astonishment of the dogs when they saw no bird fall. However, we continued to hunt till we found another covey. I fired again with no effect: when one of the dogs, turning round and looking me in the face with a significant

countenance, seemed to say, "what a pretty sportsman you are!" and taking his leave of me ran away. The next worthless shot, sent away another; and so on, till the whole had deserted me. Finding myself alone, and being anxious about the dogs, I made the best of my way to their master's, who enjoyed a hearty laugh at my expense, observing, that the dogs had long ago informed him of my success, by telling him that I had shot so many that I was obliged to leave my game in the field. I could never afterwards get any of the dogs to follow me.

One evening at the house of captain Macrae, near Edinburgh, after a large party had supped, the conversation turned on literary subjects and the theatre; thence to the power of memory. I quoted, in the course of conversation, the following two lines from Pope, and contended against the justice of them.

"But in the mind where *memory* prevails,
"The *solid power* of understanding fails."

I know not that I am exactly correct, as I quote in this, as in all other instances, only from memory. I mentioned several cases in justification of my assertion; among others, that of Malliobecchi, the celebrated librarian of Florence, of whom it is said, that having read some author's play, the author pretended to have lost the copy, and requested Malliobecchi to transcribe it for him from his memory; which, as is said, he did *verbatim*. I was asked what was the shortest time in which I could engage to study any principal part that I had not before seen. I replied, four and twenty hours. A new tragedy had been then produced, called *The Ita*.

lian Lover. I was asked if I had ever read it. I replied that I had not. I was then asked if I would engage to repeat the character of Mentevole in twenty-four hours. I replied, yes. It was past midnight; some little bets were laid; I took the book; read the play with the greatest attention; studied the character in bed before I slept; arose early in the morning, and at breakfast time, which however was about ten o'clock, I declared myself ready to repeat the whole. They heard as much of it as convinced all parties that I *was* perfect in the whole, and the bets were accordingly paid.

This anecdote, however, creeps in a little out of order; and anachronism may be imputed to me if I do not retract. This circumstance happened before I had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Siddons in Edinburgh. The tragedy of The Italian Lover having been one of the plays she had chosen, the one of the three during the disturbances, which unfortunately prevented my having the honour of performing with her during the remainder of the summer season.

I will now return to Mr. Bruce, of whom I will venture to speak in a style too nearly perhaps approaching to a sketch of character, though principally elucidated by anecdotes and occurrences to which I was myself witness.

I pretend only to give the following relation with respect to the celebrated James Bruce, esquire, of Kinnaird, Scotland, as my observations on his character and conduct, founded on an intimate acquaintance with him (so far as occasional visits, and frequent residences in his family for one, two, or three months at a time, will justify a young man in claiming) and not as if writing his complete character or history.

Mr. Bruce had that *assumed reserve*, which all who have dared beyond the common limits of endeavour, find absolutely necessary to their own quiet. He adopted it as a shield; but his real nature and private conduct were frank, open, and undisguised. In large societies, he feared the obtrusions of individuals, and would consider a question respecting himself and his travels as impertinent; in a private circle of friends, he would invite all questions that could be suggested. I, happily for myself, was admitted as part of the latter, as well as of the former, and consequently had an opportunity of seeing him, apparently, in two opposite characters. I had not then studied human nature so much as to comprehend how many opposites were necessary to form a noble character, useful to society, and ornamental to its supporter—how many blendings of seemingly discordant notes, to produce harmony—how many acids and alkalis, to neutralize—and how many double affinities, to extract the desired object. To Mr. Bruce I am indebted for the instruction.

Mr. Bruce, with the occasional roughness of a Johnson and a Swift, forced from him by repeated teasings, was generally polished as a Chesterfield or a Stair: *possessing* the accomplishments of the four, although, perhaps, not devoting his feelings to the facility of exercising the peculiar accomplishment of either in the same constant degree of excellence. His conduct, from a spirit of independent principle, seemed to be dictated entirely by his own will at the moment, and not by the dogmatic rules of society. But he was capable of being every thing at all times, had his inclination consented, and was so when he felt pleased; for he was learned,

witty, polished, and polite; but he was supposed to be occasionally subject to what is commonly called an absence of mind; yet this was only when his mind retired within itself, as a refuge from unprofitable conversation, or the tiresome trifling of others; his thoughts then perhaps were permitted by him to revert to the work he was engaged in, or to domestic concerns. On many occasions have I seen him roused by an ebullition of wit or a sensible remark, to an enlivening conversation with the person who uttered them; but he was frequently serious, didactic, and severe, where circumstances scarcely justified an aberration from nature. Proud, with the great, of his extensive erudition, which embraced, as well as those commonly taught, almost all the African and Asiatic languages, he would occasionally descend to hold affable conversation with his own domestics and the neighbouring cottagers, in language and terms assimilated to their own: this, from persons acknowledging him a great man from the report of others, secured to him the adoration of the common people, while it drew upon him the dignified resentment of his proud relations, who seemed to me, while I was present, to visit his house more from necessity than inclination. This distance, however, which *appeared*, I dare not say it was real, seemed to be compensated to him by the society of gentlemen and ladies of superior accomplishments, though perhaps of inferior rank, yet consequently superior to yielding to the severities of attention demanded by that rank, when nobility and virtue do not unite, and to which pride only can institute a claim.

Mr. Bruce had been unfortunate before his travels, in the loss of an amiable wife, at a very early age; and, as he informed me, when they were married their joint years amounted only to thirty-two. On his return from his travels, he was additionally unfortunate in the loss of another, if possible, more amiable, who left him two children, a daughter and a son. What I speak of this celebrated character, and I shall dwell on it so long as I have a breath of gratitude to draw, is from an intimate examination and a supposed knowledge of his character, derived, I confess, from his avowed partiality to me, which made his summer and his winter residence my home for months at a time, indulging me with the strictest intimacy. But I have, as I understand, had lately a respectable tribute paid to me, which I do not deserve, indeed to which I am not entitled, and therefore on the Christian doctrine of “render unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar’s,” I must deliver the tribute to whom it is due.

I am informed that in a late Edinburgh Review, which I have not been able to procure, it is mentioned, that Mr. Bruce was indebted to me for some of the most valuable parts of his work. If any expression similar to the above (for I have only hearsay information) has been published by them, I am under the necessity of declining praise, which on a *just* occasion I should be proud of receiving from them. Where praise is due, it may be received with honour; but where honour is *incautiously* bestowed, an honest man will transfer it to the deserving.

Mr. Bruce owed little more to my alterations, than a few arrangements of English instead of Scottish style.

Though I perused the whole of his work in manuscript, and conversed with him freely when we were tête-à-tête, I must in candour declare, that the service I rendered him, if any, could not exceed the extent of four hundred manuscript pages. What credit is due from Mr. Bruce for literary services, should be given to a clergyman then in Edinburgh. The only merit I can claim is from having done it no injury.

I was first invited by Mr. Bruce as a stranger; I was received by him as a friend. I visited him as a friend: he was kind enough occasionally to permit me to read his manuscript, and so humble as to request my observations. Encouraged by him, I gave them frankly; but the merit of the work is in its solidity, not in its superficies.

My intimacy with Mr. Bruce was well known; my occasional residence with him equally so; and thence, perhaps, has been derived the suggestions in the Edinburgh Review. If the most essential aid was given by the clergyman I have above alluded to, and in consequence of the modesty of the individual it is not proclaimed, let me at least do him the justice to declare to the public, that Mr. Bruce told me, that I, having declined superintending the publication, he had engaged the gentleman above alluded to, to correct the whole.

Mr. Bruce had been long absent from his native country; had acquired various languages, in addition to those which a gentleman's education had given him, in England and Scotland. But this long absence, and his practice in foreign languages, had partially obliterated his own; which, on his return, was speedily recovered, so far as respected the Scottish idiom; but the precise-

ness of diction, which English readers demand, was not so readily acquired. It was only in this respect that he required, and (as I believe) received assistance.

The hauteur of Mr. Bruce's mind may have induced him more freely to acknowledge the assistance of a young Englishman, then introduced to Edinburgh under the highest encomiums for literature, than that of a gentleman less known in the world: but justice must give whatever of merit is due to the gentleman who undertook the revision of the whole; and I have no doubt that the Edinburgh Reviewers will discover the means of doing justice to their own countryman.

It is true, that when I had the pleasure of being tête-à-tête with him, our conversation would generally direct itself to the classic poets, and historians, from whom he had made a considerable number of quotations, which, during these conversations, I may, from having lately left the university, been more readily conversant in than himself, and assisted his recollection with my recently acquired knowledge.

Mr. Bruce had a different and perfectly distinct character at Kinnaird, and at Ardwhillary; at the former place he was proud, austere, and forbidding in company; and seemed to think, not only the reception, but the invitation of company a painful duty. It was here he had his amanuenses. At Ardwhillary he was humble, mild, and affable to all. He seemed to retire to this seat in the Highlands for relaxation, and the enjoyment of himself; and it was here, as I think, that he principally did enjoy himself, excepting, at intervals, at Kinnaird, when no visitors were there but myself. It was then, certainly, that *I* felt the greatest pleasure; for then the great man would

unbend himself, and condescend, like Scipio, and Lælius, to pick up pebbles from a barren shore.

In one, I might say many of these playful hours, I saw him execute, with a common pencil, sketches, exhibiting extraordinary talent, which convinced me of the illiberality of those remarks that would have deprived him of the essential merit for the drawings, which the king bought of him for six thousand pounds; and which remarks, added to his family calamity, in the loss of his beloved consort, had almost deprived him of the inclination to publish the work. During these hours I was admitted into his sanctum sanctorum, where the most precious proofs of his veracity were secluded from the general eye; and at all times he requested from me the most scrutinizing questions of a friend. I was not too diffident in inquiry, and to each one I received the most satisfactory answer and explanation. It is said of the great prince de Condé, that he observed—"No man is a hero to his valet de chambre." Mr. Bruce appeared to me more the hero in our private conversations, than at the head of a large party. Those minutiae of transactions, which the dignity of history declines, were then developed to me in such a manner, as to establish firmly the genuine character of the whole work; but many of these minutiae were, I believe, by my advice, omitted in the publication.

Having been one morning so interestingly engaged in one part of the manuscript, as to have neglected the passing hour—I was summoned to dinner, while yet in my morning gown and slippers: I hastened to the dining room, and had apologised for my not being prepared in dress, when Mr. Bruce observed, "The greatest favour

you can render me, is to make yourself perfectly at ease and happy in my house." But had Mr. Bruce been as superior in *every* theological and cardinal virtue as he proved himself to be in most of them, he had been almost more than man.—To reduce him to the standard of human beings, some defects seemed necessary:

"But even his failings leaned to Virtue's side."

He had strenuously invited my attention to his children; a charming girl, and a lovely boy, in aid to their governess. My natural inclinations led me to the love of children; and as natural affection was debarred in most cases in my own family, it continually wandered, till, like the dove of the ark, when it had found an *olive* branch, it found a place of rest.

I had paid the greatest attention to Mr. Bruce's children; I loved them, and their tender gratitude induced them to love me. I was sitting one evening tête-a-tête with Mr. Bruce, in the tea-room, when the children were introduced; they ran immediately to me, and seated themselves, they being each young, on my knees. The delicate sensibility of the parent was wounded, and he observed to the children, whom he had himself taught to love me for my attentions to them, "Do you thus prefer Mr. Fennell to your father?" I instantly placed them on their feet, and directed them to Mr. Bruce; but I felt hurt. They are both, I believe, living, and probably remember the occurrence.

Many inquiries have been made why Mr. Bruce did not publish his work immediately after his return to his own country. I will give all the reasons I can derive, from his condescending attachment to me, and my own inquiries and observations.

Mr. Bruce, after the death of his first wife, who died in consequence of a cold caught at the theatre, or in retiring from it, determined on his travels, with the consent and under the patronage of the king of England. A short time before his departure, he put his estate at Kinnaird in such an improving situation as to expect the highest pleasure from it on his return. With his own hand he planted many trees and shrubs of different kinds; pleased with the idea of reviewing them in perfection. His grounds were all arranged in such a manner, as promised to produce a future pleasurable retirement. After an absence of many years he returned; and, as he frequently observed, while pointing out to me the flourishing state of the trees which he had left in infant imbecility, his first happiest hours were engaged in visiting his grounds, pleased with their former, and contemplating their future improvement.

A person's estate, whether the land of his fathers, or his own acquisition, must be dear to him; it, therefore, is no cause of wonder that Mr. Bruce should, on his return home, after so long a perigrination, be desirous of resting and amusing himself in the improvements of his property.

Independent of this consideration, Mr. Bruce was affluent; and, besides, obtained six thousand pounds from the king of England for the greater part of the drawings he brought over with him; so that the usual incitation to writing had no impelling force to push him on. A desire, an honourable desire of fame, would sometimes induce him to write a few pages from his notes, but his more pleasurable avocations would shortly occasion a discontinuance of laborious exertion.

Again—on his return, all his relations, and many more than his friends, crowded in visits to him; his house was the house of hospitality; his heart was open to them all, though his mind could not, on every occasion, feel contented.

Nor were these visits morning, dinner, tea, or supper visits, separately; they were for weeks, for months, forcing from his politeness perpetual attention: this, of course, abstracted his general devotion to the work, and the prosecution of it languished.

But love soon made a further inroad on its progress: he addressed, and married.

By this union was occasioned another temporary arrestation of the work. But soon after, he determined seriously on publishing; and made an engagement with a bookseller in London, for six thousand pounds for the copyright. Every thing went on well—the work was in preparation, when, unfortunately, after producing her second child, Mrs. Bruce, by paying her debt to nature, deprived her husband of his chief blessing.

The feeling soul of Mr. Bruce was, on this event, so agitated, that no serious employment could engage his attention; especially as his only son was left in a feeble state. He drafted, occasionally, a few pages from his notes; but his distress, in consequence of the loss of a beloved wife, and his fears for his son, superceded all consideration of interest or fame. He became indifferent with respect to the prosecution of the work; to which indifference, perhaps, the illiberal reports at that time circulated, had contributed. In consequence of the delay of the work, some asserted that he never performed a journey to the source of the Nile; others, that

he had not himself completed the drawings then in the king's possession. During his indetermination respecting the publication of the work, he visited the king in his private chamber, where, on his complaint of the injuries he had sustained from the malice of different individuals, the king, taking up a parcel of newspapers, and presenting them to Mr. Bruce, "see," said he, "how much *I* am daily abused by my own subjects; but I am decided in my line of duty; be you the same; do justice to yourself, and publish the work at once."

With this encouragement, Mr. Bruce returned to Kinnaird. He continued the work, but so slowly, that the public anticipation of pleasure having been dulled by delay, his bookseller declined giving the price originally offered; and *that*, of course, produced a further delay to its execution.

I was at Kinnaird at the time when the letter arrived, informing him of the disinclination of the bookseller to purchase, under such delay, at the price at first proposed.

Mr. Bruce, after considerable previous conversation, and in consequence of this disagreement with his bookseller, determined, suddenly, on publishing the work in his own house, if I would agree to superintend it, and procure the necessary apparatus and workmen. To this I consented; and so impetuous was his desire, at once to effect his resolution, that although it was then ten o'clock at night, he asked me if I would be kind enough to take his chariot and set off, immediately, to Glasgow, with a letter to the president of the university, and directions to consult others on the possibility of procuring types, presses, and workmen. I agreed—

and in one hour every thing was ready for my departure. I set off at eleven, and arrived at Glasgow early on the morning; waited on the president, and the other gentlemen, as directed, and returned to Kinnaird, with such information to Mr. Bruce as induced him to lay aside his intention of publishing the work at home, and renew his engagement with the booksellers.

Having left Kinnaird, and returned to Edinburgh, I employed my leisure time in the commencement of a dictionary in eight languages, viz. English, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish and German. But like most of my other frolics, the beginning soon proved the end. I had furnished myself with all the necessary books; but finding the occupation a little troublesome, I relinquished it for relaxatory enjoyments in poetic effusions; and thus ended the first chapter of labour. A similar undertaking was some time afterwards renewed, as will be stated in due season, and blasted by the same impatience of restraint, and the tediousness of what I then thought inglorious industry.

There was, however, a moment in which I was so enthusiastically attached to the above pursuit, that I determined to retire to some desert cave, and devote myself to it. I had even procured an hermit's dress for the purpose, when my friend, Mr. Stewart, having heard of my folly, called on me, and dissuaded me from it; and being disappointed in one whim, I became disgusted with the other.

In the summer of 1789, I was engaged in serious conversation with Mr. Abercrombie, about the prosecution of my suit; when he informed me, that although there was little doubt of my ultimate success, yet might

the suit be delayed six years before final judgment could be obtained.

He therefore advised me, as a friend, to consider the disadvantages of wasting so many of the most precious years of my life in a perseverance in the prosecution, and to incline my mind to the acceptance of a proposal, which he was certain would be made, on the knowledge of my willingness to drop the suit, and which proposal would be as honourable in its effects, as my success by law.

I consented to leave the settlement of the business to six persons, chosen on each side, and to abide by the determination of the twelve. The decision was this: I was to withdraw my action—upon which the letter to Mr. Jackson, signed by the gentlemen of the bar, was to be placed in the parliament house, and each one publicly to withdraw his name. They were, in the next place, to send to me a letter of invitation, to appear once more on the stage, that the reconciliation should be made public: to give me five hundred pounds as an indemnification for the loss I had sustained: and, if I would take a benefit, to endeavour to make *that* benefit five hundred more. The latter article was not a positive agreement that I should receive five hundred pounds; it led only to expectation, not faith. The immediately preceding one was promise direct.

I appeared on the stage, having been advertised for the performance of the part of Othello, in my private dress, a little before the usual time of raising the curtain; and was received with applause, and loud acclamations. I then advanced, and said—

"Is it with the unanimous consent of this audience that I should perform the part for which I am advertised this evening?" Many persons observing yes, and the approbation appearing general, when it had abated, I again advanced, and replied, in gratitude for the favourable reception, "My only cause of regret is, that I ever should have been thought capable of offending a public from whom I have had the honour of receiving so many marks of approbation, and so many instances of kindness and friendship; then requesting their patience for a time, I, having every thing prepared, in seven minutes was completely equipped for the part. I played a second night, and there ended my performances in Edinburgh; a city, to which, as to many others, my mind will refer with the most grateful sensations; my dispute with the lawyers, several of whom were of the highest respectability, notwithstanding.

The dispute originated in error on the part of my opponents, and false pride, aided by my natural obstinacy, withheld from me the pacific explanation: I knew, I was conscious that I was not wrong in the first instance, and would not submit: but this consciousness of rectitude might have been maintained, and was not incompatible with reconciliation without disgrace. Had I sufficiently contemplated the effects of my perseverance on my friend Mr. Jackson, I could have yielded to friendship what I refused to power; but I was young, and the doubling drum of popular clamor, joined with the trumpet's clangling shouts that urged to "the big war that makes ambition virtue," drowned the still voice of sober reason—I could not hear it. The fatal direction of my mind in infancy still prevailed: the twig had been bent, and the tree was stiffened in its in-

elation. I suffered, as I have an hundred times since, when, if I could have prevailed upon myself, or have permitted the arguments of others to prevail, I might have been rationally happy. To tenderness, to affection, to pain, to sickness, to misery or want, to benevolence, to mild attentions, and to friendship, my mind is supple as the pliant branches of the weeping willow; it will even supererogate, and in humiliating familiarity, condescend to amuse where distress is, whom it ought to despise. But if the spear inflicts a wound, the lion turns upon the hunter, and death only secures submission. But I am getting into heroics. I must descend, and like the torrent roaring over rocks, betake myself to more expansive limits, that I may become more calm.

Well then; quitting for the moment the rough indurate bed, over which the muddy stream of my life has been often forced to flow, let me take a wider and a smoother ground; and, as Horace says, "Dulce est dissipere in loco," and, as I know no better time for amusement than at the favourable conclusion of a tedious lawsuit, I will indulge in the relation of a few anecdotes.

There was a gentleman in the company of the Edinburgh theatre, whose name was Bland, the uncle of the celebrated Mrs. Jordan, a person of considerable erudition, unhappily directed; in every other respect a pleasing companion to a Christian. He had, like most of his fellow mortals, his favourite expression: when he wished to affirm any thing with energy, he would vouch for the truth by the words "I vow to my God."

He was occasionally subject to a lapse of memory, which, though he was diligent in his studies, frequently occasioned temporary embarrassments.

One evening he had to perform Richmond in the play of Richard the Third; he was boldly prepared for his appearance in the fifth act—the first lines he had to utter were these:

“ Thus far into the *bowels* of the *land*,
Have we *march'd* on without impediment.”

But his treacherous memory deserting him on the first onset, made him transpose the word “ *march'd* ” from the second to the first line, and he began thus: “ *Thus far we've march'd into the bowels of the land*”—then suddenly stopping, and finding that his recollection completely failed him, he advanced to the audience, observing, “ And I vow to my God I can go no *farther*. ”

The same gentleman, as is usual after the close of the regular winter theatres, went with a part of the company to a country town, during the summer, where he played the principal parts so much to his own satisfaction, as to induce him to expect a great benefit: he accordingly thought it would be a loss of profit should he issue *orders* for admission. His landlord and landlady, however, succeeded in procuring two from him. The play was to be Othello, but the delicate actor had advertised that he would not play it with a *black* face, unless there should be seven pounds in the house. The hour arrived, and he desired his attendant to peep at the house, and ascertain the number of persons in it: the attendant returned with information that there were only *two*, one gentleman and one lady, in the gallery. “ I vow to my God, then,” says Mr. Bland, “ I will nei-

ther black my face, nor will I play. However, he waited until the time for raising the curtain had passed, when finding that the company had not increased, he went on the stage with some warmth, and thus addressed the empty benches: "Ladies and gentlemen, as there is nobody in the house, I vow to my God, I am under the necessity of dismissing it, and to-morrow evening this play will be performed *again*.

My benefit proved as profitable as the size of the house would permit; but the *extraordinary* emoluments proved nothing more than the effects of *ordinary* promises, and the other five hundred pounds were like as many globules of quicksilver, which glitter to the eye, but when "grasped at, run away."

Excepting that the solicitor, dean of the faculty, and other *gentlemen* remitted me their share—nay, I believe more than their share of the money, expressing their regret, that they could not persuade the others to execute the terms proposed and agreed to by their committee. They advised me not to wait at Edinburgh, under an expectation of further receipts then, but to leave the business with my agent. I did so, and had the pleasure to receive a letter from my agent, during the ensuing winter, informing me that the balance in his hands, in my favour, was three pounds, thirteen shillings and three pence, and he believed that was all I should ever get.

To my respected and esteemed friends, Mr. Stewart and sir William Forbes, was I indebted for my extrication from the principal difficulties in which I had been involved by the tedious lawsuit; but I must not neglect acknowledging also particular obligations to

messrs. John and James Ainslies, of St. Andrew's at Newtown, Edinburgh. If they still live, I hope they will friendly receive the avowal of the sensations of a heart that can forgive injuries, but cannot forget benefits.

During my stay at Edinburgh, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. Monroe, now living in Philipville, in Virginia: I became intimate with him: he soon after left Edinburgh for America, whence, on his arrival, he wrote to me several affectionate letters, and on my residence in Virginia, which he heard of, sent the most pressing invitation to me to visit him.—I regretted my inability to accept his offer of a residence in his house, and more, that I could not enjoy the gratification of seeing him.

Having left Edinburgh, while stopping at Newcastle, it was my fortune to meet with Mr. Whitlock, then manager of the theatre in that city; he requested me to stay, if not inconvenient, till the Wednesday following, to perform for the benefit of Mrs. Whitlock. I consented. Mrs. Whitlock and Mr. Cooke had lately been involved in a dispute, which interested the audience so far as to occasion a temporary retirement of each from the stage. Mr. Whitlock invited me to his house, where I stayed during my residence in Newcastle; I was, of course, subject to impressions made from the first relation of occurrences; I wished much to see Mr. Cooke, but had not an opportunity till accident presented it, and then but for a few minutes. I was anxious of becoming intimately acquainted with him, but failed in my endeavour. Mr. Cooke was then celebrated for the extraordinary and beautiful intonation of his voice, which was considered to be his principal excellence.

As I shall have further occasion to speak of this gentleman, I feel that I cannot in justice to the deceased, pass over this period of his life, which Mr. Dunlap, his biographer, has so unaccountably accounted for. His retirement from the stage was in consequence of a dispute with Mr. and Mrs. Whitlock, as has been hinted; but I should have hoped that the delicacy of that pen, whose effusions I had so often read, and assisted with pleasure, would have been more lenient, I might say more just, in the delineation of his hero's character. That his hero, to use his own repeated expressions, was occasionally frail, no one will attempt to deny. That Mr. Dunlap himself has been so, though in different characteristics, no one can deny. Mr. Cooke has his errors; so have we all.

“ Humanum est errare.”

But I *feel* that there is a cruelty in reminding perpetually the public of errors which were sufficiently known to them unhappily before. It is a common adage,

“ De mortuis nil nisi bonum.”

Dunlap *should* have been more indulgent to the dead.

The life is no more, or little so, the life of Cooke than it is of myself. The basest vices are the continued subject; intoxication, ebriety, and consequent sickness afford the principal support of Mr. Dunlap's prolific genius: but are we to take this, with the supposed just history of his public exhibitions as the *life* of a man who has so much delighted us? No! So long as I can use a pen, his private virtues, his charity, his general benevolence shall be opposed to one, one *only* vice he had.

Vice! can I call it vice? Let us reason. Mr. Cooke, "when sober" (another term which Mr. Riley, or Romney, and Mr. Dunlap, very decently use) was every thing man could wish from man. I have visited him frequently when not a drop of liquor was introduced or thought of, he was then the perfect man. Who made him otherwise? Acquaintances who invited him to the pleasures of the table. He became their sacrifice; he was dragged like a lamb to the slaughter; indulgent from politeness at his own house, yielding from necessity elsewhere.

If the hilarity with which he brightened the table induced the visitors or visited to press conviviality too severely upon him, it is but common benevolence to advocate the veniality of his errors. Why should they be blazoned after his death? No moral advantage can be obtained by it. His was an error known to himself as well as others. I confess that this indelicate perpetual recurrence to Cooke's faults appears in Mr. Dunlap more cruel to his memory than necessary.

Was Mr. Dunlap's guardianship of Mr. Cooke in this country undertaken from principle or interest? If the former, why did he leave him on so many dangerous occasions in life? If he respected him, as to my knowledge he professed to do, why does he so abuse him after death? or why are not facts of which he could easily have obtained a knowledge, concerning Mr. Cooke and myself, correctly stated? If Mr. Dunlap was actuated solely by interest, my duty is no less binding on me to do justice to Mr. Cooke, especially as *I*, awake in his company, while he, his guardian, was asleep in his bed, must be supposed to know more of his transactions during such periods.

But these remarks are premature; they were excited by the only correct relation respecting myself, and that proceeds from the deceased's memoirs, our interview at Newcastle upon Tyne; whence I shall now, after a few remarks, proceed, and resume the subject of Mr. Cooke's history hereafter.

Whether Mr. Dunlap's impellant power was principle or interest, his intention was, as I believe, from a knowledge of him, unequivocally good: but—and that *but* may serve to intimate more than I would express.

There is now no need of exposing slaves to drunkenness to exhibit the effects of it on our young men; they are become so familiar that the experiment would be useless. Great vices must generally take their course; they are seldom remediable by human power. Our smaller errors, which might lead to them, can readily be corrected by a lenient hand, but the nicest care should be taken. We cannot trim the sensitive plant with the same instrument with which one would branch an oak.—Enough of this.

Yet it seems curious that persons connected with the drama, and writing the history of dramatic performers, should indulge themselves in the exposition of the errors of the actors so profusely. There can be no liberality; there is no justice in such conduct. Besides, what right can be assumed with propriety, by any one, to write the history of another, when he has only been acquainted with his subject for a few months, and obtained from him a few memorandums? When we send into the world a biographical publication, that is irrecoverable, it is but just that we should take care to furnish ourselves with means of weighing in a just balance

the principal's errors and his virtues.—Agreed, says Justice; Mildness observes in favour of the author, “he tells all he knows;” Justice replies, “then why does he not know more before he attempts to write the life of any person that is to stamp the opinion of his merits?”

Vices are generally publicly known, bursting through endeavoured concealment; but where they are not so revealed, keen and piercing is every eye to penetrate the intended veil to them. A veil as thick, perhaps, is thrown by Modesty over the acts of Charity or general virtue; but here the public eye is dim; no wish directs its search for merit in another: or, were it so inclined, how is it to become a witness to the domestic actions of a parent, a relation, or a friend? we cannot see them any more than the secret acts of benevolence which convey privately assistance to the poor. Vices, to be sure, cry aloud and are seen publicly; but virtues are silent, and Modesty throws over them a mantle that hides them from our view.

I had received an invitation from Mr. Tate Wilkinson, manager of the York theatre, to play one night during the races, and take another for my benefit. Miss Farren, now the countess of Derby, was then engaged for a few nights: I played Othello, and had the honour of attempting the performance of Don Felix, while she performed Violante. As miss Farren, I am at liberty to speak of her: I had the pleasure of dining in company with her once, of hearing her play on the piano, of listening to her conversation: if any thing I could say could prove a mite in the treasury of adoration, I should be lavish in her praise, but conscious of poverty, I am silent: as the countess of Derby, I hope she experien-

ces all the happiness to which her merits and virtues gave her an irresistible title.

My pen must now direct itself to a more familiar, though not less respectable object. I say, "*not less respectable*" with no view of making comparisons between one branch of creation and another, any farther, than as the strictest performance of the respective duties of each will justify the application. Talent is fascinating, genius commands admiration; prudence *only* acquires the *reverence* of the sensible: we may love, we may be pleased, where we cannot respect. The man of genius too often resembles the rocket, which we admire in its flight upwards; but descending, regard only as a despised and useless stick. Talent is *itself* a pure spring, to which the thirsty may apply for genuine refreshment, but vices so frequently adulterate it, that it becomes too often an opiate to the understanding, and a poison to the soul. Prudence is the rock to which a man may cling with safety; though the beating waves for a while, may lacerate the trembling hand that clings to it, the *firm grasp* will secure safety.

At York, I became acquainted with Mr. Warren, now the manager of the theatre, Philadelphia; he pleased me on our first interview, and to this moment I have retained the warmest friendship for him. I was unacquainted with the custom at York, in so far as it regarded the public attention to the theatre at this time, and agreed to take my benefit on the Tuesday following the race week. I took the part of Alexander the Great, but all the company had left the city, and an audience almost as small as was that of Mr. Bland, attended: but something similar to that circumstance, which occurred

when Mr. Garrick was so distressed, took place on this occasion. Mr. Garrick was performing one of his principal parts to a crowded audience (here the resemblance ceases) when an elderly person of a bulky and evaporating temperament, having brought with him his faithful bull-dog, felt himself incommoded by the heat in his upper regions, which were adorned by a large bushy wig; he had, with a very common anxiety to see all he could, placed himself in the centre of the seat adjoining the orchestra; his dog stood erect, as if fascinated by the abilities of the actor, his fore-paws resting on the partition; the old gentleman, whose head had been perhaps as much heated by the representation, as by the friendly effusions of his surrounding neighbours, determined to cool his own, and excite the brains of his dog; he accordingly took off his wig, and placed it on the head of the animal, still remaining as attentive as any one of the human audience. In this situation the eyes of Mr. Garrick, during one of his soliloquies, glanced upon him.

Risibility is independent of the mind, and it proved so on this occasion, for Mr. Garrick instantly burst into a fit of laughter: the audience wondered at the circumstance, but only till the object was pointed out to them, when they heartily joined in the mirth, and forgave the actor.

Something similar to the above, was the cause of risibility which pervaded audience and actors on the performance of Alexander the Great this evening, at the York theatre. The play of itself is a vehicle of eccentricity to madness, as was the genius of the author a Bucephalus he could not rein; the performances of the evening corresponded with the irregularities of the poet

and exhibited one of the most laughable tragedies ever witnessed.

The audience being very thin, the manager offered me a choice, to accept five guineas for my services, or share the receipts of the house with him. I preferred the former, which constituted about a sixth part of my expences on visiting the York races: but fortunately for me, sir Thomas Dundas, who had been acquainted with me at Cambridge, and who being suddenly called from Cambridge, had requested me to take his bets on the Newmarket races into my care, very politely sent to me the money I had paid for him during his absence.

This, with the addition, procured by the sale of a few articles of dress, enabled me to pursue my journey to London. I arrived there, went to see the play at Covent Garden, and as I was returning from it, was accosted by a gentleman, who inquired if my name was Fennell; to which, I having replied in the affirmative, he informed me that he was sorry his introduction to me was of so unpleasant a nature, but he had a writ against me, and would be happy to have the pleasure of my company to supper at his house: I accepted the invitation, and attended him. I found it to be one of those private prisons, called spunging houses, where the unfortunate are permitted to stay so long as they have any money, but on the slightest intimation to the contrary, are advised to look out for other lodgings, where the government provides residence; but where they may board themselves if they can. However, these spunging houses are of some use to certain persons, who wish to avoid the trouble of going to jail before they shall have settled their business: they are of differ-

ent ranks, corresponding to the supposed pecuniary abilities of the captive, and accordingly, the officers are selected by the plaintiffs. In these houses, as at the coffee-houses, you may live (if you have money) at any rate you please, and in any style: in these houses have been many of the first rank in England, and some, whose names I forbear to mention, of as great rank in France.

I remained but till I had procured bail, for which, I was indebted to George Fennell and John Arnaud, and then took lodgings with Mr. Heddington, a taylor, in Arundel-street, Strand. Seeking, as is customary with men wanting money, for some employment, I went to Richmond, about ten miles from London, and made an engagement with Mr. Parsons, then acting as deputy manager for Mr. Wynn, for ten guineas per night. Mr. Wynn was a young gentleman of considerable fortune, and accomplishments; what but the cacoethes of governing something, could have induced him to have concerned himself with the theatre, I know not; nor is it my duty to inquire. I played my three nights, and took my benefit. Here I had the first acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Barrett: here too, I was first introduced to that vehicle of dubious characteristics, Anthony Pasquin, esq. whose abilities I had been before acquainted with, somewhat to the irritation of private feeling. I had not before estimated the value of prostituted pens; they being an article I never wished to deal in, I had not attended the market. It is true, that when I first appeared in London, a number of these hireling scribblers had the impudence to call on me, recommending what they called puffs in the public papers, bringing them already

prepared. I pitied the necessities of genius, and paid them for their intended services, to me, or to themselves; but their productions were committed to the flames.

Anthony Pasquin (Williams) had lampooned me in his *Children of Thespis*. Thinking, perhaps, that I was now a rising young man, and knowing that I was receiving ten guineas per night, he sought, and procured, through the medium of a friend, an interview with me: it was after the play, and being late, I prayed excuse for that evening, and invited his company at breakfast the next morning: he came, and after our repast, he requested me to change a light guinea which he had for a good one. The question appalled me. The high-toned nature of my education, had taught me that deceit of any feature was infamous, and that the bearing in my pocket a light guinea, was a crime almost equal to the keeping a counterfeit note, intended to be passed. I therefore told him, that if he wanted a guinea, I would give him one; but begged that he would not insist on my receiving the other in exchange. It was done accordingly. But from that moment, the character of Mr. Williams was impressed on my mind with no very favourable stamp, nor had my future acquaintance with him, any invitation to remove it. I admired his abilities and genius, but I despised their constant deviation from principle: he seemed to me to have no cynosure to which he could direct his neighbouring talents; but instead of a north star of integrity, he had adopted the meteor of the day for his compass, and sailed by that. With a natural or acquired bias towards monarchy, his eccentricity would drive him into an ellipse, when on his return towards his rota-

tory centre, he would appear as a comet perplexing monarchs.

He was extremely slovenly in his dress, not altogether from necessity I think, partly perhaps from indolence, and partly, from the extravagances of genius, which adopt peculiarities of one nature or another, to induce people to remark "that is Mr. so and so," this is the celebrated such a one, &c. So far, however, was Anthony Pasquin's equipment from agreeing with my feelings, that I never was in his company without a dread of being seen with him; not because I did not relish his society, but because the majority of my companions, not knowing him, might have supposed that I associated with unworthy characters.

I never could account for that negligence of dress, real or apparent, which has characterised so many of our men of genius. I can, from my own practice, reconcile the wish to be perfectly disengaged in summer, when engaged on subjects of importance; I can reconcile the wish to be warm in winter, and the wearing of any old great coat that will keep me so—at home. But there is a duty required of us from our fellow creatures in general, and claimed as an essential one by our friends, that we should give them no pain if possible. As a man I might be welcome to an acquaintance; my dress and person being indecent, indelicate, and dirty, must necessarily estrange that welcome: I give him pain: I distress him and his company, as much, perhaps, as if my conduct or conversation had deviated from propriety. Where is my right to do so? I can have none. If I cannot or will not subscribe to the common rules of soci-

ty, I ought not to enter into it to disturb the pleasures of that society, which must necessarily be abridged by indiscreet deportment.

Enough of this for the present. I had an acquaintance with Anthony Pasquin in Newyork, of which I may say something by and by.

I had fulfilled my engagement in Richmond, when Miss Collins, now Mrs. Woodfall, an amiable young lady, rendered more amiable by her affectionate attentions to an aged mother, requested me to remain there to perform for her benefit—I consented; but a difficulty arose about the play, and during the discussion respecting it, I observed that I would write one if she would give me a subject. The observation was made jokingly, but being taken seriously, I felt myself bound in honour to prosecute what I had offered. She then pointed to a print in the room, much esteemed at that time, called Lindor and Clara, and demanded if that subject would suit me: I replied, yes, and that I would have the play ready for rehearsal on the Monday following. This conversation took place on a Thursday afternoon: I went home, began the play, finished it, and had all the parts ready for delivery on the Monday following; they were delivered; and the play was performed for miss Collins's benefit, and two successive ones, in the course of eighteen days from the time it was first proposed. It was originally only in three acts; I afterwards altered it, made it a comedy in five acts, and published it in London. It has since been played on several theatres. Mr. Prigmore once engaged in localizing it for his own benefit in Philadelphia, and gave it a different title. I afterwards altered it myself, and it was played in Boston for Mr.

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Dykes's benefit; when Mrs. Woodham, in Clara, performed to admiration: Mr. Bernard, and Mr. Dykes, in the respective parts of Firelock, and Truddle, afforded much amusement, and the whole was well received.

During this season at Richmond, I indulged a strange caprice, founded on the doctrine of some wild theoretic philosopher, whose works I had been reading. It was, entirely to desist from the use of animal food of any nature whatever. I did so, and persevered in living on vegetables for six weeks, after which time, having walked from Richmond to London, a distance of about ten miles, I fancied that I felt unusually fatigued, and having accidentally arrived at the place of my destination, at the moment that a nice beefsteak with oyster sauce was smoking on the table, my resolution melted like ice before the sun, and being tempted, I did eat.

I was in the habit, at this period of my life, of walking very much, a habit to which my father had accustomed me in my infancy, and to which he was himself greatly attached. I remember attending him on foot, from London to Luton, in Bedfordshire, a distance of thirty miles, which distance we generally overcame in twelve or fourteen hours, when I was but about thirteen years of age. Having been so much accustomed to walking in my infancy, I derived a pleasure from the exercise when adult; but finding, on the above mentioned occasion, that ten miles had fatigued me, I imputed it to the want of bodily strength, in consequence of my relinquishment of animal food: at the same time, I could not help observing that my intellectual faculties were benefited by the abstinence.

On the last evening of my engagement at Richmond, instead of the play originally intended, Mr. Wynn and Mr. Parsons, proposed to me the character of George Barnwell. The proposal was made after my performance (as I think) on the Wednesday evening. I had never studied the character, and had engaged to attend the performances at lord Barrymore's private theatre in London, on the evening immediately following. I admitted, consented to the change. The play of George Barnwell was consequently advertised. I attended the reading of it on Thursday morning, and during my walk to London, studied it generally. I attended the performances wherein lord Barrymore performed Scrub: it were to be wished, that lord Barrymore had chosen on this and all other occasions, the character of a gentleman, as more consonant to his *rank*, although the one he selected might be more congenial to his habits, and that the prince of Wales might never have had an opportunity of declaring, that he was happy to have received an invitation to come behind the scenes, because he was tired of the company he had been before with.

At this theatre I had the pleasure of seeing my before mentioned respected friend, lord Belgrave, and of joining the society of three elegant females, old acquaintances, of whom I shall have occasion to speak more fully hereafter.

The performers on this occasion consisted of amateurs principally, among whom was captain Wathen, whom I had had the pleasure of knowing at Chatham—this gentleman afterwards condescended to dispute with Anthony Pasquin, and by a series of events, common to the frailty of mortality, suffered the horses of his phae-

ton to convey him to the boards of a regularly established theatre.

The amusements (heterogeneous as they were) of the evening having been brought to a conclusion, I returned to my lodgings, and the next morning early, set off on foot for Richmond; rehearsed, and played the part of Barnwell in the evening.

The following fall and winter were passed in a variety of occupations. I added two scenes to the comedy of Lindor and Clara, employed myself in the study of electricity, and performed several remarkable cures by it on children: I restored to one female child the use of both legs which she had entirely lost by debility, and to another the use of an arm, also so lost. My father had almost lost the use of his left foot, in consequence of a fit of the gout, and his leg had shrunk considerably; I had the satisfaction of restoring it to partial service, during the time he could visit me, and have little doubt that I should have succeeded effectually, had he been able to continue the operation.

I had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with a Swiss gentleman, by name Christin, secretary to M. de Calonne; we visited each other frequently. He had a brother, of the house of Christin and Co. in London. I was informed of an occurrence, which I think worth relating. A correspondent of the house had written to Mr. Christin, a request that he would purchase for him a lottery ticket, and retain it in his hands, sending only the number of the ticket. This was done; and the ticket, the number of which was sent, was afterwards drawn a prize of four thousand pounds; but Mr. Christin, on examining the ticket he had the charge of, found that

the clerk had made a mistake in copying one of the figures, and the ticket he had in his possession was, on examination, found to be a blank. He immediately requested that the mistake might not be mentioned, but that the four thousand pounds should be placed to the credit of his correspondent, saying, that he would rather pay the sum, large as it was, than that the least suspicion should be attached to the integrity or correctness of the house—he accordingly paid it in silent honour.

I was frequently at the house of M. de Calonne, but as nothing of an interesting nature occurred, excepting the perpetual kindness of Mr. Christin, attended with the renewal of friendship on the part of my friend Carr, I will pass over the succeeding winter with the following anecdotes.

During my stay of leisure at Richmond, I began a work of a most extensive nature, the arrangement of every thing that had been written in the English language in poetry or prose, in alphabetical order, under its respective head, embracing as well the major and the minor poets, as the works of the moralists, the historian, and the orator. The enterprise pleased me for a while, but it was always my fate to begin at the wrong end, entering in a grand style, and exiting in a little one. In the beginning of the enterprise I purchased (having them made for the purpose) large ruled blank books, with Russia binding of red and green morocco, at the expense of four guineas each, intending to form for myself an elegant library of my own compilation; but, alas! the occasional labour of a few weeks soon convinced me of the immense number of books I should have to purchase before I could accomplish one fourth of my

plan. Reason entered into dispute with Caprice, and considerably retarded her operations; the latter, continually teased and perplexed by the former, at last delivered up her claim to the sovereignty over my mind, quitted the field, resigned her employment and commission, and Reason became despotic. But as political despotism seldom exists long without internal convulsions, so were there in my empire conspiracies in abundance. To strengthen her cause, Caprice enlisted under her banners, the acquirement of knowledge, benevolence, and charity; and thus armed, obliged me to sally forth like a Don Quixotte in search of adventures. The excursions which followed this system of amusement were generally undertaken upon the ensuing principles. When I found my purse was getting low, and I could no longer support the expenses of the metropolis, I generally observed to my friends that I was going into the country on a visit, and putting a change of linen in my pocket, I set off on my expedition, which I called "misery hunting"—I went on foot, without any determination whither I should go, but suffering myself to be directed by chance on all occasions. On these excursions I made it my rule never to pass an object of distress, without affording some relief, if possible. I wandered across the country, avoiding public roads as much as I could, that I might make myself more acquainted with the soil, manners, customs, and agricultural practices of the inhabitants; and that I might save all I could, I generally provided myself at some village, with two or three pennyworth of gingerbread, and carrying always with me a pocket cup, I was accustomed to look for the pleasantest rill, and there sit down contentedly, and

take my sober meal. These excursions, which generally lasted so long as my money would hold out, afforded me much sincere amusement, as well as many opportunities of doing good. To enumerate the whole would but add to the tediousness of the work; I shall select, therefore, for the present only a few; and first, one which I shall have occasion to refer to hereafter, as an instance of the most exalted gratitude in the object of my attention.

I was very much fatigued one evening, when walking across the fields I approached Dartford, a town about fifteen miles from London, where I was well acquainted, and where I intended to put up for the night. Hastening my steps that I might arrive there before dark, I overtook a poor woman, with four or five children, the youngest in her arms, when the following conversation ensued: I do not recollect the woman's name. I shall call her Mary.

F. My good woman, you appear fatigued and distressed.

Mary. I am *indeed*, sir, *both*.

F. Can I assist or relieve you?

M. Alas! sir, I know not.

F. What is your situation? What is the cause of your distress?

M. I have been with my children a long way to get a small allowance from the parish officers, which I have a right to during my husband's absence, and could not obtain it.

F. What is your husband?

M. A sailor, sir. He has been absent a long time, and they say he may be dead, and if so I cannot expect any more from his wages.

F. Where do you live?

M. At Dartford.

F. I am going there. Do you know Mr. Wharton, of the Bull inn?

M. Yes, sir, very well.

F. I shall put up there this night. Do you think he would speak favourably of you?

M. I am sure, sir, he cannot speak otherwisc.

F. What would you wish? What employment are you capable of?

M. I should like to keep a cook's shop.

F. Then call on me at Mr. Wharton's about an hour after I arrive there, and if I find he gives you a good character, I will provide for you.

M. May God Almighty bless you, sir.

I had taken a wearied infant from her right hand, and carried her in my arms during the above conversation; and I felt more proud in so doing in the environs of Dartford, than in taking the dauphin by the hand in the palace of Versailles. After having placed the infant on her feet, and distributed some small money for immediate refreshment, I left them and went to the Bull inn.

I saw Mr. Wharton, who gave Mary an excellent character for industry, sobriety, and perseverance; and on my asking him if there were no unfavourable traits in her disposition, he observed he knew of none, unless it could be said to be a fault in her to endeavour to educate her children in a style beyond her present means.

Mary came; I gave her two guineas, which she reluctantly took, saying it was more than was immediate.

ly necessary; and I agreed with Mr. Wharton to give her a guinea a week, so long as [redacted] continued to behave well, and assistance should remain necessary.

About two months afterwards Mr. Wharton drew on me for seven guineas, informing me that Mary and her children were doing well, and would require no further aid from me.

Here, according to chronological conciseness, the story should be broken off; but the feeling reader may be interested in the result, and therefore I will conclude it here.

In the year 1792, when I was to be married, part of my father's family, my intended wife's family, with myself, met to dine at the Bull inn, Dartford, for the purpose of mutual introduction. When we were about to depart, I called for the bill. Mr. Wharton brought it himself. As I was preparing to pay, he presented the bill to me, saying, "You have nothing to pay, sir; the balance is in your favour." I was astonished. On my inquiring how that could be, he asked me if I did not remember setting up a poor woman in a cook's shop about two years before; to which I, on recollection, replied yes. He then informed me that she had succeeded very greatly, and had some time since paid him for me the seven guineas he had delivered to her, and the two I had given her, with a thousand thanks and blessings, observing at the same time that she knew I desired not the repayment; but she put them into my hands that I might effect with it as much good to another poor widow and her children as I had done to herself and her's.

In one of these rambles through the counties of Kent, Essex, and Sussex, I found myself, one morning, after having paid for my breakfast and board, about seventy-six miles from London, with only eighteen pence in my pocket: however I started boldly; dined by the side of a bubbling brook of excellent water, on two pennyworth of parliament cake, and had accomplished about thirty-six miles, when I was overtaken in an unknown by-road, by a dark night and a most violent storm. After encountering it for some time, I put up for shelter under a yew tree, where I had not remained long before I heard a carriage. It advanced, and was passing me, when I asked how far it was to the next village. The coachman, not having seen me, seemed startled, and supposing me, perhaps, to be a concealed highwayman or footpad, he whipped his horses, and it was not till I had called to him a second time, when he had drove to a considerable distance, that I received the answer, "four miles." Four miles! "thinks I to myself," four miles from a village! and I here, alone in a dark night, in a violent storm, under a yew tree, which can no longer shelter me from the rain, in an unknown place, and in that place occupying the most dangerous situation I could be in from the lightning! I summoned up my resolution, and determined to pursue any track I could find. I waded through the mud for some distance, in a most weary and disconsolate condition, till at last I was gratified with the odour of a hay field. I smelt and felt my way to it, and, entering it, found the hay in large cocks. I approached one of them, and, taking from the top as much hay as I could grasp, I laid myself down and covered myself with it, and in a few

minutes fell fast asleep. In this state I remained till about three in the morning, when I was roused by a complete drenching. I got up, and thought I might as well walk as lie in the wet. I searched for a barn, where I might lie till daybreak. I found one, and in it a cart. I mounted, with the hope of at least lying on a dry floor, but was no sooner in it than I was obliged to leave it, from the nature of the load it had borne the day before. I then searched about, and in the corner found some dry straw, on which I reposed my limbs, in a kind of dog's sleep till daybreak. I arose, dirty, hungry, thirsty, and fatigued. I had made no further encroachment on my eighteen pence the day before than twopence, and I now determined to have a good hearty breakfast, clean my person and my clothes, and trust to Providence and my own exertions for taking me through the forty miles of that day. This, I thought, could be best accomplished at a barber's. On my arrival at the village, I sought and found a barber's shop. I told the owner of it a plain tale, to account for my dirty appearance in such good clothes, and he told me I might have every accommodation his house could afford; and so I found it; for having a change of linen in my pocket, I was very shortly completely restored, and a very reviving breakfast, which his wife gave me, prepared me for my day's journey. The whole expense was only one shilling, wanting a halfpenny, so that I had fourpence halfpenny left, to bear my expenses forty miles. I walked on; but now, instead of rambling over fields and cross ways, I took the most direct road to London. I passed through a town wherein there was a great fair, but only stopped to buy twopenny worth

of gingerbread. I had proceeded on about six miles from the town, when I overtook a young woman, apparently in great distress. I addressed her by observing on the cause of the address, and asked her if she wished assistance. She said she did indeed, in getting home, and could she dare, she would request it. I offered mine, entreating her to tell me what had happened. She informed me that she had set off in a light cart, with her brother that morning, to go to a fair, and had been thrown out, but not feeling much hurt at the moment, she had persuaded her brother to go on, and suffer her to walk home; but that she now began to feel excessive pain and faintness. On inquiry I found that she had not long been married, and lived about three miles off the main road, where I had overtaken her; but, said she, if you will be kind enough to assist me to a house about a mile from the road, I can thence get a conveyance to my own house, for many of our neighbours' wagons pass it. After having entered the fields, to accomplish this mile by the nearest path, she complained of being very faint, and requested I would permit her to sit, and, if possible, procure her a little water in a leaf from the stream at a little distance from us. I seated her and left her; but what was her surprise on seeing me return with a little silver cup in one hand and some gingerbread in a piece of paper in the other. She expressed surprise, apparently mingled with fear, lest I should prove a magician. I relieved her fears, by informing her of what I have before related to the reader. Having drank the water and eat the gingerbread, she felt revived, and we proceeded till, after frequent pauses, we arrived at the farm-house, where she introducing me, related all the circumstances. I was

heartily welcomed, though I fancied at first that I perceived what the country people call a "wonderment" on the countenances of the honest farmers at my conduct. They asked me if I had dined, to which question I answered in the negative, adding such observations as I thought necessary to reconcile myself to them. The cloth was immediately laid, and a most excellent mutton pye and other articles were produced, on which I fed voraciously, and potently imbibed the sparkling cider. I had scarcely finished a most welcome refreshment, when a wagon appeared in sight, which was stopped, and my young *protegee* comfortably placed in it. She bade me adieu with a thankful heart. I took another glass with the jolly farmer, and proceeded, well revivified, to the completion of my journey. Having at last, pretty late in the evening, arrived at my uncle George Fennell's in Westminster, near my own lodgings, I entered his drawing-room, and having seated myself in an arm chair, fell fast asleep, and slept for three hours, when my cousins roused me and sent me to my lodgings, where I was confined for three or four days, having walked near eighty miles in thirty-six hours, without regular sleep.

I could enumerate a thousand occurrences of a similar nature, that my wildness led me into occasionally, during a period of two or three years. But from the fear of trifling with the reader I shall omit them, selecting only a few; but let it be remembered that these rambles were not altogether useless to myself: they introduced me to farmers of every degree; during them I visited every curious garden, castle, or building that came within my reach; conversed freely with the lower

orders of people, from whom I learnt what the proud would never have taught me, the essential principles of humanity.

I set off one morning with an intention of walking from London to Rochester, a distance of thirty miles; but having wandered in my usual way from my direct road, I found myself at dusk six miles from my father's house. But I will stop the thread of my story, to relate the first *cause* of my wandering. I had become pretty familiar with a beggar, who had for a long time kept his station on a bridge near London, on the Kent road, which I frequently passed over. I had heard that he had lent a person, who had been formerly very liberal to him, but who had latterly become unfortunate, twenty pounds, and that he possessed a very comfortable house, well furnished, at a little distance from the road, and as I was passing him I was struck with a desire to see it—and sure enough, there it stood, a neat, snug mansion, with necessary appliances, and comfortably supplied with decent children. I did not enter it, but concluded from the external appearance of it, that begging was a good trade. I had before heard a story which I have every reason to believe was a true one, because my father assured me I might give it credit—it was as follows:

A beggar in Portsmouth, Eng. had for a long time attracted the benevolent notice of a captain in the navy, who had frequently in passing presented him with a shilling; the captain's donations were after that reduced to sixpence, and thence to a few pence, and latterly to nothing. The beggar observed the difference, and took an opportunity one morning, when no other person was

present, of inquiring the cause of such a diminution of charity; the captain replied frankly, that his wishes to serve the beggar were as warm as ever, but that he had been reduced, and had become poor. The beggar watching his opportunity, placed a card in the captain's hand, requesting him to attend its address on the morrow at the dinner hour. The captain attended; he there was received by a person genteelly habited, in a comfortable house, who introduced himself as the one who had been so often indebted to the captain's bounty. The hero of the story then observed, that he had invited him for the purpose of introducing him to his daughter, whom, if mutual affection should be inspired, he would give on marriage ten thousand pounds.—They were introduced, loved, and married.

Being, in consequence of this and other deviations from the road, benighted, I endeavoured to get lodgings at a tavern, about six miles from Rochester; but the landlord informed me that he had not a spare bed. I then recollectcd that the mother of the three young ladies, whom I mentioned having met at lord Barrymore's theatre, lived somewhere near, at a short distance from the road. Having arrived at the house by the assistance of a guide, I knocked at the door; which, however, it being dark, was not opened; but a window over the door being thrown up, I was asked who was there, and on my informing them, was told that they would be happy to see me, but that their mother not being at home, they feared some impropriety in letting me in: however, I prevailed at last, and gained admittance. What female ever refused shelter to the benighted traveller? The mother returned home the next morning,

and having welcomed me, requested me to stay there a few days—I consented. Here I remained a week, employing myself in the delightful amusement of horticulture, aided by the three daughters, from whose delicate hands I took the ruder occupations, and imagined myself in Paradise while so doing. But from the full blown flower of happiness we reap, when its beauties are puffed away, the seeds of pain. We foster the bud; we admire the blossom; and the perfect expansion is the object of admiration. But there is a to-morrow, when we shall see it shorn of its honours; when every fostering care will be of no use; when admiration must cease, and we shall only wonder at yesterday's adoration. In the enjoyment of present felicity, man generally banishes all idea of an end to it, lest the fear of a termination should lessen his present happiness: he does not think that it *is*, but he will not reflect that it is *not* lasting. Nature gives us a summer, but assures us of a winter; we are taught to bear with inclemencies, under similar assurances of a returning summer. I felt myself happy, and would not indulge a thought of departure. Like a peasant descending pleasantly, for the first time, from his mountain home, without calculating the labour of return, I had never contemplated the struggles I should have to encounter in leaving this amiable family.—But my departure was necessary; and I withdrew.

Towards the end of the winter season, Mr. Lewis, deputy manager of the Covent Garden theatre, called on me, and asked me if I would play Othello one night for the manager, and take another for my own benefit on paying charges they were then but sixty guineas.

I consented, and performed accordingly: this procured an acceptable replenishment to an almost empty purse, which had only been occasionally kept from wanting "the splendid shilling" by the precarious fruits of an original and translating pen. During this period of various occupations, I began first, writing a treatise on the planting of wheat, instead of sowing it in the usual way, founded on the observations I had made during my rambles, and had actually printed a part of it, when something or other (God knows what) made me resume the dictionary I had begun in Scotland, and I gave it up: this was again laid aside for the translation of *Il Cavaliere à la dama*, and *La Cafettiera*, of Goldoni—the latter I thought the best of all his operas—but I never finished them. The remainder of the following summer was spent some time in writing and reading, and some time in my pedestrian excursions. On the opening of the Covent Garden theatre, Mr. Harris engaged me on a nominal and real salary; in consequence of which I was under the necessity of performing several parts I did not like, which made me grumble a little, not "in the cellarage" but in "the perfumed chambers of the great."—However, all went on tolerably well for a while.

One Sunday, during this engagement, I had been dining in company at a friend's house, where the conversation turned upon a curious advertisement which had lately appeared in the papers, from a lady representing herself as a young widow, possessed of considerable property, and desirous of reentering the marriage state with any young gentleman who could answer the description she gave of the one whom she could love.

On my return home I seated myself before the fire, and began to contemplate the advertisement as a good subject for a farce. I weighed the plan and necessary characters for some time in my mind, then took up my pen, and finished the first act by the following evening. I took it to the theatre and read it to Mr. Holman, who so far approved of it as to induce me to withdraw immediately for the completion of it. The farce was finished on the Wednesday evening; when, having copied it, I presented it to Mr. Contz, then a proprietor in the theatre, who soon after invited me to sup with him; and after some very friendly verbal communications, delivered me the manuscript, on which he had favoured me with marginal notes, and the following conclusive observation: "This would be an excellent farce with the few trifling alterations I have pointed out." Thus encouraged, I made the alterations, and presented it to Mr. Lewis. Mr. Lewis returned it to me with many praises; informed me that it would not be convenient to bring it out immediately, but advised me to employ my leisure hours in revising and improving it for future representation.

This winter, 1790-91, The Picture of Paris was put into rehearsal at Covent Garden. This piece was intended to be a representation of the various scenes that were exhibited during the revolution of France—for the purpose of introducing the scenery, anachronisms were disregarded; a ligature of dialogue was necessary, and as a lenitive to the feelings of the principal performers, a touch at the sublime was attempted; for every performer was to be engaged in it, and they for whom they could invent nothing to say were to walk in

the processions. My character was that of the abbé Maury, an ad libitum character. Mr. Powell, brother to the present manager of the Boston theatre, a very little man, had to precede me in the tribune; and while he was speaking in what was represented as the national assembly of France, my part was to endeavour to stop his mouth; and finding that ineffectual from his struggles, to wrap him up in my gown, and totally secluding him from public view to speak over his inclosed person. Disgusted with these and other fooleries, Miss Brunton (late Mrs. Warren) declined, with Mr. Holman, a second performance, as did several of the principal performers; some of whom, who wished to retain their situations, submitted to be fined: I gave up my engagement, and withdrew myself from the theatre. For the first evening of the performance of the Picture of Paris, the tragedy of Douglas was advertised as the preceding piece, and Mr. Holman was to have played the part of young Norval; but having also to speak the prologue to the afterpiece, he remonstrated with Mr. Lewis on the impracticability of executing both without occasioning an unfavourable delay while changing his dress. Mr. Lewis then observed, apply to your friend Fennell, perhaps he may be induced to play the part of young Norval for you." Mr. Holman immediately came to me, and requested that I would do him the favour of performing in his stead. No request could have been more agreeable to me, or more readily assented to; for I had studied the part so seriously, under the direction of its author, Mr. Home, that ambition as well as friendship produced an immediate agreement. Mr. Holman instantly sought Mr. Lewis,

and informed him of the arrangement. I followed him so closely that I heard Mr. Lewis observe, "Then he is your good friend." I fancied at the time that an implication of my incapability was intended, and that Mr. Lewis thought that I was about to make a sacrifice of my own reputation for the convenience of Mr. Holman. I played the part, and had no reason to regret my undertaking.

However, during this engagement I fell, as I thought, violently in love with miss Brunton, although the amiable deceased frequently declared to me in after times, that she never knew any thing of it. I did, however, once determine to avow my passion, and requested permission to attend her home from rehearsal, which was granted: but my natural bashfulness prevented my "*putting the question,*" and my separation from the theatre prevented the usual communications. I was, therefore, obliged to sigh in secret, and give my breathings to the passing winds.

Separated from the theatre, I felt piqued against the managers, and established a weekly paper, called the Theatrical Guardian. I continued it for several weeks, and, as usual, gave up *that* employment.

Mr. Bennet, a wine merchant, was at this time my most indulgent friend: he was in such extensive business, that the duties to government amounted annually to an enormous sum. I was once visiting with him his stores and vaults, and while I was wondering at their contents, he informed me that his yearly payments to government exceeded forty-five thousand pounds sterling. He was extremely rich; and his generosity kept pace with his accumulations. Being one day at a coffee-

sehr



house when Mr. Wilson, of the theatre, entered, and was soon after joined by a very disagreeable companion; Mr. Bennet, perceiving some difficulty, and being acquainted with Mr. Wilson in his professional character only, advanced to the box wherein he sate, introduced himself, and delicately inquired the cause of trouble; it was no impertinent curiosity; the complaint once known was immediately cured by the best physician in the world in such cases, a well stored pocket-book. But his kindness did not end here: his generosity could not confine itself to a partial act of benevolence; it expanded to the complete arrangement of Mr. Wilson's affairs, and his settlement in a well-furnished house.

It was about this period that the celebrated club of the Strangers at Home was established; of which Mr. Bernard and myself were original members; if not institutors. This club was attended by the principal professional and amateur singers in London: its regulations secured moral, while its attractions procured scientific harmony.

Mr. Lee Lewis, at this time, having determined on taking a benefit at the Haymarket theatre, fixed upon the comedy of the Busy Body, and requested permission to perform my farce of the Advertisement, with my assistance in both. I played sir George Airy in the play, and Young Goslin in the farce, which was then performed for the first time in London: it was afterwards acted on the Dublin stage, and since in America.

One afternoon as I was walking in the city, I passed, and passing bowed to, an old acquaintance, who

did not seem to recognise me; I turned round; he did the same; we met; shook hands; an explanation could not be obtained at that moment: he invited me to spend the evening with him at a coffee-house. The place was appointed—we met: the result was, that I should pass the summer with him at his country seat, in Shropshire. In a few days I gave up the theatrical guardianship and set off for his house, where having arrived, I found he had not yet returned. There were none but servants: however, I procured admission, and, after refreshment, was shown to a handsome chamber (for it was evening) when the squire, who had been sent for, called on me, and requested that as my friend and his lady were not at home, I would make his house my residence for a few days. I accepted his offer, and walked with him: we soon became sociable, and a friendly introduction to his family, and an elegant little supper, rendered us all completely so before we retired.

This gentleman, Mr. Lee, farmed six hundred acres of his own estate himself; all in the style of highest cultivation. Every comfort, convenience and amusement, without luxuriousness, was in this house and on this estate. But alas! one thing was wanting to his peace of mind. He had been captivated by the well-turned ankle of a young lady as she stepped from her carriage. He had admired her slender waist, her taper foot, her delicately fingered hand; he fell in love with her, and married; but had no children, and was miserable. His lady, when I saw her, was the skeleton of delicacy—the repentant of youthful folly. And what can such females expect, who from perverted ideas, endeavour to render

effeminacy more effeminate, and weakness more weak, but "*insouciance*" on the first part, of the husband, and a something else derived from a proof, that as wives or companions, they are not "beyond compare?"

Here and elsewhere, I had the pleasure of being frequently in company with a charming young lady, who had been christened in a very curious way, and by as curious a name. The surname I must omit. Her father was a great foxhunter; so was her uncle, and so indeed the greater part of the neighbouring squires. Her father invited a large party to dine with him on the day appointed for her christening. After dinner, the bottle was passed freely round, and notwithstanding the frequent invitations from the ladies for their attendance to the necessary ceremony, not a soul was allowed to stir. Even the clergyman was compelled, reluctantly perhaps, to partake of the general revelry. At last a summons of so imperious a nature was brought, that some one was obliged to attend. The clergyman, and the uncle, who was to be sponsor, were the only two permitted to retire—too late for sacred offices. At last they arrived at the font. The clergyman began the customary service, and when he demanded of the uncle what was to be the child's name, the sponsor's memory was inadequate to the recollection, and after a short attempt at deliberation, he exclaimed, name her after my favourite mare, Foxhunter Moll!

My friend returned. The two houses were plainly seen, each by a person in the other, though about a mile and a quarter distant, the one being on a hill, the other in the vale. The signal agreed upon, a table-cloth suspended from an upper window, called me to my intend-

ed residence. I hastened to meet my friend, at whose house I remained seven or eight months, occasionally visiting the respectable neighbours for a day or two.

Here my principal occupations were horticulture and writing. My friend was a good botanist, and of course delicate in the selection of his plants. Here I first became acquainted with the American plants and woods, particularly the catalpa, and the magnolia grandiflora. Here I assisted in sowing five peas of a remarkable size, which had been presented to him; I mean that kind of pea commonly eaten green, the culture of which I attended to till they produced others as large as a common pistol bullet. Here, from a single grain of wheat, I produced upwards of seventy ears, upon the plan I had before proposed. I cleared, by permission of Mr. Lee, a spot in one of his wheat fields of ten feet square, by taking out the tender plants and leaving the healthier ones room to expand, and attended to it occasionally during the summer, and that spot produced three times as much as any other of the same size in the field.

My friend rented a mansion house, beautifully situated, about one hundred feet in front, with twenty-five acres of meadow land, canals, and fish-ponds well stored with carp and tench, for twenty-five guineas per annum. There was at the back part of the house a beautiful group of trees, on one of which an owl had thought proper to build her nest. My friend had been absent on a visit for several days. In the meantime a storm arose, which blew the young ones from the nest; I picked them up and secured them under a tent of net near my window. Some time after dark my friend arrived, and seeing a light in my room, being unwilling to disturb

the family, threw some small sticks against my window to attract my attention. In the meantime the owl, fearing that the asylum of her young ones was about to be invaded, flew about, darting against my friend's head, and attacking him in the most desperate manner. He knew not what to think of it; but on my opening the window, begged me to hasten down to save him from a devil's imp. He entered the house, and the cause of the assault was explained.

On my friend's return, I missed a little favourite terrier which he had taken with him. He told me that he had lost him at a place about two hundred miles from home, and that having searched for him a long time in vain, he supposed that he was dead or stolen. In a few days the dog returned, fatigued and emaciated almost to death. How he found his way, let philosophy determine; I mention but the fact. What added to our astonishment on seeing him was, that the dog had never before been more than a few miles from the house.

Here I translated Marmontel's Incas, and while translating it, wrote several scenes, plots, and plans for plays, tragedies, &c. which manuscripts, as will be hereafter related, laid the foundation of all those popular pieces relative to the invasion of South America by the Spaniards.

I had engaged with my friend one Saturday to attend him on a shooting frolick, to which I never felt much attached; for I believe all the partridges in England, France, and America, could not support an action of murder against me for the destruction of a single one of their race, and find me guilty. I was, however, happily relieved on this occasion, by the arrival of

the young clergyman of the parish, just as we were about to start. My friend invited him to join in the sport. He observed that he had no gun and accoutrements, and that besides, he had not written his sermon for the next day. I told him that he was heartily welcome to my gun and equipments, and that if he would take my place, I would stay at home and write his sermon for him, and it should be ready by the time of his return to dinner.

This being agreed to, I asked him for a text. The New Testament was produced, and he opened it at the page which contains the shortest verse in it: "Jesus wept." We separated to our respective employments. I wrote the sermon for the young parson on that text, while he was shooting partridges for my dinner; delivered it to him, and he preached it the next morning. After that time I lent it occasionally. My wife's father preached it several times. The same I afterwards brought with me to America, and it was delivered at Annapolis by the reverend Mr. Higgenbottom, and since by many clergymen in the United States.

Having passed an agreeable summer in Shropshire, I returned to London to effect the publication of my translation of the Incas. I showed it to several book-sellers, who bid different prices for it, when unfortunately I lent the copy to some private friend, who lent it to another, the second to a third, the third to a fourth, &c. till at last all search for it was vain. It never was returned to me. The loss of it, however, was not ascertained till after the following occurrences. I was one morning at Mr. Holman's chambers, in the Adelphi buildings, when Mr. Morton and Mr. Reynolds were

present. We were engaged in conversation on the best subjects for plays, when I mentioned what I had been engaged in during the preceding summer, telling Mr. Morton at the same time, that he was welcome to the use of the translation, and all the scenes, plots, and plans I had transcribed. It was proposed that we should meet with others of our friends the next morning, to hear a portion of the work read. We did so. I read and explained my plans; after which I delivered the whole of the manuscripts to Mr. Morton, and we parted. About two months afterwards, I received six box tickets, with an anonymous request that I would attend the representation of the play of Columbus. I did so. Its success, as well as that of others, afterwards produced on the same subject, is well known. Mr. Morton returned to me the translation of the Incas, and it was subsequently lent and lost.

My funds being low at this time, I again took private lodgings at Westminster, near my uncle, George Fennell, as brave a sailor as ever stept between stem and stern. While here, I was under the necessity of making an application to my revered friend, lord Belgrave, for pecuniary assistance. He called on me immediately, and delicately presented me with twenty pounds. I now became a town hermit. I seldom stirred out but to visit my uncle and cousins, in the neighbouring street. My time was employed in reading such books as would assist me in determining myself to pursue some rational and regular course of life, and in instructing one of my female cousins in the Italian language, and the others, for there were four in number, in the belles lettres.

One morning I had sent my landlady with a message to my cousins, when on her return she informed me that they had been insulted by a lieutenant in the navy, during the absence of their father. I believed her report to be true: under this impression I wrote a note to my uncle, requesting him to call on me immediately on his return home. He did so; and I then informed him of every thing as related to me by my landlady. The lieutenant called at my uncle's in the evening, and my uncle meeting him in the passage, informed him that having insulted his daughters he could no longer be admitted to his friendship, and directed him to the door. The lieutenant demanded the author of the accusation; my uncle declined any further information. The lieutenant departed. The next morning my uncle called on me with a letter which he had received, demanding an apology for his conduct, or a declaration of the person who had induced him to adopt it. I requested my uncle to permit me to answer it. I wrote to the lieutenant, and the result was, as I expected, a visit from himself and friend. On a Saturday evening a meeting was determined on for the Tuesday morning, about three miles from London; but that there might be no interference, the parties agreed to sleep at the Hummums, in Covent Garden. We rose early the next morning, when not being able to procure a hackney coach, we were obliged to walk to our destined spot. It was knee-deep in snow. I had been at a dancing party the night before, and had not changed my dress. It was so cold that the seconds could scarcely load the pistols. However, that being effected, we took our stands, and my antagonist fired. His ball whizzed by my left ear,

so near to it that it made me stagger as if wounded. My second ran to me and asked where the ball had struck. It was some time before I ascertained that I was not wounded; when, having before been assured that I had been too hasty, I offered the lieutenant my inclination to let the business between us be settled without my firing, as I, having received his shot could, without any imputation on my courage, acknowledge that I had proceeded upon erroneous information. The affair was settled, and we all returned home snugly in a hackney coach, to take a better breakfast than the pills of a pistol could have afforded us.

This incident, however, occasioned very serious reflections. I retired from society, and employed all my time in reading moral and didactic treatises. I had consulted myself seriously about marriage, and having contemplated every author, from St. Paul to bishop Watson, I had determined that I would *not* marry. Proud of this resolution, I sallied out on the evening that I made it, to enjoy the dignity of an unfeeling man in a solitary supper at Fox's coffee-house, Covent Garden. Mr. Fox was a man of great whimsicality, and humour. A gentleman (no matter who) having ordered a woodcock for his supper, a bird was brought to him which he declared was not a woodcock. Mr. Fox insisted that it was. Why, where's the *bill*? Oh, says Mr. Fox, archly, if that's all that is wanting, do you eat the woodcock and trust to me for bringing in the bill, which shall be large enough to satisfy you. I had not long been there when I was joined by an old acquaintance, who having a carriage at the door, requested that I would accept a seat in it for my return home.

I consented, and during our ride he pressed me so strongly, that in spite of my determination to enter no more into society, I agreed to dine with him the next day. I should be at this moment happy, could I think that this visit had been productive of as much delight to another as to myself. At my friend's house I was introduced to his sister-in law, miss B. H. Porter, the *third*, not the second (as I have seen mentioned in some memoirs of my history) daughter of Dr. Porter. Her appearance was interesting; but the determined "*non chalance*" of my disposition, had secured my heart against sudden impressions. The party was numerous. We dined and drank freely; but a little while after dinner, Mr. Marlow, finding that there was no wine on the sideboard, started a little impatiently to ring the bell, when miss Porter arose and gently observed to him, "brother, don't disturb the servants while at dinner; give me the key and I will get the wine." He gave her the key and she brought the wine. Then was it that I first conceived the idea of a help-*meet* for me. I watched her behaviour during the afternoon and evening; invited myself to dine with my friend on the following day, and the next, attended my favourite to the opera, and in a short time after to the altar of St. John's. We were married on the 10th of May, 1792; and during twenty years have had no domestic quarrel, in spite of the eccentricity of my disposition and the difficulties in which I have involved her. The merit is in herself entirely; and surely the gratitude of a husband will be admissible to some female breasts. Where the "buffets and rewards" of fortune are borne with equanimity; where privations are endured with patient resignation;

where no repinings or complaints are heard; where consolation is always ready for the afflicted mind, pardon for errors, the most affectionate care in sickness, the kindest attention to children; where even the means of luxury cannot excite to expensive pleasures, or attract from home; in short, where every domestic and Christian virtue is practised, is there not some praise due?

Soon after our marriage we determined to make an excursion through France. Le Tezier had been very celebrated for his French readings in England, and had amassed a considerable sum of money. I determined to attempt the same plan in Paris. A friend of mine, who had dined with me while preparing for my departure, had understood that I was about to purchase several small travelling trunks. He undertook to prevent my extravagance by taking me to a store, where he said that he could cheaply procure one that would answer every purpose. I went with him, and I was persuaded to purchase, in spite of my own observations, one large trunk for one guinea and a half, so large, that it would have indeed contained all we intended to take with us.

I had been in France before, and knew the difficulty attending large trunks; but economy was the word with my friend. We shall see in a short time to what this economy extended.

I had packed up in a large portmanteau my most necessary apparel, hired a hackney coach, and drove with my wife and sister to a town where we had some relatives and friends, whom we wished to visit before our departure. We stopped at a hotel; I entered it, agreed for our apartments, &c. but when I returned to the door the hack was gone: the gentleman who drove

it having thought it more politic to make off with the portmanteau, with the etceteras, than to wait for his pay. There being three roads to London, I immediately sent three men on horseback in pursuit of him, but with no effect. After this dilemma, it became necessary for my wife and sister to return to London; and I agreed to proceed to Blackheath and wait for them there. We met so soon as they had repaired the loss of the portmanteau; but I was surprised by seeing them approach the door in a postchaise with four horses; and inquiring the cause, was informed that the purchase I had made, by the advice of my economical friend, of the enormous trunk, had occasioned the refusal of the driver to proceed with two: thus far, so many additional shillings were to be paid for economy. We proceeded. Having had four horses in the beginning of our journey, we could order no less at every stage; but fortunately we stopped at an inn, where having ordered four, the landlord came to us and requested that we would condescend to accept of two. Never was condescension more agreeable to me. His request was readily assented to, and so much more expense on the economical trunk was, at this time, saved, and remained so till our arrival at Dover.

At Canterbury we visited the cathedral, and the altar before which Becket is supposed to have fallen. We were shown what was represented to us as his blood. The archbishop's blood must have been of a very extraordinary nature, to have penetrated through three or four inches of stone, which we were told had been subsequently worn away by the knees of the religious; yet was the blood seen three or four inches below the ori-

ginal surface on which it fell. It is true they told us it was a miracle, and so indeed it must have been, if the archbishop's blood was really there. I immediately recollect what I had seen in France on my former visit. While examining the sacred relics in the different churches we had an opportunity of visiting, we were shown in one place what was called the vesture of our Saviour, upon which his crucifiers cast lots, entirely whole; and in another, a remnant, said to have been torn from it in a dispute after the lots had been cast. A man of extraordinary credulity may be persuaded to believe, that the vesture of our Saviour could have been preserved entire during eighteen hundred years; but it would puzzle the most cunning casuist to reconcile the ideas of the *whole* being in *one* place, and a *part* in *another*.

We proceeded to Dover, where we visited the castle, and the well, prepared against cases of emergency, dug from the summit of the hill to the depth of between three and four hundred feet—rendered the more notorious from the workmen having found a whale's bone three hundred feet under ground.

Here came again the trouble of the economical trunk, and many a crown it cost me to prevent its being completely overhauled. However, at last we hired a packet and got it on board. We sailed, and arrived in a few hours, but after the gates were shut, at Calais, and were obliged to put up in the suburbs.

I recollect here a cunning trick, I might almost call it a "*ruse de guerre*," practised on me by Dr. Mosely, on our return from the former expedition. He had purchased a quantity of silks, laces, and other things subject

to duties, which he had packed up in an old cloak-bag. On our return to Dover, he desired me to see all the baggage safe to the custom-house. It rained severely. I had no sooner arrived at the custom-house with my cargo, when there came a message to me from Dr. Moseley, requesting that I would immediately pay the fees and obtain the ladies' night-clothes, as they were completely drenched by the rain, and wished to change their dresses: "the *night-clothes* were in an old portmanteau." I humoured the plot; and the portmanteau was delivered to the bearer, on my paying the fee, without examination. There were no ladies with us. I then had to submit to the examination of my own trunk, which, containing some of the sweetest perfumes of Paris, betrayed its contents, and was about being searched most scrutinously, when luckily my hand met that of the officer, and touched it with such an electric effect, that it was withdrawn immediately, and there was no more interruption of the delicate presents I had designed for my sisters and friends.

Arrived at Calais, on this second excursion, we were obliged to put up for the evening, or rather night, at a house in the suburbs, where we were well entertained; and as I was admiring the great quantity of linen exhibited by the opening of a large wardrobe, the landlady informed me that they washed but twice a year.

In the morning Dessein's *factotum* called on us, inviting us to his house—his house! I should rather say, his town; for his premises contained at least fifty houses, and a theatre in the corner of one of the squares.

Sterne! I have had much conversation with monsieur Dessein respecting you. He seemed to complain

of your conduct towards him and others. Established practices, sanctioned by a regular government, right or wrong, should be held sacred by every stranger; for who can judge, on the moment of his arrival in a strange country, of the internal policy that regulates its secret springs? You and I have been in a similar situation, in the same house. My feelings were derived from a reverence to the established orders of a country not my own; but having its private and public rights, which politeness taught me to reverence.

I too was visited by a monk, and remembered you. There was at least some feeling excited in my bosom, and some money extracted from my pocket.

I had furnished myself with notes from messieurs Lockhart and Co. bankers, and a letter of indication, referring me to a banker in any town of consequence that I could visit in Europe. I applied to M^r. Desein to direct me to the banker at Calais, showing him the letter of indication. He told me that it was unnecessary for me to move on the subject one inch; that whatever I wanted he could accomplish for me. I gave him a fifty pound bill of Lockhart's, for which he brought me a folio quire or two of assignats, assuring me that, according to the rate of exchange, I had the full value of my bill. I stared with astonishment at the nature of the exchange, till he satisfied me that I should travel through France more conveniently with them than with gold or silver. I ordered the carriage and was preparing to depart, when I was informed that it was necessary to obtain passports, and that I must go with my wife to the office of public safety. We went, and when there sate for our pictures. The height, the contour, the hair,

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the forehead, the eyes, noses and mouths, the general complexions, were minutely delineated in our passports; so extremely particular were the police officers, as to ask whether a small pimple I had on my forehead was a natural or accidental mark.

Having obtained our passports, and agreed for a carriage to take us to Paris, to which, by the by, our economical trunk obliged us to affix four horses, after having paid amply for its transportation and examination, we set off for Boulogne. The morning was very fine; the sun shone brightly; and when we had ascended a hill about ten miles from Calais, the coachman stopped his horses and asked us to take a view of our own country. The white cliffs of Albion, though then between twenty and thirty miles from us, appeared almost connected with the continent; the herring-pond appeared but a rill, and the inscription on Queen Anne's pocket-piece seemed credible.

There was at this time on the heights of Dover, a remarkable long cannon, called Queen Anne's pocket-piece, on which was inscribed—

“Load me well, and keep me clean,
“I'll fix a ball on Calais green.”

It was an object to every curious visiter of Dover and its castle; but whether its attendants have neglected the cannon's request, or itself has declined the performance of its promise, I know not; perhaps the interference of twenty miles of water may have checked the execution of its boasted power. When we boast of ourselves, we should be prepared to enact works of supererogation;—there should, in *all* cases, be a ligature binding strongly

the performance to the promise, if ridicule is to be avoided; but as I have never heard of the *promenades* of Calais having been visited by the contents of queen Anne's pocket-piece, I cannot but reason from philosophical calculation, that the execution of the threat was impossible, and that consequently the inscription was the offspring of folly, whether from queen or subject.

Before my departure from England I had partly agreed with Mr. and Mrs. Merry to accompany us, but circumstances prevented that pleasure; we met, however, in Paris, and on the morning when the news arrived of the duke of Brunswick's having taken Verdun, Mr. Merry called on me with a very melancholy countenance, and observed:—"Fennell, I perceive that there will no longer be any liberty in France; I cannot breathe the air of a country that is not free: you have often talked of settling in America—a vessel will sail on Monday next for Philadelphia; if you will accompany us, we will take our passages, and sail immediately; and Mrs. Merry and yourself conjointly, can command your situations on the theatre." I told him in reply, that when conversing with my wife's father on the subject of our marriage, Mr. Porter had particularly asked me if I intended to make the stage my profession, to which question I had answered in the negative; and that although I had not bound myself by promise, he gave me his daughter on the *presumption* that I should not. Our proposed voyage to America was consequently broken off.

In one of our frolicksome humours during our stay in Paris, and during the most violent commotions, Mr. Merry and myself agreed to prove how many

places of public amusement we could visit in one evening; and we actually visited thirty-seven, between the hours of four and eleven: of course we staid but a short time in each, and went into the cheapest situations.

One of the places we visited was a long hall, where actors were performing at one end, and the auditors drinking table beer; perhaps I should have said spectators; for if their auricular faculties were not of a more distributive nature than my own, they could have heard nothing but their own *noise*.

I was involved in many scrapes at Paris.—Desirous of seeing every thing, and not having at all times that command over myself which the Apathists pretend to, I ventured one afternoon in the defence of Despremil, whom the people were about to assassinate in the Palais Royal. He escaped by the intrepidity of Mr. Jounneau. I returned to my hotel about dusk; entered my sitting room, and there gave vent to those feelings which I had repressed before, thinking that I was alone. But after a short time my French servant, who had snugly composed himself by the side of the chimney place, waiting my return, surprised and alarmed me with the following observation: “It is well for you that you did not utter those sentiments in the Palais Royal, for if you had your head would have been off by this time.” I immediately perceived how far I had committed myself, and gave him the best reasons to think that I was not wrong; a little hypocrisy, a little flattery, and a little money. However, he mentioned my observations to the landlord, who called on me in the morning, requesting a private conversation. He observed that his object was to caution me with respect

to my conduct toward my servant; for, added he, Contois has it in his power to have you assassinated at any moment." After this pleasing information, I consulted my wits and determined on the following expedient to save our lives. It was in the beginning of the month of August; the troubles were increasing daily; after dinner I called to Contois, and, desiring him to take a seat, I observed to him, that having purchased a number of articles, which I wished to secure, and which could be of no immediate use to me, I should be obliged by his taking care of them during an absence from Paris, which would take place after I had visited a few more places I desired to see, when I should return. He seemed pleased with the trust about to be reposed in him, and increased his former attentions, but in so great a degree that he invaded my purse most unmercifully, under the pretence of purchasing delicacies for my wife; and by getting burgundy at six livres a bottle at *my* traiteurs, and exchanging it at other places for wine at half its value, putting the balance in his pocket.

I had become acquainted with the notorious Marat: I was visiting one evening the Jacobin club, when he came and sat by me. He proposed making me a member thereof; I dared not decline the honour. While we were in conversation a message was brought from the national assembly, inviting all the members who were in the meeting to their posts; the company was immediately dissolved, although Legendre, a butcher, was then declaiming from the tribune with all the thunder of oratorial popularity. Being about to take my leave of Marat, he stopped me at the door of the Jacobin hall, and observed to me, that he wished the British to

be more enlightened respecting the proceedings of the French; I told him that *I* wished so too; then, replied he, assist me in publishing a newspaper in your language here, for the English translators so mutilate our meaning, and misrepresent our actions, that the truth can never be established without such an undertaking. I parried the thrust as well as I could, and was about leaving him, when he observed that he would return to the hall to put my name on the table as a proposed member; that all I should have to do would be to present myself on the third succeeding evening, when, if no objections were made, I should certainly be elected; I thanked him, and we parted.

We sat off the next day for Fontainbleau, where we remained until the 10th of August. On our return, when within four miles of Paris, having attained the summit of a hill, we perceived with astonishment a great fire at Paris; on descending to an adjacent village, we were stopped by a guard and informed that we must not proceed to Paris, but go immediately to the guard-house and give an account of ourselves. We went, and were examined; when the presiding officer informed us that we could not be permitted to go to Paris that evening, but must go to his house, where we should be well treated, and whence we should probably be allowed to depart the next morning. A guard was sent with us to this gentleman's house, which proved to be a decent tavern, where we had a good supper but no rest; we arose early in the morning, and were suffered to continue on our road.

After horrors almost unparalleled which succeeded the morning of the 10th August, 1792, I determined

with thousands of others to leave Paris, but it was a long time before passports could be obtained. While we were driving about to obtain our passports, we stopped at the mairie (the mayor's office) where were assembled about two thousand people; I alighted, but failed in my attempts, the hats being marked with chalk to the amount of fifteen hundred, designating that all were to be attended to in rotation. I returned to the street, and missed my carriage. I was soon afterwards informed by my servant, that the people, finding it in their way, had taken off the horses and carried it in their arms, with my wife in it, to a considerable distance. When our passports were procured, after much difficulty, the only vehicle I could hire was a little cabriolet, scarcely capable of containing ourselves, in which I could not sit upright, but for which I paid twice its original value to the owner for the privilege of taking it to Calais. I must now bid adieu to the economical trunk and its contents, left in the care of Contois. We set off for Calais with a small portmanteau only, glad to escape at any rate.

We returned to England, after considerable trouble in procuring passports. I then found my native country involved in the deepest train of distress. I witnessed an infatuated people, and a government without energy. What I am about to relate will exceed the belief of many; proofs of my veracity can easily be ascertained. Five individuals met at the Crown and Anchor tavern, London: they published resolutions as those of a respectable meeting of noblemen, members of the house of commons, merchants, private gentlemen, &c. expressive of their determination to support

the king and the constitution, and inviting the aid of their fellow citizens in effecting their design. In one week there were more than twenty thousand pounds subscribed for the payment of publications proposed. The society was in a short time organized: Mr. Reeves, an old schoolmate of mine, was president; I was secretary, signing under the name of "Moore," and the body of the society consisted of twelve members, one of whom was, if I mistake not, Mr. Law, then a member of parliament, but lately living at Washington, district of Columbia. We published such pieces as were calculated to enlighten the common people with regard to their real interests, and succeeded so far as to give energy to the government, and decision to its measures.

I had done what was *then* my duty, so far as to induce the government to direct Mr. Rose, through whose medium we sent and received communications, to assure me by Mr. Reeves that my fortune was made; that I should immediately receive an adequate compensation for my services, &c. &c. but this "immediately" has a different construction with the promiser and promised. I waited for some time with patience for the undemanded reward—it came not; and Mr. Wignell, the manager of the New Theatre then building in Philadelphia, having called on me, in a moment of irritation with the ungrateful ministers, I accepted his offers, and agreed to set sail for America. My wife at this moment had just presented me with our first son: she could not attend me. I embarked with captain Baron, and arrived at Newyork.

But, before my embarkation, I went on one of my usual rambles to take leave of my father and mother, and the rest of our family, with all the relations whom I could visit in the neighbourhood. I had appointed the watering place before mentioned, seventy-six miles from London, as my head quarters, whither I had requested all communications to be sent to me.—I had returned one evening much fatigued, and retired to bed early; I had scarcely dozed when I was alarmed with what appeared to be like the drawing of my curtains, at the foot of my bed. I raised myself and saw, or thought I saw (no matter which) the figure of my wife's father, who immediately bade me adieu, and vanished. There was no lighted candle or lamp in the room; yet, in spite of every thing that can be said to the contrary, I declare solemnly, appealing to my God for the truth, that a something, bearing exactly the appearance of the Rev. Dr. Porter, in his usual dress, appeared, or seemed to appear, at the foot of my bed, as plainly as I ever witnessed man.

After a restless and distracted, sleepless night, I arose at daybreak, and tried, by every mental and physical exertion, to remove the impression made—in vain. Having walked about for an hour or two, endeavouring to invigorate my mind with the pure air, and correct what I then thought an erring imagination, by the contemplation of the beauties of nature, without effect; I determined to commit my feelings to a letter, and ascertain the correctness or impropriety of them. I did so, informing a cousin of my conviction that my wife's father was dead. This letter I put into the post-office before ten o'clock. About four o'clock in the af-

ternoon I received a letter informing me that Dr. Porter had died suddenly the night before: he had met in the street a friend, who informed him that he had seen in one of the papers a paragraph mentioning that Mr. Fennell had engaged with Mr. Wignell to embark for America. Dr. Porter procured the paper, and proceeded immediately to my wife's sister, to inquire respecting the truth of the report: she was from home, and he, on being so informed, with the show of considerable impatience, left the house. He went home; the next morning sent for a notary; altered his will, left my wife one shilling, and died in the evening suddenly, in a chair, while on a visit at a neighbour's house, and at the moment when I thought I saw him, being seventy-six miles from London.

Having made the necessary arrangements for my wife and child, I embarked for America. Having received our pilot off Sandy Hook in the evening, he declined taking the ship to Newyork that night, and we anchored. Anxious to see the new world, I arose at daybreak, and watching the rising of the sun, perceived that it was partially eclipsed. Some wild ideas floated on the surface of my imagination at the moment; but a sight more beautiful than any I had before beheld presented itself, the surrounding country, the narrows, and the city of Newyork, the former residence of my father, seen through them, absorbed each faculty in silent admiration. I landed, and being bound to Philadelphia, went immediately to the coffee-house to take my place in the stage; when the bar-keeper observed to me, that he perceived I was a stranger, and therefore thought it his duty to caution me against

going to Philadelphia, as the plague was raging there, and the inhabitants were dying at the rate of one hundred a day. I paused a moment at the information, and then took a walk about the town to consider what was best to be done; I reflected that I had but two guineas and a few dollars in my pocket; that my drafts were on Philadelphia; that it was my duty to go there; and, trusting to Providence for my safety, I set off, and was the only one in the stage on its entering Philadelphia. I immediately inquired for the persons to whom I had letters, and could find only Mr. R. Negle, the partner of Mr. Wignell. The city was nearly deserted by its original inhabitants, but there had been a sudden influx of French fugitives from St. Domingo. Finding that no business was likely to be done for some time in what I then intended as my regular profession, I easily introduced myself to the French gentlemen who were desirous of being acquainted with the English language, and formed an agreeable society of twelve, who paid me a guinea each for entrance, and the same for twelve lessons. I fortunately succeeded so well as to gain the respect, and afterwards the friendship of all. I was proceeding in this occupation, fearless of the yellow fever, although the general cry was

“ Urbem destituit salus
Crescuntque pestes; damna ruentibus
Arcete rebus, qui potestis
Et medici tueantur orbis
Fines minores;”

when sitting one day at Mr. Morris's, Mr. Wignell knocked at the door, and was introduced; he had just arrived in the George Barclay, captain Collet, with a

company of performers, consisting of fifty-six, men, women, and children. The ship had been anchored at Gloucester point. He censured me for having remained in Philadelphia, then about five weeks, and requested that I would attend him on board the vessel, whether he was proceeding with fresh provisions and vegetables. I did so, and was introduced to all; but among them was one, who still, though in a happier world, remains,

"Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the vital drops that warms the heart,"

which now invokes the shade of Moreton to attest a friendship formed in a moment, but enduring past his life.

Moreton and Harwood became the immediate objects of my attachment; but all interesting feelings were devoted instantaneously to the former. The flash of genius in Harwood, lighted for a moment my mental observation; but Moreton secured my heart. Harwood, on touching the shore as we landed in the Jerseys, reflecting on an ancient trick, fell and kissed it, hailing it in the language of an English king, who played the same prank to acquire popularity. Moreton stood erect, and raising his eyes to heaven, seemed to implore its blessings on the asylum he had chosen. Our dear deceased Wignell, whom every one who knew him must have loved, finding himself with so large a company, in such a state of the city of Philadelphia, requested that as I had been some time in the country, I would take the charge of them and procure them lodgings in the Jerseys. The farmers were generous enough to give asy-

lums to the respective families, and the single men were accommodated at a tavern in Sandtown. Here we were visited as strange wild beasts or nondescript animals—the expansion of intelligent ideas not having embraced, in the multitude, the conception of what genus a play-actor could be. However, after having visited us, drank our wine, and heard our songs, they concluded that we were something *human*. Here our revered friend, Wignell, was under the necessity of leaving us, to provide for exigencies, depositing in my hands thirty dollars—'twas all he could; but thus was I left with thirty dollars only, in the charge of fifty-six human beings for three weeks.

Mr. Harwood was at that time one of the company; he had never been on the stage, and his ambition was to excel in tragedy. It was in vain that I, whose counsel he condescended to request with the sincerity and solicitude of a real friend, advised him to attach himself to comedy. He persisted in playing in tragedy, and made his first appearance in *Lothario*.

There was then in the company, and to his credit be it remarked, that there remains still, one of those oddities whom nature, in her frolicksome sport, seems to endow with her own humour for pleasure and admiration—a queer being, called Francis Blisset, who, though he has not diminished his father's honours, possessed the mental capability of adding to them, could he have persuaded nature to sustain her physical endowments. During a time of public calamity, it can be no disgrace to him or Mr. Wignell to mention, that he had the pleasure of measuring ten or twelve miles of a sandy road for the simple assistance of half a dollar. He is a

man whom I have incessantly admired and esteemed, now near twenty years.

Sweet as it is for "brethren to dwell together in unity;" delightful as it is to the recording angel to pen a human action pleasing to the Almighty—so sweet, so delightful is it to me to enter on a theme, in which only the virtues of humanity can be contemplated. The amiable qualities and conduct of Moreton had endeared him to my heart, and a fascinating melancholy, which called forth tenderer feelings, riveted him to my soul. We were continually together, and mutually enjoyed the social intercourse.

When the yellow fever had ceased its ravages, I conducted, at Mr. Wignell's request, the company to Annapolis, where we were received with all the hospitality, benevolence, and attention, humanity could suggest and generosity extend. I wish I could add the pleasing record, that the polished liberality of the inhabitants had been generally as delicately received as it was delicately tendered; but as

"Our very wishes bring us not our wish,"

so was the kindness of the inhabitants ineffectual in producing the consequences they had a right to expect from all; but our beloved Moreton's interesting and superior conduct soon claimed and obtained for him the tenderest interest of the most valuable members of the community. Having been from infancy accustomed to act only the part of a gentleman, in private life it sate so easy on him, that he commanded admiration wherever seen; but in public life a diffidence, occasioned by a reversion of fortune, occluded at first those talents,

which were afterwards exhibited in their natural brilliancy. Many a time has he returned from the theatre, after imagined disapprobation, thrown himself on my knees, and, in the most feeling terms, expressed his fear of being unsuccessful in the profession. Every word the heart-impelled breath of consolation could give utterance to, was offered on my part, and frequently not without success. But there was a voice that as a seraph from the heaven of heavens whispered in notes of *love* his praise. Emblem of every lovely attribute divine and human! shrink not; the softest feather of my pen alone shall touch thy delicacy; but should it shrink from that, I'd wish the down of swan had been engaged to speak thy praise; though, but for fear, I would engrave it with a pen of steel.

If ever real virtue and true honour existed in human being, I think that I may say, I this year testified them in their most exalted character. I could, I wish, I burn with desire to prove to what degree of excellence humanity can raise itself;—but, I am forbidden; and if a veil is here thrown over some of the worthiest actions of my life, it is because that veil will at the same time secure, in another, the purest complexion of virtue from a meridian sun of praise.

During my first visit to Annapolis, as I was one evening performing the part of Othello, a country gentleman in the boxes, having paid great attention to the play, which he had never seen performed before, started suddenly from a state of wrapt attention and observed, with an oath, to his neighbour, that he had never thought a negro could have been possessed of so much intelligence, and that if my master would sell me, he would

give five hundred dollars for me that moment. His friend, I presume, humoured the joke, and directed him after the performance to the stage door, where he made every inquiry for the master of the extraordinary negro; but he was still more astonished when he found that this strange character possessed the additional accomplishment of being able to wash himself white. The matter was explained, and the disappointed gentleman was obliged to retire without effecting a purchase.

After the most hospitable treatment that any society could experience—after friendly attentions that exist to this moment, we left Annapolis. If the real nobility of humanity could desire praise, how much could I from my heart effuse! But worth, honour, and generosity are satisfied with the private contemplation of themselves: their nature shrinks from public greetings; yet, where liberality is oppressively warm, it may submit to be fanned by the breath of gratitude, and may every air be acceptable.

Before I left Annapolis, the reverend provost of the college did me the honour of preaching the sermon I have before mentioned. We left Annapolis and returned to Philadelphia. There I remained for some weeks, enjoying the society of my friend Moreton in private lodgings, till I had procured a house. That being done, I requested him to live with me. In this instance again was that delicate sense of honour, which I fear was suffered to eclipse his future happiness, predominant over inclination; but, happily for me, only for a while; he at last consented to make my house his residence, on conditions, which were as honourably proposed by him, as they were willingly accepted by me. Few will read with

pleasure the private memoirs of friends, which have only their value in retired virtues. One, perhaps not *only* one, would wish me to dwell longer on this dear subject; but the gratitude I owe to the amiable families with whom she is connected, and the respect due to the most exalted feelings, check the publicity of the effusions of my heart, and force my pen to reverential silence.

But the sternest delicacy need not shrink from deserved praise—from the mention of honourable sensations; yet in spite of my ardent inclination to do, or to say, what would be only justice, I tremble lest I should give a wound to sensibility, or touch a fibre of that root whence sprang most ennobling virtues.

Comfortably settled in Philadelphia, but finding myself unpleasantly disappointed in the estimated expenses of house-keeping, I thought some employment, in addition to theatrical pursuits, necessary; the influx of the French having greatly increased the price of provisions, house-rent, &c. from what they had, while in England, been represented to me to be. I mean not to cast the smallest imputation on Mr. Wignell's integrity, in his relations to me of the cheapness of living in Philadelphia; for as he described them to me, things *were* on his departure from America. The sudden and extraordinary advance on the prices of provisions, had taken place during his absence. I consequently established lectures on natural philosophy. Forgetting, or rejecting that excellent observation of Juvenal, which at no period of my life could have been more applicable and useful to me, than at the moment when I was launching my bark into a new ocean:

Monstro quod ipse tibi possis dare; semita certe
 Tranquillæ per virtutem patet unica vitæ.
 Nullum numen abest si sit *Prudentia*, sed te
 Nos facimus fortuna Deam cæloque locamus.

Prudence, however, has always been, with regard to me, so shy a goddess, that she has never permitted me to touch the hem of her garment.

While pursuing these, I was favoured with the loan of a considerable portion of apparatus from the university. Dr. Rittenhouse lent me, among other articles, the celebrated electrical battery of Dr. Franklin; but what was to me of dearest value, was the present of an excellent prism, made by himself. I obtained the executive assistance of Mr. Cox (as I believe) the principal architect of the new theatre, in erecting for me a machine embracing all the mechanical powers, so nicely and regularly constructed, that being electrified, it would raise a man seated in a chair: the reaction of the air on the flyers having sufficient power to effect the intent. About this time I had the honour of becoming acquainted with governor Mifflin, and in a manner so extraordinarily affable on his part, that I feel forced to relate it.

I was returning one morning from rehearsal at the theatre, where I had been detained beyond my usual time, and consequently hastening home quickly to attend my lectures, I walked as fast as I could. While thus walking, a gentleman, whom to my knowledge I had never seen before, called to me by name, and observed that he was incapable of overtaking me as I walked so fast, and begged me to stop. I did so till we met. He then, in the most amiable manner, addressed me in these condescending words: "Mr. Fennell, I have long

wished to be introduced to you, but having had no opportunity, permit me to introduce myself. My name is Mifflin:—they call me governor Mifflin. All I shall say to you at present is, that if you will come and dine with me at the falls (Schuylkill) on Sunday next, I shall be happy to entertain you.” I replied to him, that I would honour myself by accepting the invitation with the same frankness that made the offer so pleasing to my feelings.

I attended, and had the pleasure of dining with many of the heroes of the revolution. I had the honour of entertaining five generals and other gentlemen at my house in the evening. We supped; all went well, and we parted about one in the morning, apparently pleased with the amusement of the preceding hours. But the generous governor’s feelings did not end here: from this day he honoured me with intimate friendship. He requested me to breakfast, dine, or sup with him, whenever I should be disengaged, upon the general principle of freedom of declaration when public business interfered. Our intimacy was founded upon the principle of the visitor’s asking, “are you at leisure?” and the visited saying, “yes, or, no;” upon which answer each agreed to enter the house or retire. Never did I acknowledge so cordial a reciprocity of sentiment, unless I may be permitted to consider it to be transferred to his amiable daughter, and her no less amiable associate.

The love which I had before felt, and which was now voluntarily riveted to the United States, induced me to send for my wife and son. Here again my friend Horace might have assisted me, had I consulted him—had I reflected, that

Auream quisquis mediocritatem
 Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti
 Sordibus tecti, caret invidendâ
 Sobrius aulâ.

But my old follies still adhered to me, and I could never lock up my “rascal propensities,” or the produce of them, from a friend. I thought little of the morrow; but trusting to my talents for sudden accumulations, I spent my money freely—too freely. It was in vain that I saw examples of prudence and economy immediately before my eyes; in vain did I see my own associates, locking up their savings for a future day, that they might enjoy as it were two lives: the first, in the honour of industry and prudence, and the second, in the fruits of both; for as Martial says,

Ampliat sibi æstatem vir bonus: hoc est
 Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.

And this, while lamenting and suffering under my own weaknesses, I am happy to find is the case with many worthy characters of Mr. Wignell’s company at this time, who did not possess a fourth part of the advantages of income that I had; yet have they, by discretion and economy, arrived at that honourable “auream mediocritatem” before hinted at; and may they enjoy it as they have deserved it.

My wife and son arrived; but scarcely had I welcomed them, when that god of heroes; that great good man; that *all* that human nature could embrace, honoured my child with his condescending endearments. His lady requested my child’s nurse to deliver him to her for a few minutes. She placed him on the throne of glory—the breast of Washington.

The occurrence was accidental, but not less honourable to my child. He is now a man, and I hope and trust, that the embrace and endearment will induce him to persevere in maintaining those virtuous sentiments then beating in the breast that warmed him.

On my first sight of the president, I could not help exclaiming, in the words of Juvenal, O Heaven!

Gratum est quod patriæ civem, populoque dedisti
Et facis, ut patriæ sit idoneus, utilis agris
Utilis et bellorum, et pacis regibus agendis.

Language should be dumb when contemplating this man. There is not his parallel in history. We can compare him to no one, for no one has approached his excellence. If without error it might be expressed, I would say he was the second saviour of the world. Jesus had his apostles, and Washington will find them also.

Dear, great, good man! farewell! The love I bore you was not from the kindnesses I myself experienced from you; but from the admiration of virtues, again hoped for, but little to be expected; for human reason cannot demand from Providence a frequent interference of Divine goodness.

How sweet is it to dwell on the character of a man—Pshaw!—*my* words can add nothing to his praise. Solomon built a temple to the Lord God of *hosts*: Washington erected his to the Lord God of liberty and independence. When a certain Scotch nobleman directed a most estimable present “to the best of men,” it readily found its way to Washington. The queen of Sheba brought her presents to the wisest of men: the earl sent his to the worthiest; and the greatest wisdom was found embraced in the greatest virtue.

During the prosecution of my lectures this winter, 1793-4, I was often favoured with the visits of general Knox and governor Mifflin, at private hours. The governor, observing the great expense I incurred for apparatus, and the supposed inadequacy of profit, proposed to me the establishment of some manufacture, that would be useful to the United States, and profitable to myself. I assented to the proposal; but requested information respecting the articles most necessary.— They replied, salt and saltpetre. The governor advocated the latter; the general the former. Saltpetre appeared to me to afford only a momentary source of profit: salt, a lasting one; but as there was something consonant in experiments for making both, and having a few weeks leisure, I took part of my apparatus to the Jerseys, and amused myself in making both. The plant that appeared to me most productive of the vegetable alkali by incineration, was there called *rack*, or *ragweed*. It grew in abundance after the harvesting of oats, and to the height of seven or eight feet near the stables.

I brought a small sample of the crystallized saltpetre to Philadelphia, and was encouraged by Dr. Wistar and other friends, to pursue my plan.

This year was to me pregnant with a variety of future good. This year, among others, the celebrated Talleyrand, then or before bishop of Autun, favoured me with his visits. This year, the universally esteemed Dr. Barton honoured me with his intimacy. This perfect botanist would condescend to ride or walk with me four or five miles for my instruction. He enjoys now, in the respect of three quarters of the globe, the proof

of what the fourth can produce—something as great as good.

This year introduced me to the esteemed captain Tingee and his family, from whom I acknowledge, with gratitude, having received the greatest kindnesses.

Here I feel inclined to introduce an anecdote of something I then thought of an extraordinary nature. Captain Tingee, Mr. Moreton, and myself, were about ascending the steps of my house, for the purpose of accommodating ourselves at the dinner-table, when we perceived a black man standing on the steps. We had nearly passed him, supposing him to have been sent on some errand, when he thus addressed us all: "Captain Tingee, don't you know me? I lived with you in America; Mr. Fennell, I lived with you in London; Mr. Moreton, I lived with you in Bengal.

It was the fact, that this black fellow had been servant to each of us in the respective countries he mentioned; but the coincidence is worthy of remark.

In the month of August I left Philadelphia for Baltimore; but the yellow-fever prevailing there, the theatrical company were again at a stand, and I retired to Annapolis. Though an admirer, I am no translator of Anacreon, nor as I trust shall I ever disgrace myself, as Moore did, by abusing the virtues that cherished him. Tell me, Anacreon Moore, is there a country in the world, wherein you have been more hospitably received than in this? Is there a city in the world, in which you have been more benevolently treated, than in Philadelphia? After having experienced—after having had lavished on you all the kindnesses their generous hearts

- could invent—answer, if you can, to *them*, and to the honour of your country, for the abuse your depravity of mind has wantonly diffused. Such histories of Americans are only fit for private or public purposes. An independent pen would write the truth; and it is within my knowledge, that you have prostituted genius to individual passion, and prostrated gratitude at the shrines of revenge and private pique.

Nursed as you were in the bosoms of all who could delight in superior genius—whose liberality was therefore evanescent—whose admiration excited weakness; was it for you to traduce a community, whose only failing was too much goodness, and whose noblest virtue was partiality to you: for it was the true essence of virtue that fumed the altar of your praise. They loved you, Moore, because they thought you worthy; they trusted you, because they thought you good. And what was your return? Let us drop the curtain.

Somebody, no matter whether a king or a beggar, says, “ O that I had the pen of a READY writer:” for my part, I think frequently that it would be better that my pen should be a little more *tardy* in its operations, for it is continually wandering from its object. What I had to do with the above I know not. I had got to Annapolis, and was about to say something of necessary concern, when the pen ran away with my senses, and mechanism overcame the reason that invented it.

Soon after my return to Annapolis, I had partially regulated my plan for the establishment of salt works, and being so advised, and having received a patent for the inventions, I petitioned the legislature for the loan of a sum of money (5000 pounds) for the establishment

in the state of Maryland: a committee was appointed, who called on me. The petition succeeded in the house of representatives, as respected part of the sum, and on its being successful I returned (having attended the discussion) home, under a conviction that the senate would accord. I think I had not been at home more than twenty minutes, when one of the members of the senate called on me and informed me that the senate had rejected the bill. This information was completely unexpected; but it was attended with an assurance that each in his individual capacity would cooperate with me in the plan proposed; though as a body they could not sanction the loan, lest it should induce monied men, from the example of the legislature, to embark their property in an establishment which might not succeed.

(Be it now, before I proceed further, observed, that there are in the state of Massachusetts more than twelve hundred different sets of salt-works, two hundred of which I have visited, and never did I experience a greater degree of civility and friendly attention than from the inhabitants of Cape Cod, during my visits to them, about fourteen years after the commencement of a correspondence with individuals personally unknown to me. At every inn where I stopped I had from morning till night, three or four carriages constantly at my command, sent by the neighbouring inhabitants.—But more of this hereafter—What has been accomplished in the eastern states might have been accomplished in the south.)

The private distresses of my family during the sickness that prevailed in it, I would not even hint at,

but that I should feel guilty of ingratitude to Mrs. Ogle, Mrs. Caton, and Dr. Shoaff, were I not to acknowledge their particular kindnesses; notwithstanding which, it having pleased the Almighty to take from me my then only daughter, grateful sensations for their goodness, and prayers for their eternal welfare, may be offered without offence.

On the day after my child's decease, while proceeding to governor Ogle, to borrow his carriage for her interment, a gentleman, Mr. Templeman, accosted me, who observed that he had come from Georgetown purposely to see me on the subject of the salt-works. I excused my inattention to him at that moment, by stating the situation of my family, but promised to visit him in a few days at Georgetown, which I did; and having staid there some days, visiting messrs. Templeman, Forest, Stoddart, and other gentlemen, and exhibiting my plan, with practical experiments; they then offered me conditionally one hundred thousand pounds for the patent, if the salt should be made for one shilling per bushel, and two hundred if it should be made for nine pence: but there were certain attentions and duties on my part to be annexed, to which I could not bring my stubborn mind to bend. I was desirous of enriching myself, but I could not stoop to the means, I had not been then

“ So long a slave to others' pride
T' have learnt at last to wait upon myself.”

Negotiation soon staggered in its course, and fell before it reached the goal; like an imprudent jockey, I spurred and whipped it too much at starting, till “ my mental Bucephalus furiously threw me.”

At Annapolis I had the honour of an acquaintance with a French gentleman, an exile, the marquis of ——. While humorously conversing one day on the chances and changes of this mortal world, he observed to me with great sprightliness, that he considered his estate as bettered; for, added he, I formerly kept only eight or ten servants, and they frequently deceived me; I can now support twenty, in whom I can place confidence. I looked for explanation; when pointing to his feet, he laughingly observed, “ J'en ai dix là;” then holding out his hands—“ et dix ici.”

The generous governor Stone seemed inclined to embrace the business of the salt-works; he wished to see the process, and many an hour did we spend privately together at his house in the examination of the practicability of the plan. It was the general topic of conversation at his table, and it seemed to him a matter of regret that it had not been espoused more warmly. When I found it necessary to remove from Annapolis, on my taking leave of him he expressed his regret that difficulties had so much invaded his private concerns as to prevent his engaging in the salt-works, and with a considering generosity rarely experienced, presented me with an hundred dollars, for what he was pleased to call my loss of time while visiting his house.

I soon returned to Baltimore; and now, having slightly hinted at the late success of salt-works in Massachusetts, where the last information received by me from Cape Cod alone assured me of their having made there that year three hundred thousand bushels; I appeal solemnly to the testimony of messrs. Robert Gilmore, Robert Oliver, general Smith and brothers,

John Hollins, J. Buchanan (several others concerned in my first attempt from Baltimore are deceased) for my justification in the following relation of circumstances. They know that I have applied to them for papers, letters, and the pamphlet written by Dr. Drysdale. If my memory cannot be assisted by them, I must trust to its original strength, but truth only is intended.

Having made my project of erecting salt-works known in Baltimore, I had been invited, as well as by some of the members of the legislature at Annapolis, by several citizens of Baltimore, possessing estates adjoining the salt-water, to settle on one of their respective plantations. Having received considerable pecuniary assistance, principally, in the first instance, from Frenchmen, I purchased a sloop of one hundred and nine tons, loaded her with every thing necessary for the commencement of works, wherever I might find it convenient to settle. But I soon found that I was not a sufficient adept in the purchase of vessels, for I had to pay seventy-three dollars before I was permitted to loose her from the wharf, she having no register. I sold the sloop, therefore, on condition of having the use of her for a month, after which, on the delivery of her to the purchaser, at Baltimore, the money was to be paid. I started, and settled on an estate of Mr. Van Bibber, in Mobjack bay. The prejudices that were imbibed on my first arrival there, were curiously prejudicial to me. My medium of operation was old seines of very great length, to be afterwards cut and fitted to the mechanism, for the purpose of evaporation. These having been seen, an alarm arose among the fishermen from an idea, ridi-

culous enough, that I intended to draw all the salt from the bay, and that, in case of my success, the fish would not come up as usual to their hauling places and weirs. Others confronted me with a positive assertion of the impossibility of making salt at all without fire; yet I there made the first experiment which seemed to answer well. I experienced, however, a very serious disappointment, from a circumstance that prevented me from receiving my money, and provisions that I had ordered to be brought with part of it. The money was faithfully paid, and delivered to my order; the provisions were faithfully bought and put on board a brig, by the master of my sloop, who had charged himself with the delivery of them and the money to me, under a certainty that his brother's brig, on board of which he had promised to enter as mate, would stop in Mobjack bay on its way to the West Indies. On their arrival near Mobjack bay, the wind being fair for their intended voyage, the captain, in duty to his owners, refused a moment's delay of the vessel. My money and provisions were, therefore, taken to the West Indies. On the return of the brig, every thing was honourably settled, but my difficulties in the meantime were great; however, I surmounted all, and returned to Baltimore; where having communicated with the gentlemen above mentioned, on my request to them to send some person on whose ability and integrity they could rely, to view and examine the plan, they engaged Dr. Drysdale for that purpose, who went with me to the works. I had them immediately thoroughly cleansed, and on the Monday following his arrival, water from the sea was introduced into all of the vats. He took the command of the works; with the

assistance of a negro, attended to them six weeks, and then declared that he was perfectly satisfied, and was ready to return to Baltimore to make his report. He did so with me, and reported to the before mentioned gentlemen assembled, that the salt had been actually made for seven-pence halfpenny per bushel, and that he believed on the extension of the works it might be made for three-pence or four-pence. The company then undertook to engage in the business, but not upon the plan I originally proposed, which was the loan of a sum of money (100,000 dollars) on mortgage of the land and property; I to receive nothing till they had received thirty-three and a third interest on their money, being content to receive the balance of profit. This offer was suggested to me originally by Mr. Chequire, of the firm of Chequire and Holmes. But a few days after the first meeting, at which Mr. Gilmore presided, and before which Dr. Drysdale read his journal, col. O'Donnell called on me, and observed: "Mr. Fennell, we have taken this business into serious consideration, and we find from the relation of Dr. Drysdale that you will be making two or three hundred per cent. from our money, while you allow us only thirty-three and a third." I observed to him, that what I should or might make beyond the interest promised to them, was liable to incidental circumstances; that I might make much or nothing; but that I thought *their* interest would be secure, and it was for my industry and attention to promote *mine*. But he observed, that the company had drawn up proposals on a different plan, which they hoped I would agree to. The plan was, that they should have a right under the patent to erect works

themselves; that they would engage to expend one hundred thousand dollars in the erection of them; that they would divide the stock into one hundred and fifty shares, and that I should have fifty, without the liability of being called upon for any money till after the expenditure of one hundred thousand dollars, when my shares were to become taxable in proportion, for their increase.

After considerable hesitation on my part, we all signed the covenant at the store of Barney and Hollins.

Scarcely had the deed been signed, when one observation which I overheard—I think it was from Mr. J. Buchannan, laid the foundation of the destruction of the whole business.

The gentlemen, messrs. Gilmore and co. Oliver and Thompson, O'Donnell, Smith and others, had retired into the court-yard to take the cool air, and some refreshment. I was left with Mr. John Hollins to settle some inferior business. I afterwards was passing through the hall to join the company, when I heard this observation: "We have him in our power now, and we can do what we please with him."

How little the person who made the observation knew me, the event will show; for from that instant they could do nothing with me—I was fixed in a moment; and when Mr. Oliver observed afterwards, that nothing more was wanted but a proper director of the business, and Mr. Gilmore replied: "Why, Mr. Fennell to be sure." I replied, no; I could not be otherwise concerned than as I had bound myself." I added, that as Dr. Drysdale had resided at *my* works for six weeks, he could, by following the plan he had seen and

approved, attend the execution of *their* works as well as myself. Dr. Drysdale was consequently appointed superintendant, and so sanguine were his expectations, that he considered seven shares as an ample remuneration for his obligating himself to conduct them for seven years.

To Dr. Drysdale I had become much attached: he was sickly and feeble during his residence with me, and often did I carry him in my arms to our favourite shaded hillock for air and repose.

Before my return to my works on the western shore, I applied to Mr. Robert Oliver for some money to assist me in increasing them. He asked me how much I wanted; I told him about fifteen hundred dollars. "Come then," said he, "with me." He took me first to his own store, where he asked his clerk for all the ready money in it: I attended him to others, and in less than an hour I had the sum required.—Mr. Oliver's kindness on the occasion I shall never forget.

Furnished by his assistance with means, I chartered a sloop, and returned to my little establishment at Mobjack bay, with necessaries for continuing my operations.

I had been induced to take with me, in the first part of my enterprise, a young Frenchman from St. Domingo. I had left him in charge of the works, and of the negro who attended them. This negro was of a very refractory disposition, and the Frenchman, finding that he could not manage him, ordered him off the premises until I should return: the negro refused to go; and after some altercation the Frenchman went to the house and loaded a blunderbuss, with which he imme-

dately returned, and threatened to blow the negro's brains out if he did not abscond—the negro fled. I was told of this occurrence on my return. But one morning when I had made up a fishing party, I sought in vain for my bullets, which I wanted for sinkers: at last I desired the blunderbuss to be brought to me, thinking that I might obtain two or three from that; it was brought to me; I found it charged to the muzzle. I took from it thirty seven pistol bullets, and an adequate proportion of powder.—It was fortunate for the Frenchman that the negro absconded without the execution of the threat.

I had returned about three days, when at sunrise, perceiving the prospect of a fine day, I ordered a considerable quantity of brine to be let into the crystallizing vat; it had been there a few hours, when a schooner anchored close by the works and hailed us. Most of the gentlemen aforesaid landed. They saw the brine in a state of perfect fluidity, but it soon began to crystallize; and at two o'clock in the afternoon, they requested me to have the salt taken out: I did so; though at the best time of the day for crystallization, and it was estimated at fourteen bushels: it was taken from a vat about seventy feet long and ten wide.

This induced the gentlemen to request my accompanying them in the schooner, on an excursionary trip, for the purpose of fixing on a spot convenient for their establishment. I immediately went on board, and we set sail. After visiting a number of places, we found ourselves most hospitably received on the eastern shore of Virginia, and there it was determined that the works should be erected. A tract of land was bought for four

thousand pounds: every thing necessary was settled; and Dr. Drysdale soon afterwards assumed the command of the future establishment.

But Love, that general invader of the pursuits of young men, attacked my friend in the infancy of his Interest might accuse him for not having a heart of steel; but Feeling could not blame him for possessing the susceptibility of excellence. His mind wandered occasionally over the establishment; but his devout attentions found their magnet elsewhere. He was momentarily blessed—when Providence called him from the enchantments of this world, as I hope, to the real enjoyments of solid happiness in another. It was but an exchange of temporal for spiritual, for there is still a witness of the blessing he left on earth.

I had been called upon by the gentlemen composing the company to remove from the western to the eastern shore. I obeyed; but could consider myself in the latter place only as an intruder. After passing many months in sickness and vexation, having had six in my family confined to their beds at the same time, and having lost a daughter, and an apprentice, I returned, through Baltimore, to Philadelphia, for the recovery of my health, and peace of mind.

During my sickness, in which I had been twice “given over;” which means, I presume, the delivery from one or more earthly physicians, to one of more experienced practice; I received from my friend Morton a letter, requesting the loan of a few hundred dollars. On the receipt of it I was extremely sick. I had no money; but, with considerable difficulty, I contrived to sign a bill of sale of some property, for which he obtain-

ed fifteen hundred dollars; but hearing that I was dead, as I was afterwards informed, he did not make use of it himself, but settled it on my wife and surviving child. I passed the following summer in Philadelphia. In the fall I received a letter from the agent of the gentlemen concerned in the salt-works, in answer to one I had previously written, with an offer of taking the charge of the whole of them upon myself, provided that they would sell them to me at the original cost, and allow me three years for the payment. The letter from the agent requested me to come to Baltimore. It was not convenient for me to obey at the time; but soon afterwards I attended them. In the meantime, however, one of the gentlemen, Mr. Buchannan, had been to Virginia, and on his return reported, that having examined the works, and their product, he found, that although large unnecessary sums had been expended, the works would still yield a considerable interest for their money: the gentlemen therefore determined to try them a year longer.

Being at Baltimore at the theatrical season, Mr. Moreton, then manager for Mr. Wignell, engaged me to play for twelve nights, for thirty dollars per night, and a benefit; and made an engagement with me for the winter season in Philadelphia. But on Mr. Wignell's return from England, he refused to sanction Mr. Moreton's engagement; upon which I declined accepting any engagement whatever, and established readings and recitations, at the College Hall, in Philadelphia. I had at first advertised a course of thirty only; but the success of them was so encouraging, that I extended them to fifty-seven. This year was marked by the

first arrival of Mr. Cooper, and the production, in Philadelphia, of the play of Columbus; which had, as might have been expected, very great success; the receipts of it being, in ten nights, as I have understood, nearly fourteen thousand dollars.

Having completed my recitations, and finding that I was not likely to obtain the management of the salt-works in Virginia, I next attempted the establishment of them in the Jerseys, near Shrewsbury. For this purpose, I leased a farm called Green Bank, near the highlands of Neversink, and published, in Philadelphia, a prospectus, or pamphlet, containing the plan of my undertaking; but prejudices again prevailed, and I obtained but little assistance. I dedicated my pamphlet to Mr. Adams, then president of the United States, to whom I respectfully sent a copy, as handsomely bound as I could procure it to be; but I received, not even from his secretary, who afterwards declared to me that he had himself personally presented it, the slightest acknowledgment of its having been received. I had also the honour of presenting one, of the same binding, to Mr. Jefferson, then vice-president, who instantly, having perused it, condescended to send me a polite letter, approving the theory, and expressing his wish for the success of the practice.

I went to Shrewsbury and set the works on foot, in the beginning of June, to a considerable extent; but an unfortunate quarrel having taken place between the lessor and myself, and I having engaged with Mr. Wig-nell to attend his company at Newyork and Philadelphia for the following season, for the purpose of making money for the increase of the works, I appointed a French

gentleman, as I thought him, my attorney and assignee, and joined the company at Newyork; from which place I sent all the necessaries for preparing them for operation early in the following spring. My assignee sued for the possession of the whole estate under the lease, which had been refused, unless I would consent to purchase, even after the lease of the whole had been regularly drawn up and signed. My assignee recovered. I thought he behaved ill. I wrote to him from Philadelphia to tell him so. Other difficulties ensued; and I have never seen the works or the place since. In this business, in one year, I sunk fourteen thousand dollars.

But I had a real friend, Joseph Hopkinson, esquire, of Philadelphia, whose advice had I taken in the first instance, I should have avoided all difficulties; but I was headstrong and obstinate. This true friend, on all occasions of importance, has advised me well, as the unfortunate results of neglecting his good counsel prove at this moment.

Having finished my engagement with Mr. Wignell, I again entered on a few recitations; and wrote and published a Poetic Address to the young gentlemen of Philadelphia: also one to the ladies. The first was afterwards published in a pamphlet, by the amiable and really good John Ward Feno, since deceased. The second, was to induce the ladies to paint and present standards to the young men, then offering their services to their country. The first presented was from the elegant pencil of Mrs. Hopkinson. I entered a grenadier company, and for a while all went well; but a suit that had been instituted against me in Newyork, by the lessor of the land at Shrewsbury, for which Mr. Hewitt,

the leader of the band in Newyork, had been my bail, I was under the necessity of returning to that city to surrender myself. I did so, and was in partial confinement, giving lectures very successfully on the limits, till the sheriff, Mr. Morris, very kindly asked my consent to a plan he had for procuring me the limits of the whole island, on parole. He agreed with my adversary's lawyer; and through his beneficence I was at liberty to extend my endeavours for the benefit of my family. But, as has been frequently observed, it is impossible to help me. Like a madman, I immediately purchased the circus for eight thousand five hundred dollars, turned it into a perfect theatre, for the purpose of beginning by recitations, increasing them to whole scenes, as I could obtain performers, and afterwards establishing a regular summer theatre.

While first reciting in Newyork, as I was sitting in my room in Warren street, a knocking at the door announced the approach of visitors. A lady and gentleman entered the room wherin I was sitting. The lady had, at first glance, to me exactly the appearance of my eldest sister. I started from my chair, and exclaimed, "good God! what brought you here? When did you leave England?" She replied, she never had left America; when the gentleman asking me if I did not know Mrs. Danvers, which was my sister's name, increased my confusion; till on a further examination, I found a variance of feature that convinced me of my mistake. Mrs. Danvers had called to request instruction in elocution. I consented on condition that she would assist me in my recitations: she did so, and with the assistance of her sister we performed many selected scenes

afterwards at the circus, till the winter theatre closed. I then, having engaged Mr. Cooper, Mr. Barret, the miss Westrays, and several other ladies and gentlemen, opened my house as a summer theatre; but the season of the year was unpropitious, and I was again under the necessity of calling upon my fortitude to bear those calamities my imprudence had brought on me. I sold most of the scenes to Mr. ——, then proposing the establishment of a theatre in Jamaica; and having languished out in fear and inactivity the remainder of the summer, I again turned my thoughts to salt-works, and wrote a pamphlet as an appendix to the one I published in Philadelphia; and having finished it, I presented it to several gentlemen for perusal; among others, to Mr. Aaron Burr, under the hopes that the Manhattan company might be induced to engage in them. Mr. Burr, with whom I had frequent conversations on the subject, advised an application, in preference, to the legislature; but having once failed in such a plan, I declined it, and resolved to attempt them myself. Accordingly, I determined to mortgage the circus, but could only get an offer of the loan of sixteen hundred dollars, which I accepted, one half in cash and one half in endorsed notes, under the assurance from a friend of mine that he believed the notes to be good, and that he would get them cashed for me within a month. The mortgage was given, the loan was received, and I began the preparation for salt-works; but beginning at the wrong end, by turning the circus into a salt-store, before I had made any salt, and employing workmen before I had converted my notes into cash, I very soon found myself in the want of money, and expected to obtain it at once from the notes.

I offered them for discount without effect: when taking them to the endorser, who was a friend of mine, and to whom from delicacy I had not before presented them, he informed me, on seeing them, that the endorsement was his, but that *that* set of notes had been obtained, or rather detained from him by fraud, under pretence of their being lost, and that he had in the same manner signed another set, which he had paid, and could not think of paying *them*. I then took them to the mortgagor, and offered a considerable discount for ready cash. This offer he said he would consider of, if I would leave the notes with him, and in the meantime observed, that as I wanted money, I might be relieved by a fifty dollar note, which he presented to me. I unfortunately accepted it, and thereby bound up my eight hundred dollars, which I was obliged to leave finally for fifty dollars more. Thus the mortgage produced me but nine hundred dollars instead of sixteen; the consequence was, therefore, the relinquishment of this business. But while I was engaged in it, one evening being much fatigued, I had lain down, when I was roused from my sleep by a servant, who informed me that a man on horseback had come from the theatre to request that I would play the part of Stukely, that evening, in the Gamester. It was a part I had never performed, and it was near the time of beginning; nor was I attached to the theatre. I could not do it, and refused the attempt. He then said that he was desired, if I declined, to request me to come to the theatre immediately. I went as I was, in my dress a little soiled from my attention to the day's work. Mr. Cooper asked me if I would *read* the part of Stukely? I declined. He then asked me if I would play the

part of Beverly, to save Mr. Hogg from the loss of five or six hundred dollars, which were then in the house. To the latter proposition I agreed, though I had not played the character for three years; and having prepared myself as well as possible during the first act, I performed it with tolerable correctness.

I passed the ensuing winter under considerable difficulties, making basket-salt for my daily bread; when I was relieved from this embarrassment by the liberality of the public and my brother masons, at my benefit, which was very profitable; the lodges, of which there were many, taking from thirty to eighty tickets each. I then took lodging and a small piece of land at New Utrecht, about ten miles from Newyork, and established a small set of works on a similar though improved plan to that which I erected in Virginia. I supported them for a long time from my earnings at the theatre, when, having left them, a fire broke out in the bath-house (the hotel) an immense wooden building, about one hundred feet in front, which burnt to the ground, and destroyed the works, unfortunately too contiguous to it. The fire is supposed to have originated by a spark issuing through a hole in the chimney near the garret floor, in which was piled a quantity of combustible materials, which having smothered it for about four and twenty hours, burst suddenly into a flame that finally consumed the whole.

Again thwarted in my undertakings, I took a house belonging to Mrs. Melmoth, on the Jersey side of the East river, and there made a considerable quantity of basket-salt, and the meanwhile engaged at the theatre with Mr. Dunlap, at thirty dollars per night—this did

Well, till that bane of prosperity, a law suit again assailed me.—I suffered under the bitterest vexations, the severest disappointment, and the most distressful privations I ever experienced; till the mortal string, being stretched beyond its bearing (that the creditors might urge, after the loss of another of my children, the arrows of calamity with deeper effect) it became useless and lost its power. I fell sick, and continued so till I was given over by my physicians, and my coffin was made.

“ L'Ordre de la Nature
 Soumet le pourpre et la bure
 Aux memes: sujets des pleurs;
 Et tout fiers que nous sommes
 Nous naissons tous foibles hommes;
 Tributaires des douleurs.”

A friend of mine, who had constantly visited me during my confinement, then applied to Mrs. Fennell to permit him to undertake my case; she consented: a favourable crisis took place in the evening, and the next morning witnessed the commencement of a complete recovery—The next winter I joined the theatre, but the theatre was at that time so injuriously assailed by pseudo-critics that I undertook its cause, and wrote avowedly under the signature of “An Actor”—my papers were printed in the Morning Chronicle—my principal opponent was, as I believe, Mr. Coleman, the editor of the Evening Post, who wrote under the signature of Arouet—but thinking that by these means alone I was not sufficiently powerful, I engaged in writing a farce, which I completed in eight days, and it was immediately accepted and performed under the direction of Mr. Dunlap. It was played under the title

of the Wheel of Truth for five successive nights, with considerable approbation, when its run was suddenly stopt, I can only guess, in the Connecticut style, why; for I never had a regular account—But Mr. Coleman took the pains of writing four columns against it; criticizing it, as if it had been intended as a regular and well considered production! as if it had been a production on which Horace observes, “ Nonumque prematur in annum,” a regular comedy, according to all the rules of the *ars poetica*.

We had the satisfaction of corresponding with each other, till Arouet informed the “ Actor,” that if he would let him alone, he himself would be quiet, and there the literary contention ended. Mr. Hodgkinson, who performed the principal part in the farce, had some concern in the contention latterly, from having been accused of interpolations in the part of Harlequin.

The theatre at Newyork having closed for a fortnight, I went to Philadelphia, where I performed for a few nights. Mr. Wignell, who had lately married the widow of Mr. Merry, was at the time of my arrival considerably indisposed. He unfortunately had a dinner party on the following day, having been under the operation of bleeding in the morning; and wishing to entertain his friends, he caused an inflammation in his arm, which eventually terminated in his death. The last time that I had the pleasure of seeing this worthy gentleman and friend, was in his private box at the theatre, whither he had invited me to attend the performance of Mr. Hodgkinson in Macbeth. During the play he observed to me that his arm was so painful that he was obliged to request that I would permit him to leave

me, and return home; I of course consented, and he retired. From that time I never saw him more.

The four corner-stones which supported the basis of Mr. Wignell's character, were Candour, Truth, Integrity, and Honour. Its superstructure was the column of Hope, about which had entwined, as around the Corinthian pillar the vine of Perseverance, bearing the full blown rose in all its brilliant excellence, and the green leaf in all its sweet complacency: its capital was of the noblest order and of the highest polish. But the whole with all its beauty, had its strength: it supported vexation, disappointment, treachery, and adversity—a heavy weight: exposed to storms from every quarter, it braved them all, and never did one corner-stone give way.

His arrival with so numerous a company (than which the London stage could boast no better) during the first yellow fever, was a mortal stab to the success of his pursuits. Every thing that man could do in such a situation was effected by Mr. Wignell: he summoned all his fortitude to his aid; used every exertion to accommodate his company, and bore with patient resignation the misfortunes of the season. If the peevish complaints of inconsiderate individuals sometimes excited an extraordinary acuteness of angry feeling, there was no hypocritical disguise; still was he the same man, open, candid, and sincere. He felt and disclosed his feelings; but remonstrated without acerbity. If he had his failings, they "leaned to Virtue's side." Lenient too frequently where severity was deserved, he was sometimes severe on slight occasions; but these uncustomary effusions were urged by that tender sensibility of mind, which induced him to feel that ingratitude, in some in-

stances, illiberality in others, were mingled with the complaints of sufferings, which in a time of public calamity he had endeavoured, with the most painful exertions, to prevent or alleviate.

Affable and conciliatory in his manners, he obtained the affection of all his associates. He had always that portion of wit and anecdote at command, which his part in the promotion of the pleasures of society required; but never suffered either to be intrusive. He was witty without vanity, and didactic without pride. His guests were pleased on entering his house, and left it highly gratified; for good humour gave the inspiring welcome, and good humour gave the necessary adieu. Peace to his manes!

I returned to Newyork, and continued my business at the theatre during the season; and in the beginning of the summer was passing through Newlondon, on my way to Boston, when on visiting a friend, I was requested to stay there to establish salt-works. I consented; and with a very small sum at my immediate command, I purchased a tract of land, agreeing to pay for it a certain number of bushels of salt per year, and began the pursuit. But how? I had hitherto began my establishments on a large scale, and had been censured by some severely for so doing. I therefore determined, in this instance, to invert my usual order of progression, and instead of attempting a leap at once to the summit of my mind-devoted fabric, to raise a ladder by which I would ascend by degrees, feeling with caution, and trusting with diffidence, the first step.

Let those who have witnessed my performances of the emperors, kings, and princes on the stage, imagine

my issuing from my friend's house at daybreak, alone, with my axe, my spade, my saw, and a bucket full of smaller implements, to parade with them on my shoulders to the place of destination, three miles off. Thus accoutred, I toiled through my tedious journey, supported in spirit and in hope, by recalling to my mind the condensations of Peter the great, and drawing a fanciful parallel. Arrived at a creek which separated my property from that of my neighbour's, I forded it, and gained the promised land; but on mounting its bank the saw slipped from the handle of the axe, and in falling severely wounded my left hand. What an occurrence to a romantic mind, tolerably stored with historical anecdote, for the indulgence of ominous conjecture! My blood flowed freely; I was fatigued; I sate down and contemplated the drops as they fell to the ground on which I rested. Numerous were the ideas that crowded on my mind; past, present, future, presented their respective pictures. I thought of my friend Hopkinson, and seemed to hear his voice in friendship whisper, "what business have you here?" My own judgment condemned me. I bound up my hand and extended myself on the ground in a state of despondency. However, I soon roused myself, took my spade, covered up the blood, and raised an altar of turf over it. I then summoned the assistance of my usual agents, Folly, Obstinacy, and Pride, and having obtained it, proceeded in laying out my plan. I had not advanced far, when the clouds lowered and a storm threatened its approach. I was alone on a barren beach, without shelter of any nature. I began again to reflect on my imprudence, when I perceived a wagon with a load of lumber, and

my friend preceding it. We soon knocked up a temporary shed, with the assistance of a kind neighbour, whose curiosity had induced him to inquire what I was about, having observed from his house on an eminence my to-and-fro motions on the beach. This done, and the storm having commenced, we set to and enjoyed the shelter, and the refreshments which my friend had brought me; but the astonishment of my neighbour was extreme, when I told him that I had come there for the purpose of making salt without fuel. I wish not for a muse of fire to celebrate this day; but had I the pencil of Hogarth, I could, from the countenances of several who visited my hut in the afternoon, exhibit caricatures that would amuse. So great was the incredulity of one, that he declared that he would as soon believe that I could turn shore-rock into a Goshen cheese, as that I could make salt without fire. However, I persisted, but for a long time could obtain no aid; at last, by the help of some small machinery I had managed to erect, I succeeded in making a few bushels of salt; then the shares, which I had offered, began to sell, and the works in general to progress.

I continued this undertaking, with advancing and receding success, for nearly three years; during which time, in the winter season, I attended the theatres of Newyork and Philadelphia with great success, and in the latter city delivered recitations with the highest encouragement for five weeks, and returned to the salt-works; when soon after, a house I had built, caught or was set on fire, about twelve o'clock at night; how, I never could learn. The house, with all my preparatory machinery, which had been completely and neatly stowed in it that very day, and which I had left about eight o'clock appa-

recently in a state of safety, was entirely consumed. I have but one motive for a conjecture how the fire could have taken place, which is this; as I was afterwards informed, there was a man, who, having no fixed residence, wandered about the country, supporting himself by fishing. He had occasionally that portion of insanity, which is so often introduced by a partiality for a certain Newengland produce. It is supposed, from a pan that was found among the ruins the next morning, and which, compared with none which I had ever purchased, and with none which any one could claim, that this man had entered the house late at night with a pan of coals, which he used for the purpose of lighting his pipe while fishing.

This pan had a hole in the bottom, and whether he placed it on any inflammable matter, or threw the coals out when he lay down to sleep, or if he was present at all, cannot be ascertained. The door had been left open for several persons who had gone on some frolic, and he probably found it a convenient place of residence for the night, and accordingly took up his abode there. From whatever cause it occurred, the accident was extremely injurious to me; for the principal materials lost could not be replaced that year.

Feeling one morning a little deficiency in the contents of my pocket-book, I started for Newlondon, about four miles from the works, hired a room, delivered recitations, and returned home with a decent supply of ready-rhino. Having received an invitation from Norwich, I drove there one afternoon, every thing having been previously prepared by my friends; and returned the next morning, thoroughly satisfied with the fruits of my exertion.

I, however, having procured a considerable quantity of timber, plank, and boards, before the accident, and consequently prepared myself for extending the works during the summer, continued the increase of them, notwithstanding the loss of most of my principal materials, contenting myself with the expectation of adding to the remainder during the winter, and trusting to the profits of the ensuing summer: giving up, in part, those of the present, I determined on going on the stage; and on that determination, feeling myself strong in hope, I purchased nearly all the stock that was held in the works, to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars; for which stock I gave my notes, payable in four, eight, twelve, and fourteen months. I engaged with Mr. Warren, for two months, in Philadelphia, intending to make a tour through the principal cities of the United States; but while I was contemplating my plan, Mr. Dunlap, formerly manager of the Newyork theatre, called on me at the salt-works one morning, with a message from Mr. Cooper, offering me the full receipts of every Saturday night, if I would assist him in opening it, and play, alternately, with him, first and second rate parts. I agreed; and consented to be ready to appear on the first of October. I did so, and opened the theatre under Mr. Cooper's direction, in the part of Richard the Third; he playing Richmond. In this manner we continued playing during the first week, when my profits were three hundred and fifty-three dollars. On the Monday morning following, I had to consult with Mr. Cooper on the arrangements for the ensuing week; when I, having appointed to him his part, for the following Saturday, according to agreement, he fixed, as

manager, the plays of Othello, and Hamlet, for the Friday and Monday. On seeing the arrangements posted in the green-room, I observed to him, jokingly, that he had completely hedged me in; he asked me if I had any cause of complaint; I told him no! not the least; he had done nothing but what was strictly right; and the business remained so arranged. But about dinner time he called on me, and observed, that although he had no intention of interfering with his engagement to me, without my cordial consent, yet, if he could make me an offer which might prove more acceptable, he should be happy to exchange the present engagement for another, as he found the tasks I had imposed upon him interfered too much with his managerial arrangements. Mr. Cooper then told me, that he would give me five hundred dollars on the following Saturday; five hundred on the next ensuing Saturday; and two hundred on the third: which, in addition to the three hundred and fifty-three I had already received, would make fifteen hundred and fifty-three dollars for the month. I observed to Mr. Cooper, that I thought I could make more by my present engagement. He said, he believed I should, if he could possibly study the parts which I had allotted to him for my nights; but that if I would agree to release him, he would, in addition, give up one half of what might be over the twelve hundred dollars, in the three nights receipts originally appropriated to me. He seemed anxious to be released, and as every thing was proposed with the most perfect honour on his part, after some hesitation, I yielded. The money was punctually paid, and immediately sent by me to the salt-works at Waterford, near Newlondon.

These salt-works were considered by Mr. Hopkinson, my best friend—(best I may truly call him, for he never flattered me, or lent me money)—as a common drain to the streams that flowed from the showers of Philadelphian liberality. He frequently expressed his wish that they might be swallowed up by the sea, and he finally obtained his wish.

Leaving Newyork, I set off for Philadelphia; and in the interval, between my arrival there, and the beginning of my engagement, I delivered recitations. I then performed two months, for two free benefits, by which I gained two thousand dollars.

But, unfortunately, one evening, when mounted on Alexander's car, declining the advice and offered assistance of Mr. Warren, who was performing the part of Clytus, in a fit of impatience at the neglect of some of the attendants, I leapt from the car on the stage, and sprained my left ankle. I struggled through the part, in great pain, as well as I could, but with little success: I was to have played Hotspur the next evening, but was obliged to confine myself to my chamber. Mr. Mackenzie played it in my stead.

I soon after, for the first time, paid a theatrical visit to Boston, where I did not succeed well at first, there being, on my first, second, and third appearances, but four hundred, four hundred and fifty, and five hundred and thirty-four dollars. I was to share after five hundred dollars; of course I gained nothing but seventeen dollars. But the next week improved greatly; and I was persuaded to renew my engagement for a fortnight more; which having done, as I was performing the character of lord Essex one evening, and stepping from the

green-room hastily on the stage, I again sprained my left ankle, and was confined to my room for ten days. But, however disadvantageous this accident may have proved to the managers, it was certainly profitable to Mr. Caulfield and myself, who, thereby, had an opportunity of studying more minutely than before, the parts of Edgar and King Lear; in consequence of which, Mr. Caulfield acquired so much celebrity in the part of Edgar on his first appearance in that character. This second, together with the latter part of the first engagement, produced me a considerable sum; about twelve hundred dollars. Finding that I was doing well, I wrote to my foreman at Newlondon, and desired him to come on to Boston for instructions. He arrived, and I gave him six hundred dollars, for certain expenses, such as erecting a store, completing the new vats, &c. He departed, and in a short time afterwards informed me, by letter, that in the course of an hour and a half, the salt-works had been destroyed by a violent storm, which had broken over the peninsula on which they had been erected, and carried all before it. It is useless to enter into particulars. I went (instead of returning, as I intended, to Philadelphia) to Newlondon, and indeed found that all my labour and expenses for three years past, had been destroyed in about an hour. It was an ordination of Divine Providence, and I submitted to it with patience and resignation. I visited the "Campos ubi Troja fuit," and found all desolate. Some, the pursuers of the unfortunate, who grasp at the first fruits of a fallen tree struck by lightning, and watch the shipwreck of another's fortune, to steal a fortune for themselves, had amassed a considerable stock of timber,

boards, &c. from the ruins. Others sued me for newly contracted debts on account of the works, then progressing with the greatest rapidity. And, in short, I was so harassed, on one side and on the other, that I determined to give up the remaining part of the works, ruins, timber, &c. to the original stockholders, on condition that they would return me my notes, amounting to about fifteen thousand dollars, for the stock which I had purchased the year before: they did so, and I left Newlon-don and returned to Boston. I took a house of governor Sumner's, at Roxbury, near Boston, and advertised readings and recitations. In these I was so successful as to enable me to furnish my house decently, and send for Mrs. F. and family; they soon joined me, and we spent a happy summer; for they who are acquainted, experimentally, with the vicissitudes of fortune, know how to estimate the value of calm delight. A dear congeniality of sentiment had bound a small society to ourselves: Dr. Jefferies was our chief ornament; and, when we met alone, we were, really, what might be "called comfortable." At the expiration of the summer, I made a temporary engagement at the theatre, and afterwards established a school of reading and elocution; this succeeded greatly: I had seventy-two pupils, ladies, gentlemen, and children, at five dollars entrance, and fifteen dollars per quarter. And, during the visits of Mrs. Warren and Mr. Cooper, was engaged by the managers at one hundred dollars per night, which formed a considerable increase to my income.

One of the principal objects of attention of two classes of my pupils, were the letters of Junius; the justice, the morality, and the style of which we studied

closely. During the course, I observed, in the paper of Benjamin Russell, as honest, open-hearted a man as ever lived, but occasionally a little more easily deceived than his brother John, the first letter of Junius, almost word for word, with the exception of the introduction of the name of Mr. Thomas Jefferson in the stead of that of the duke of Grafton. I strongly suspect, though I dare not venture to declare, the author of the imposition.

By the by, respecting the writer of these letters, I have something to say; but I shall simply relate, by the consent of the communicator, the anecdote:—Lieutenant colonel James Carrington, son of the bishop of that name, declared to me, that at the house of Mrs. Cawthorn, of Blackheath, whose husband was keeper of Greenwich Park, he saw the manuscript of Junius's letters, written by her husband. The conversation between colonel Carrington and myself was accidental; but happening to turn on the subject of Junius's letters, he gave me the above information, which, with his permission, I minuted at the time, and have now transcribed it, verbatim, from the minute I made and read in his presence.

During the existence of this school, which was in the winter season, I was honoured, every Sunday evening, with the society of a literary party, male and female, consisting principally of my pupils; and every thing again went well—when some gentlemen, unfortunately, having proposed to me the establishment of a college, similar to those of Westminster, and Eton, in England, my gudgeon heart caught at the temptation. I drew the plan; was invited to dine with one of the most influential men in Boston, to converse with others, who inter-

rested themselves in the object. I attended; and, after considerable conversation on the subject, I was asked by the leading gentleman, if I could not undertake such an establishment with thirty scholars at four hundred dollars per annum, and thirty or forty thousand dollars advanced for buildings, furniture, &c. I said, yes, under a tolerable prospect of increase. The proposer then turned to his brother, and asked him, if he did not think that number could immediately be procured? his brother replied, "yes." As to the money, added the former, that can be procured in three days. We retired; each agreed to look for a convenient spot; and three gentlemen, of the first respectability in Boston, having agreed to form themselves into a committee on the subject, I was to communicate with them occasionally. I felt so sanguine of the success of the establishment, under such powerful patronage, that I told my pupils of the school of reading and elocution, that I should discontinue it at the expiration of the quarter; and my mind was so wrapped up in this new scheme, that my whole attention and spare time was devoted to it. When the news of the embargo arrived, all was consternation and apathy; industry, of every nature, in Boston, was struck, as with a fit of apoplexy: and Mr. William Sullivan wrote to me, to say, that from the situation of the times, he feared that nothing could be done about the college for several weeks, and perhaps for several months; and, consequently, advised me to withdraw my attentions from it for some time, and attach myself, intermediately, to my school of reading and elocution. But my mind had been too far devoted to the pursuit I had publicly undertaken, to be persuaded to relinquish it; and Dr. Jefferies having informed me that Mr. Ben-

jamin Joy, on hearing of the object of my intentions, had requested him to tell me, that he could accommodate me with a house already built, with every convenience answerable to my purpose; or that he would add such as were necessary. I called on Mr. Joy; and having visited, with him, the handsome building formerly belonging to Joseph Barrell, esq. and entered into agreements with him, took possession of the house, and thirty-seven acres, on the first of April, at twelve hundred dollars per year; the rent, however, not to begin till the fifteenth. I furnished the house, put into order the elegant garden, and soon afterwards built a bathing house, an observatory, a safe swing, upon a new construction, with many &c's.: prepared the kitchens at considerable expense, with every thing on the best plan; but did not get one pupil till the ninth of May; however, they came cautiously by degrees; but not so fast as to equal my annual expenses for rent, servants, masters' board, &c.

Still I persevered, and at the expiration of the first six months, had an exhibition of the boys, at the school in Charlestown, and concluded by a ball, to exhibit their improvement in dancing and general behaviour. This exhibition procured me about twelve more, for the next half year, the winter. At the conclusion of the year from my time of taking the house, from some unpleasant circumstances having occurred, I requested Mr. Joy to receive the lease from me, and cancel it; to which he having consented, I requested the parents to take their children home, and suffer them to attend me in Boston for a few days, in the long-room at the Exchange coffee-house, till they shquld be prepared for the second exhi-

bition, which was to take place in a short time. They did so; and that exhibition pleased so much, that several meetings of the parents were held, to support the former establishment, or to promote a new one; several plans were proposed without general concurrence, and much time was lost, till at last my stanch friend Mr. Abraham Gibson, proposed taking for me the upper galleries of a methodist meeting-house, in which I should hold a day-school to keep my scholars together, till something of a nobler nature was prepared for me—I did so. Almost all my former scholars joined me, with a continual accession of others, and soon after this establishment, my furniture at Charlestown was sold at public auction, and what had cost me the year before upwards of four thousand dollars, in addition to the furniture I brought from my own house, sold for about nine hundred. I need not enter into particulars—I lost twelve thousand dollars. Among others to whom I was indebted for advances while establishing this college, was a Mr. Edwards of Boston, then connected with Mr. Dexter the erector of the Exchange coffee-house, afterwards a scrivener. I received from him three hundred dollars, for which I gave him my note, under the expectation of his sending a pupil whose board and education would cancel it. This money, like other sums advanced, was expended in preparations; he sent no pupil and the note remained in his possession. Time can never efface the obligations I am under to this *honourable* gentleman;—he provided me a few years afterwards with lodgings in Baltimore, where I was comparatively a stranger, free of expense, during sixteen months—he taught a parent the possibility of enduring, though in

poignant anguish, so long an absence from his numerous, unprotected, and helpless family—he taught seven human beings that bread and water were all the necessary stimulants to existence; that clothing was useless to protect them from cold, or beds for their nightly rest; that the loss of education was of no consequence; that bodily sickness, occasioned by privations, must be endured with patience, and mental griefs with resignation; that from the brink of the grave, the devoted victim of persecution might be rescued by the charity of others, and thought that the soul of honour might endure its feelings on such occasions, without complaint—he showed distraction the avenue to the mind; poison the access to the body; distemperature to the usual residence of placidity—he taught maternal affection to weep over an infant's wants—he taught filial affection to mingle with it its tear—he taught the uncovered head to dare the winter's snow; the unshoed foot to brave the biting ice—he forced the plea of necessity to palliate meannesses; and talent to submit, to disdained obligations. For such favours should I not be thankful? Edwards! receive the tribute of my gratitude, 'tis worth acceptance; though but a prayer in Christian sincerity to the Almighty, that the situation of *your* family may be such through life, as will completely contrast it with that to which you have reduced *mine*: but in the event of distress to yourself and family, may your feelings, if you have any, never be agonized with tortures that *humanity* would experience, on contemplation of uselessly and wantonly inflicted cruelty: forget, as I forgive; and suffer not recollection to embitter your hour of misfortune: remain callous, and when your children cry to you for bread, and

their distracted mother paces the unfurnished floor, contemplates the unwarmed hearth, and rolls her eyes in anguish, with cool indifference tell them all, that what you have imposed on others, they too without repining must be taught to bear. Teach them the philosophy of suffering, the pleasures of hunger, the delights of pain, and the sweets of sickness. You cannot be doubtful of your talents for such purposes; if so, call but on me and I will vouch for your accomplishments. How different has been the conduct of Alexander Townshend!

One racks the soul, the other sooths the mind,
This tortures, that encourages mankind.

I will here insert an anecdote of a somewhat differing nature; it has been before published, and is a plagiarism from one of my own works; but it may arrest the feelings of some benevolent spirit, and therefore I will venture it.

“I was sitting in my office, when a gentle tap at the door excited my attention. A girl, apparently about thirteen, entered and requested charity—her dress was ragged, her countenance was pallid; an eye that seemed capable of glistening with delight for the happiness of others, was veiled with the ‘dim suffusion’ of modesty or shame—I knew not which. ‘My child,’ said I, “why do you make such applications?” ‘For the support, the sustenance of my parents and their offspring.’—Surprised at such a reply, I inquired who were her parents—she bowed, and was about retiring.—‘Stop,’ I exclaimed, ‘what is your object?’ ‘I have a mother perishing in want.’—I paused—she supported herself on the latch of the door and drooped her head.—‘Where is your

mother?" "I dare not tell."—"What, dare not tell! Are you not attempting to impose upon me?" She raised her head for a moment, as if to call Heaven to witness for her integrity; then, as she reclined it on her bosom, two tears fell on the floor, for she had not wherewith to wipe them from her eyes. At that moment, I would have given any thing to have been able to recall my observation—my soul rebuked my reason. "Tell me," said I, "if I can assist you; give me the essential means; can I not see your mother?" She replied only with a sigh.—"And why not?" "Because, sir," she replied, with an energy that astonished me; "she has *feelings*—she is poor, and has seen better days." "I too," said I, "have been the pupil of misfortune; and in her school have learnt lessons of delicacy, which prouder men disdain.—Suffer me to see her." She hesitated—at last she exclaimed: "Yes, for once, for my brothers and sisters' sake, I will venture even to displease my mother."

"I took my hat and followed her. We had arrived at about the centre of a long alley, when she paused; she looked at an age-worn staircase, then at me—I thought I understood her meaning, and requested her to ascend—I followed. After ascending three pair of stairs, she turned round, and intreated me to wait one moment, till she should have informed her mother of the proposed visit. She entered the room, and in less than one minute I was admitted.

"Hovering round the embers of a few chips, collected from the streets, I beheld a woman of middle age, and five children. The mother rose on my entrance—a blush suffused her cheek. I pass over the immediately subsequent occurrences. The mother began her tale of sor-

row. My guide called to her eldest brother, whispered in his ear, and put something into his hand—he ran out, and in a few minutes returned with several small loaves; he gave one to each of the infants, and the eagerness with which they were received, induced me to believe that appetite had been keenly sharpened.

"The mother's tale was long, but interesting. The sum of it was this: Her husband had been in lucrative business—had been unfortunate—had failed—the merciless persecution of some of his creditors had prevented his efforts for restoration—he could undertake nothing, though willing and desirous of doing every thing for their sake. He was reduced to the necessity of engaging as a labourer, for the support of his family.—His will, but not his physical means, were equal to it—his health sunk under exertions to which he had been unused—he became sick—his property wasted during his sickness—he incurred some small debts; for one of which he was sued, and finally put in jail, where he was still confined. I left the family; hastened to the creditor, who was willing to release the husband on his paying the costs; I called on the lawyer—the costs were three times the amount of the debt. I had not the present means of obtaining the unfortunate man's liberation, and I heartily rejoiced afterwards that I had them not; for further inquiry gave me the information, that for a debt of three dollars he had been already confined three weeks and five days in jail; and that after having been punished with three days' more imprisonment for this enormous crime, he would be liberated by the laws of Massachusetts.

"Charity then whispered in my ear, give what you can afford to his wife and family; and Justice declared boldly, if a man cannot pay a debt *once*, it is in vain to expect that he should pay it *four* times.

"Having replenished my purse, I returned to the family.—They received me with smiles; but they parted with me in tears—of gratitude. Perhaps I have saved one female from —. To the rich man would I say, "Go and do thou likewise."

This world may be said to be made for Cæsars, but,

"If there's a Power above us,
And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
• Through all her works, He must delight in virtue,
And that which *He* delights in must be happy."

How oppression can be reconciled to virtue, I do not know; I never myself made an attempt to amalgamate them; chemically speaking, a tincture of the *amor auri* might find its affinity with the former, and precipitate the latter; but wo to the operator of such affinities! Give me the man who will patiently analyze the causes of poverty, and then by the addition of alkalis, or acids, restore the whole to comfort.

The undertaking at Charlestown was occasionally assisted by the product of my recitations at Boston in the Exchange coffee-house. But the delay of parents in sending their children in the first instance, and the difficulties I consequently sustained, were not easily surmountable during the first quarter; and notwithstanding the accumulation of scholars, they increased, till at the end of the fourth quarter, I found myself involved as aforesaid.—In the commencement of the Charlestown

establishment, and in the continuance of it, Mr. Abraham Gibson, and Alexander Townshend, esqr. were my best friends, and had their further support afforded a probability of eventual and permanent success, I doubt not I should have experienced it; but the general distress occasioned by the embargo was the continual excuse. Nor were the complaints of distress groundless; for Mr. Gibson one day assured me, that before the embargo he had been in the habit of purchasing cargoes of thirty or forty thousand dollars at thirty days, under a certainty of receiving a thousand dollars cash per day in his store: then turning to his clerk, he desired him to take his book and inform him how much had been received for the three days past. The clerk read as follows: Friday seven shillings and six-pence, Saturday one shilling and six-pence, Monday nothing.

But to proceed on my methodist chapel-school; this continued increasing, till difficulties occurred that determined me to throw up the business altogether, and retire to some country seat, where I might pursue some kind of business wherein I could not be stopt by the utmost persecutions that the law can inflict on persons intending at least to be honest, and really being so, perhaps from that intention.

Having met with a vacant house that pleased me on Jamaica plain, I applied to the owner Mr. Williams, then living in governor Sumner's house at Roxbury. I had before been partially acquainted with Mr. Williams, but on this occasion was introduced to him by my revered but since departed friend Benjamin Cutler, esq. high sheriff of the county. As we did not alight, for I was in my friend's carriage, an hour was appointed when

we should meet. We met; and on my informing him of my situation, occasioned by circumstances with which he was well acquainted, he threw the key of the house on the table, and said I might take possession of it when I pleased. I took the key, thanking him for his generosity, and in a few days removed to it; it was a charming situation on the bank of a beautiful little lake, called Jamaica pond. Here, we fixed our residence, and I continued a work I had before began, an alphabetical arrangement of the best, indeed all the good passages of Shakespeare, and in the meantime wrote a little book of maxims in verse, calculated for young people, which I took the liberty of dedicating to Mrs. Hopkinson, and which being approved of by Mr. John West, he purchased the copyright for one hundred dollars, and published it. I had a few pupils while here, particularly the daughters of my esteemed friend Mr. Cutler. Still determining to prosecute some kind of business during the winter, in which I could not be impeded by prosecutions, I began a periodical work called "Something," which I continued for six months, and by the means of this, occasional recitations, appearances on the theatre, and a few pupils, I dragged through the slow length of a tedious winter.

I was taking my leave one day of a party of acquaintances at the corner of a square, when the voice of a female addressing us, begged that we would permit her to pass; I turned round, and beholding a lady aged and infirm, respectfully offered my services in assisting her to cross the street, which was very wet and slippy. Having accepted them, she thanked me; then pausing and looking me steadily in the face—sir, said she, per-

mit me to relate a fact which strongly marks the manners of our town: old and infirm as I am, and bad as the walking is, I have been under the necessity of traversing the streets for several hours; I have frequently been in difficulty from my age and weakness when attempting to cross the roads; and while the young men of Boston have passed me laughing at my distress, the only instance of assistance I had experienced before yours, was from two gentlemen who were negroes.

I was so forcibly struck with the remark that I could not reply; she squeezed my hand which still supported her, and left me almost motionless—yes, she squeezed my hand, and I would not have exchanged the squeeze for that of the prettiest young lady in Boston, for my soul, though not my vanity, was gratified.

Incidents of this nature, particularly when unexpectedly occurring, excite in a thinking mind emotions and reflections, not easily removed. This led me to considerations not only of the situation, but of the feelings of the aged and infirm widow, who perhaps has lost an only son, or even all her offspring: has she not a claim on the delicate attention of every one of human shape? Shall it be observed that her dog and her cat are the only animals that still pay her respect and observance? Is she to be neglected by men because she is no longer young, or ridiculed by them because she is no longer beautiful? Humanity forbid! Have we not all had mothers, and do not the one half of the world still prosper under the maternal influence? What was the natural though ineffectual wish of those who have lost their female parents? Was it not that heaven might have prolonged their existence? and what is the natural wish of all who still enjoy their care?

Is it not that Providence may still preserve them? And can we wish their lives to be extended, merely that they may be subjected to inattention and neglect? Let us rather hope that such a wish springs from a feeling more worthy of a human being; from a desire of repaying them in their advanced age, for all the tenderness and anxieties of their younger years, by the delightful and delightful caresses of filial love and gratitude.

There is no charm that can render a young man more amiable in the eyes of the sensible and good, than that which emanates from his tender affection to an aged parent. When I see a young man resisting the allurements of pleasure, and devoting his leisure hours to the comfort, while his active hours are directed to the support of an infirm mother; attentive to, without mocking, her "tale of symptoms," cheering her spirits, anticipating her wants, indulging her infirmities, and in short, pouring the sweet balm of filial love into the bitter cup of her declining temperament; my heart whispers to me, that in this the will of heaven is executed. Then says my reason, yes, and how gloriously hereafter, will reflections on such conduct gild those hours of meditation, which, were his youthful ones consumed in worldly pleasures, would bring with them the pains of sickness, and all the horrors of remorse.

During this winter Mr. Samuel Dexter applied to me to take his two eldest sons as pupils in reading and elocution. My situation and avocations scarcely permitted assent; but on his assurance, that if his sons called while I was so otherwise engaged as to render my attention to them inconvenient, they should immediately withdraw—upon these conditions I consented. They

attended me occasionally during the vacation, and when they were called away I was asked for my bill, which I sent to Mr. Dexter's office. He was then absent, having been engaged in a cause in Philadelphia; but on his return he called to me one morning from the opposite side of the street, and requested I would attend him to the bank; when there, he asked me to wait one moment for him, and entered the bank. He soon returned with a check, which he presented to me. I opened it, and found it was for forty dollars—my bill was only thirty. He was hurrying away, when I called to him and observed that he had made a mistake. "No," replied he, "it is you that have made a mistake; that is the least I can present to you, with the addition of my thanks for the services you have rendered my children." Yet more—I entered the bank and presented the check; the teller, as usual, asked how I would have the money? I replied, carelessly, "Any how." He then observed that he had received orders to pay it in gold. The twining silken threads of liberality, generosity, and delicacy, which connected the whole conduct of Mr. Dexter, from the beginning of my attention to his sons, and their own amiable conduct during their visits to me, have made impressions not easily to be effaced—deeper from being contrasted with that of some of the richest men in Boston.

It is not, I believe, a characteristic of my disposition to utter complaints; and although no answer has been received to a letter I wrote to one of its most affluent citizens, stating that for assisting one son in preparing and speaking his Latin oration, at the commencement, and another the year following, I received only

five dollars as a recompense, I will conclude by supposing that my letter has not been received.

This spring subjected me to the loss of my esteemed friend and neighbour, Mr. Cutler; he had ever been tenderly affectionate to me and my family; and his amiable manners in general, joined to a generosity of spirit, endeared him to minds of larger scope, while his affability to those who think only for themselves, procured him the esteem of all.

While resident on Jamaica plain I undertook the instruction of a charming female child, who was deaf and dumb. She was one of the most interesting little creatures I ever saw. I lodged occasionally at her father's, when in Boston, and frequently went with her to the theatre when a pantomime was to be performed. I had taken her a second time to one she had attended before, when she frequently anticipated the scenes from her recollection of what she had seen on a preceding evening.

I soon afterwards removed to Cambridge Port, to which place the child, then about seven years of age, accompanied me, and I proceeded in the instruction of her in letters, cyphers, and the mode of expressing her meaning and the nature of things by signs: I had already taught her to understand and explain past, present, and future by signs; and was one day teaching her to put sentences together in letters, of which I had several alphabets, when her father called and asked me what we were doing; on my informing him, he observed, that he thought she was too young for such an attempt. We disagreed in opinion; circumstances created difficulties; and with extreme reluctance I resigned my charge.

The plan I once proposed when I presented her to my friend Dr. Jefferies, the theory of which he approved, for the promotion of her hearing, has, as I have read in the reviews, lately been adopted in France with success; speech of course follows, where no other impediments are found.

I was at this time visited by a number of deaf and dumb gentlemen. To one of whom, Mr. C. Proctor, I felt sincerely attached. He generally dined, and went to meeting, and spent the remainder of the afternoon with me on Sundays, and I have seldom passed my time more agreeably than in his company.

Anxious to prove what I thought I could have done with my little pupil, I sought all over Boston for another of the same age, and suffering under the same calamities. I found several of different ages, but the parents seemed indifferent; and although I promised that they should be put to no expense whatever, declined the acceptance of my offer. But one day as I was sitting at my parlour window in conversation with some friends, on turning my eye towards the street I perceived two little girls who curtsied to me; I thought nothing of it at first, but on looking out a second time, about twenty minutes afterwards, I perceived them still there, curtseying repeatedly. I went to the door and asked them what they wanted—they made no answer. I asked them if they wanted water, or bread, or any thing—still they were silent. While I was thus questioning them, a neighbour stepped out of his house and observed, that it was in vain to question those children, as they were dumb; at least, said he, one of them. I then asked which of them was dumb; the one that was so pointed to her

breast; upon which I perceived, that although dumb; she was not deaf. I sat down on the steps of the house, and called the child to me. I examined her, and found that her tongue had been wounded, and the tip of it appeared confined to her left cheek; all her teeth had been shattered, and the remains of them were growing in different directions, one of them nearly perforating the left cheek. I thought that the poor child might easily be cured, and the free use of her tongue be restored. I asked her where she lived; she pointed to a house I passed every day. I then desired her to go to her home, and observed that I would be there in half an hour. I called accordingly, and mentioned to her mother that I had examined the child's mouth, and thought it might be cured so that she should speak. The mother replied, she did not know; she had done all that she could do for the child, and believed she had done all that could be done. I told her I thought I could do more for her if she would give me leave to take her to the doctors; and without their assent I would do nothing; but that I would obtain the advise of the best. She declined all assistance, and I left her, telling her that I would call in the evening when her husband would be at home. I had a similar conversation with him: he appeared desirous that the child should be cured, but as he was poor he was fearful of doctors' bills. Anxious for the child, especially as the child of a poor man, who can less afford debility in children than the rich, I brought the next day a gentleman in the neighbourhood, captain Goldsborough, who entered into a bond with me, assuring the parents that if I cured the child or not they should not be charged a cent. Upon these conditions I

took her to my friend Dr. Jeffries, who sanctioned what I proposed, and Dr. James was good enough to be the operator. He extracted from her in the first place the tooth which confined her tongue, and at proper periods ten more; one remained to be extracted when I left Boston, which he engaged to draw whenever she should be brought to him. I had the satisfaction of hearing, about six months afterwards, that the child could speak almost perfectly.

At this time I was favoured with a visit from Mr. Warren, proposing an engagement to me for the Baltimore and Philadelphia theatres, which I accepted gladly, for my finances were at a very low ebb. He kindly promised, and, as usual with him, *performed* his promise, to send me on sufficient money for my travelling expenses, and the support of my family till I could myself remit to them from Baltimore.

I had been absent a few days from Boston, when on my return from Providence, my son put into my hands two letters, the one from Mr. Warren, the other from Mr. Price, manager of the Newyork theatre. The one from Mr. Warren inclosed a draft for one hundred and fifty dollars, requesting that I would let him know when he might expect me; the other, from Mr. Price, contained an offer of an engagement for a few nights at half profits, and informed that Mr. Wood, who had been playing in Newyork, had observed to him, that if I came on immediately I should have sufficient time to perform five or six times in Newyork, and arrive in Baltimore before I should be wanted. But Mr. Price's letter required my attendance on the 26th, and I received his letter late on Saturday afternoon, being the 26th,

so that it was impossible to conform to that part of the engagement. However, I wrote to him to inform him that I should set off from Boston at three o'clock on Tuesday morning, and should be at Newyork early on the Thursday following; that he might consequently and confidently advertise me in any of the characters mentioned in my letter, for Friday and Saturday. I arrived in Newyork on the Thursday morning, and waited on Mr. Price, who informed me that as I had not arrived on or before the day appointed in his letter, he had made other arrangements, and could not engage me. This was an unpleasant blow to me; as under the assurance of performing at Newyork, I had left most of my money and clothes with my family, and brought on with me only what was necessary to convey me to Newyork, where I expected to get a supply of both. I had besides a son of Mr. Gilbert Stuart's with me, which of course made my embarrassments the greater. These circumstances I mentioned to Mr. Price, and he proposed the fulfilment of the engagement on my return from Baltimore, advancing what money I wanted: I consented, and he gave me a check for one hundred and fifty dollars; with which I procured some necessaries for myself and pupil, and immediately set off for Baltimore. I arrived in Baltimore before the theatre had opened; but, being there, Mr. Warren proposed I should commence my engagement immediately. It is but justice to remark, than in all the engagements I have made with Mr. Warren, he has conducted himself towards me with all the friendship of a man, and with the strictest punctuality of a manager. I played, I think, nine nights at one-third of the profits, and a free

benefit; by this engagement I made twelve hundred dollars, and then proceeded on to Newyork. But while travelling, during a very severe night, in the stage, I perceived that a young lady, thinly clad, who was seated by my side, was shivering with the cold. I offered her my great coat, which her uncle, who was sitting before me, advised her to accept, though I thought that he might with more propriety have offered her his own; I gave it to her, and in consequence acquired a very severe cold: however, I arrived in Newyork, and, under the influence of increasing sickness and debility, performed three characters; but after rehearsing the fourth, I retired to my lodgings, and found myself obliged to take to my bed. I remained sick for some weeks, and was consequently obliged to lose the remainder of my engagement, and my benefit. For every kind attention during this sickness, I am indebted to my young friend, John Howard Paine: after I had several times declined his affectionate invitations to me to remove to his father's house, that I might be under the immediate care of his family, he at last prevailed. I removed to his house; he watched me day and night; and no one could experience more tenderness of attention than was shown to me by this amiable family.

The news of Mr. Cooke's arrival in this country had more effect in producing my resuscitation than all the skilful, kind, and disinterested assistance of my friend Dr. M'Clean could have effected; it gave a powerful stimulus to the mind, and I have ever thought that the pleasant or unpleasant sensations of the mind have respectively a powerful influence over the sanity of the body. I know that I have proved it so, in an hundred

instances, with respect to myself, and in *this* Dr. McClean himself acknowledged the effect of the inspiring cause, by declaring that Mr. Cooke was my best physician. Although I had been confined to my bed for near three weeks, I determined, still in a very debilitated state, to see Mr. Cooke's first performance in America; I mentioned my resolution to my young friend, and told him I *would* be well enough to go. He took thirteen places in a front box for a party of ladies and gentlemen he had made up; and on the night I dressed myself as securely as possible, and went with him about an hour before the usual time to the theatre. The street was crowded from the theatre to the Park, and as we drove up there was a general cry that we could not enter; some of the ladies were alarmed, and after waiting about half an hour, one only ventured the attempt under the care of Mr. Paine and myself, the rest went home; we struggled through the crowd, and at last gained our places.

I sat by the side of my young friend in the front seat of one of the boxes, with a strong anxiety to welcome my old acquaintance, whom I had not seen for two or three and twenty years. The first scenes of the play were delivered to bustle and confusion, but silence immediately succeeded Mr. Cooke's appearance. I confess that at the moment I was disappointed in his delivery of the first soliloquy, but my admiration soon returned to it on perceiving the general cast he intended to give to the performance of the character. Where merit has been already discovered, patronized, and sanctioned, an actor of intelligence may exercise his own judgment, or take the advice of others of refined

taste and delicate discernment. But, Shakspeare's advice notwithstanding, a young actor must play, "ad capitandum vulgus," to please the multitude in the first instance; for it is the multitude that puts money in the manager's treasury, and not the judicious few. If managers and actors were to trust only to the latter, the treasury would soon assume the appearance of Romeo's apothecary's shop, and the members of the theatre that of the apothecary himself.

I was talking one evening in Philadelphia with a gentleman on the subject of Richard's first soliloquy, as the play is now performed, and observing on Mr. Cooke's delivery of it. Mr. Cooke had not yet visited Philadelphia. His method I had resolved to adopt on the following night, when I had to personate the character myself, at the Chesnut-street theatre. I told my friend that I must give up all expectation of applause during the recitation, as Mr. Cooke had done. "Why, what applause would you expect," inquires my friend. I replied I was certain that by sacrificing my judgment, I could, on the recitation of the soliloquy, obtain seven fair rounds. I accepted the offer of a trifling wager on each, and the next evening won them all. Yet even by the "judicious few" I was praised—but they had not then seen Cooke. When Cooper returned from one of his excursions to Europe, before the arrival of Cooke, I had the pleasure of seeing him in several parts on the Boston theatre, not only assuming, but realizing the true portraiture of his respective characters. I took the liberty of praising him for the deviation from his usual high-spirited performances, in a periodical work, which I was then publishing. All complained that he

had lost his fire; I contended that he was exercising a well instructed, experienced judgment: but the "vox populi," which they say is the "vox Dei," seemed to restrain its usual acclamations. Yet it is highly to Mr. Cooper's honour that he persisted in the correct delineation of his characters, resigning the thunder of the million for the silent attention of the few.

In all my engagements with Mr. Wignell, Mr. Cooper, Mr. Dunlap, his predecessor, Messrs. Tyler and Johnson, Messrs. Warren and Wood, Mr. Powell and Co. I have experienced the greatest honour on their parts. One solitary instance of what I thought injustice occurred on the part of Mr. Price, of Newyork; but let it rest, or be revived—had Cooper engaged me I should have had no cause of complaint, but he was absent.

While Cooper was in Boston I took the liberty of expatiating on his performances—My nightly reviews were always pleasing; but once, apparent innovations on the language of Shakspeare, occasioned my publishing the following:

"The commentators on Shakspeare have unfortunately been generally what the world calls learned men. I say *unfortunately*; because, when any difficult word or passage in his works has occurred, they have applied to the *dead* languages for explanation, and having therein found some word of similar construction to that which confused them, they have adopted its signification, and concluded, of course, that the English word, from its orthographical similitude, must have been derived from the Latin or Greek, and consequently have partaken of a correspondent meaning.

“ It is undoubtedly true that the English language is very considerably indebted to the Latin and Greek for *compound* words, but it must also be admitted that the Latin tongue was essentially indebted to the English, or its original, the Anglo Saxon, for many of its roots.

“ The brilliancy that has been attached to, I cannot think which has emanated from, what are now called the learned languages (excepting the Hebrew) has been suffered to overpower the mild illuminations of modern tongues; what an accurate investigation of our own orthoepy would most clearly elucidate, we are taught to search for through the chaos of supposition.

“ One commentator imagines a meaning for an obscure passage; a second asserts, that the imagination of the former had led him astray, in consequence of his not having corrected it by the usual energies of his judgment; a third declares they are both wrong; and a fourth, after laborious researches, and the customary effusions of malignity, leaves the reader only to exclaim,

“ Who shall decide when *doctors* disagree?”

“ I shall here make a short remark, on circumstances that perhaps may not be the objects of general contemplation; the *dead* languages, dead to us, the Latin and the Greek are frequently called the *ancient* languages; and thereby is an idea inculcated that they are languages of greater antiquity than our own. This is not the fact, the Latin language is *modern* in comparison with the English or Anglo Saxon.

“ The city now called London was established long before that of Rome; and the Anglo Saxon language can be traced to the commencement of European his-

tory. Why then should they who have, as it were, an original language of their own, apply to foreign tongues for an explanation of terms, only become obsolete because the thread of continuity has accidentally been broken?"

The city of London was called by the Romans "Augusta Trinobantum," meaning the chief city of the three neighbouring counties, Middlesex, Essex and Sussex; the tower of London is reported to have been built by Cæsar, I think erroneously, though Gray addresses it as so erected, "Ye towers of Julius," &c. In the Latin histories of England, we find the country well established long before the foundation of the Roman empire, and Shakspeare has been guilty of a great anachronism in making Edgar speak of Nero, who lived not till eight hundred years after the reign of Bladud, the father of the king whose character he was depicting. In defiance of Virgil, Livy, my friend Horace, and the rest, poets or historians, I think a suggestion of some consequence might be excited in the breast of the learned, that the foundation of the Roman empire was laid by fugitives from what is now called England. The subject would be too elaborate, and too "mal à propos" for discussion at present, I shall therefore only hint, that from and long before the commencement of the city of Rome, until the general destruction of them by Edgar, England was denominated the land of wolves. Is there, then, too great a stretch of fancy in imagining that all the stories related of Romulus and Remus are metaphorical? We are told they were suckled by a wolf; can we not with consonancy to understanding, as readily believe that they were in their infan-

ey nursed in a country abounding with wolves; that their habits had of course rendered them bold, daring, active, and intrepid, and that thence the metaphorical allusion arose? It is well known that the island of the Angli was so infested with these animals that it became necessary for Edgar to offer a tempting reward for each wolf's head.—By these means he succeeded in exterminating them.

But to return to my former subject.—“ Shall we, because during those ages called the centuries of darkness, when it pleased the Almighty to infuse on mankind an intellectual sleep, men neglected the investigation of truth, or the cultivation of their language, shall we, *therefore*, in this revivifying day of industry, neglect to apply to the labours of our preceding ancestors? Surely no. The thread, though broken, may yet be tied; and by pursuing it as a clue, we may yet be led from those labyrinths of error into which the hypotheses of imagination, and the *uniformly* directed investigations of learning have involved us.

“ The Romans, beside other countries, overrun Gaul and Britain, and maintained possession of each for a considerable time; but, is it customary for invaders to give all and take nothing? Can it be supposed that an army with its attendant settlers would keep possession, for any length of time, of a country whose forms, customs, religion, manners, and habits differed so essentially from their own, without regarding them with particular attention? and if they *did* regard them with attention, is it not natural to conclude that they would introduce to their own language the terms by which these varying forms, customs, religions, man-

ners, and habits were defined, and could be explained? The suggestion is apparently conclusive. This cohabitation of different nations must have been attended by reciprocal advantages to their respective languages, and will undoubtedly account for the introduction into the Latin of those English words, which are arbitrary, having no root in their own language, and no sanction in Greek etymology. But because the Latins adopted our terms two thousand years ago, and assimilated them to the construction of their tongue, are we now to apply to them, for the interpretation of our *own* words? Are we to sacrifice the independence of our own language, the customs of our forefathers, and apply for allusions through the mist which the adaptation of our terms to the idioms a foreign language has thrown over them? I think not.

“With an attempt to amuse, I introduce the following intended elucidation of the foregoing remarks:

THE BATTLE OF WORDS.

Four huge men of learning one ev'ning had met
 In a good lady's parlour to worry and fret
 The poor old English language to tatters and shreds,
 For a bandage to bind etymologists' heads.
 Their theme was, *three words*, honest Shakespeare oft used,
 And the *which*, full as oft, commentators abus'd;
Patch, Patch'd and *Pageant*;—so after they'd greeted
 In due form and order, and each one was seated;
 They applied to Sam Johnson, that rock of defence,
 For all, who like him may sometimes err in sense.

Well, what says the doctor? why “*Pageant's*” a show
 Indeed! is that all? that's no more than I know:
 Well, but now search again for his meaning of *Patch'd*.
 Alas! here too the doors of his genius are latch'd.

But still look for "Patch," without anger or huffing.
 Now—"a term of opprobry, perhaps ragamuffin."
 A term of opprobry! but stop, of what nature?
 For vices, like men, have their varying feature;
 Well—seek ragamuffin—he here tells us that
 This word is from rag—and—he does not know what:
 So, lay by the doctor, his reasoning assures
 That the *skill* of physicians is prov'd by their cures.

In this puzzling dilemma, our heroes—for ah!
 There are heroes in learning, as well as in war,
 Who can wield their sharp lances of Latin and Greek,
 And if these *two* should chance in the conflict to break,
 Can follow examples of men of the field,
 And retire behind *Hebrew* or *Syriac*, their shield.
 Our heroes then finding no help from their god
 Who once shook th' Olympus of *Lore* with his nod,
 Piled Pelion on Ossa, invention on thought
 Till his own native tongue seem'd to him but a *wart*;
 Tried, by twisting, distorting, by righting, careening,
 To strain these *plain* words to *their* fanciful meaning;
 But as oft as they thought they'd discover'd the sense,
 Shakspeare stood up himself in his language's defence.
 And prov'd that their wit to *one* passage assigned
 Must *still* to that passage *alone* be confin'd;
 Or, if one bright idea perchance had a brother,
 They might still go so far, as to *torture* another.

They next then, applied with great labour and pain
 To those who *pretend* obscure lines to explain;
 But here they soon found, who most learning could boast,
 Was he who, *explaining*, could puzzle the most;
 For Johnson and Warton, Tyrwhit and Malone,
 They *found* had each one a conceit of his own,
 In no instance abiding by *general* rules,
 Excepting—when censuring others as fools.

Yet 'tis plain replies one, that in *this* they agree
 That "patch'd" means "*particolour'd*," pray look, and you'll see,
 That can't be cries the dame, who as yet had been mute,
 Unambitious to venture on learned dispute;

For I'll prove that they're wrong, and although 't may be treason
 To oppose such wise men, yet I'll give you my reason.
 I am patching this gown, but I certainly mean
 That when finisht' the patching should never be seen.
 And therefore I use the same colour, intending
 That none should discover the rent I am mending.
 'Tis an honest hypocrisy meant to conceal
 That thirst we all use, but wish not to reveal.
 But if patches meant different colours I trow,
 Some ladies a strange colour'd garment would show,
 And with all your great learning, your science will lack
 To prove that a girl patches white robes with black.
 Oddnooks cries one scholar, I think I now have it,
 An idea! and thanks to the lady who gave it:
 "Patch," must mean a concealment, I candidly vow
 I ne'er ascertain'd the right meaning till now.
 By interpreting thus, we shall place all at ease;
 Now hear me one moment good folks if you please;
 "By appearances false to deceive," will explain
 The meaning of those words we've sought for in vain:
 From "Patch," Patched and Pageant I think I can prove
 That this interpretation all doubts will remove:
 He said, all consented with lore to dispense,
 And to judge Nature's child by their plain common sense.
 Thus explaining each word from their own native phrase,
 They discover'd their clue, and escap'd from their maze.

"I may probably be suspected of having used too great a latitude of idea, in my remarks or insinuations with regard to Dr. Johnson. I have hinted, to be sure, at some occasional aberrations from sound judgment, but let it not therefore be supposed, that I have a soul incapable of feeling his beauties, a mind insensible to his virtues, or a heart unwilling to do justice to his labours and his science."

Soon after having witnessed Mr. Cooke's performances, I felt, as I thought, strong enough to undertake my passage to Philadelphia, which I accordingly did, contrary to the advice of my friends. I arrived in Philadelphia, and dined at Mr. Hopkinson's. I put up at Mr. Cameron's, but soon found a relapse was coming on me. I had remained here a few days, when Mr. Warren called on me; and, after some conversation, informed me, that if I would permit him, he would procure a comfortable lodging for me, in a private family, to which I might immediately remove. I thanked him, and removed to Mr. Cummens's, hair-dresser, Sixth-street. Here I experienced every possible kindness until, and after my recovery.

Finding my finances considerably reduced by these sicknesses, and thinking myself able to play, I applied to Mr. Warren to assist me, by advancing my engagement, so far as to allow me to perform once a week, or otherwise as my health would permit. With that liberality of conduct which I have ever experienced from him, he acceded to my proposal, and farther, to the performance of such parts in which my physical imbecility was characteristic; relying as I confidently could on his promised attention to me during the tragedy, for *he* is an Israelite in whom there is no guile, I ventured in a debilitated state, to perform the part of King Lear, and by his kind assistance, as faithfully executed as generously promised, I was enabled to exert my strongest energies. He was, and is a man of honour and of trust; he knows, at least he practises, none of those base means which others use to gain a vapouring popularity; his fame is fixed on the firm base of general integrity; there let it rest, for it can find no better home.

The house on my first performance of King Lear was so crowded, that I derived from my share of the profits 487 dollars.

But I cannot attribute the success of this night to my own merits; some difficulties had previously occurred with regard to Mr. Wood's performing the part of Edgar; the renewal of them was expected, and as the prospectus of a disturbance, or, as some call it, fun, is the most attractive bill that can be made out, we had a house unusually filled. No dispute, however, occurred, and I had the pleasure of receiving my profits, without having been instrumental to the interruption of the public peace.

The next week I performed Richard the Third, and, as I was told with great credit, for which, if I obtained it, I must acknowledge myself much indebted to Mr. Cooke, whose exhibitions of the character I had visited with delight in Newyork.

Of Mr. Cooke, so much has been written, said, and thought, that my voice could add nothing to his praise; his characters were deliberately and accurately studied, and as deliberately and accurately executed—But I may be allowed to correct a mistake into which Mr. Dunlap has fallen, in his history of the life of Mr. Cooke. Mr. Cooke never was at my house in company with any one person, excepting my own family; his few visits from some cause or other were always private—On one occasion when attending the Recitations at the Masonic Hall, he sent a messenger with a request for permission to visit me in my private room on urgent business; I, of course, replied that I should be happy to see him—he came—there were several gentlemen in the room at

the time. He observed that he had called on me to request that I would confer on him the greatest honour he could receive in America. I was astonished at his proposition, which appeared to me a problem almost insolvable; I asked him how it was possible for *me* to confer honour on *him*. He replied, that he wished to play Iago for his benefit, and that I would play Othello with him. I was not at this time engaged with Messrs. Warren and Wood, but I assured him that if the customary arrangements of a regularly established theatre would permit my performance of that character, I would eagerly embrace the opportunity.

The Recitations having closed for the evening, he again visited me in my dressing room, with a considerable party of gentlemen, all of whom appeared to sanction his request, to which I had many times agreed, when it became necessary to withdraw; several gentlemen invited us to their respective houses to take supper, but it was finally determined that we all should proceed to Barnum's to take an oyster supper; there we went and enjoyed ourselves, but not to my house. Mr. Dunlap says he was asleep, as on these and other occasions of a similar nature: if so, how could he ascertain where his ward, or his hero as he is pleased to call him, was, and wherefore should he venture an assertion, which is exposed to refutation by eight or ten respectable persons present in this instance. They are all, I believe, still living, several of them I know are in Philadelphia, and can vouch for the justice of my observations.

Mr. Cooke was seated by me and repeatedly demanded my hand as a seal to the obligation I had entered into—I gave it to him till I became tired of an use-

less and so often required ceremony. He upbraided me with the want of friendship for an old acquaintance. My word had been given and I thought that enough.

We know not what Mr. Dunlap may have dreamt of this meeting, I can only say that I believe the whole company experienced their full share of gratification from the society of Mr. Cooke; they appeared to testify it by repeated exhibitions of pleasure: his humour, his wit were well seasoned with sarcasm, sometimes perhaps too rudely so, but never could a man recover himself from an error so soon as Cooke; the bitterness of his invectives when too suddenly called forth, were quickly amalgamated by the benevolent effusions of his natural disposition. And though his first feelings were occasionally for himself, those immediately succeeding were for others; he suffered when he gave pain.

The liberality of Mr. Cooke is as well known in England as in America. Admit that it is construed into imprudence, still must be traced the feelings of an uncurbed mind, distributing its bounties at its will—freedom of action.

It seemed, at least it seemed so to me, that Mr. Cooke's freedom of action was too much curbed on his arrival in America; the incessant guardianship of Mr. Dunlap (while his sober habits permitted him to keep awake) and the attempted restrictions of others served only to irritate feeling and increase the malady to which they intended to apply a remedy.

Was it to be expected that a man of Mr. Cooke's talents, celebrity and disposition, could without indignation feel himself "cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in by saucy doubts and fears." If I could dive into the

soul of genius, I might perhaps with justice say that its elasticity is but increased by pressure, that like a globe that's tenderly impelled it would move gracefully over the smooth green turf in a straight line; but kicked and buffeted about, like a boy's football, it necessarily takes a curvilinear motion; or meeting with resistance, instantly rebounds.

The suavity of manners in Mr. Cooke, when left to himself, exhibited his general disposition as mild, affable and beneficent—the fountain of his stream was pure; if others defiled it with *impurities*, where should the blame lie?

It may be agreed that Mr. Cooke should have had fortitude enough to resist such temptations; agreed;—that we *should* all of us rise as near perfection as Providence permits must be allowed by every party; but who can say to himself, I have no fault? we all know what we *should* be, but who is so?

Mr. Cooke's celebrity excited a desire in every one to visit him, or be visited by him; his amenity on each occasion would offer or receive. Politeness in the former instance may have ended occasionally in error, and condescension in extravagance in the latter.

A circumstance, to me a little equivocal, occurred about this time. Mr. Cooke's request to me, conditionally accepted, had reached the public ear. Mr. Wood applied to me for information respecting what had passed between Mr. Cooke and myself at our meeting at Barnum's—I informed him candidly that Mr. Cooke had a wish to play Iago, and had requested me to play Othello for his benefit. Mr. Wood informed me that Othello would be performed before Mr. Cooke's bene-

fit. I wrote a note to Mr. Cooke which he answered; I wrote another which he *did not* answer. Mr. Wood favoured me with some remarks on the subject; the play was advertised, Mr. Wood, Othello, Mr. Cooke, Iago. Mr. Wood may feel perhaps, though he may not confess why the performance was changed. Mr. Cooper arrived, and the public were gratified by witnessing *his* talents in aid of those of Mr. Cooke.

During this time I had established Readings and Recitations, and a school of Reading and Elocution at the Masonic Hall, and was proceeding very well, when that demon of derangement who has constantly hovered round me, proposed to me a plan of amelioration of good itself. My wanton spirit yielded to the magic wand, instead of listening to solid reasoning from a friend. My school of reading and elocution had procured me from sixty to seventy pupils of different ages; my readings and recitations were considered as an additional source of improvement; yet was I so weak as to yield to private solicitations, and give my exercises a more dramatic form, by the introduction of two young ladies to assist me in the delivery of selected scenes from plays; this alteration in my arrangements, attended in the first instance with considerable expense, was prosecuted with a loss of six hundred dollars in as many weeks. The revered society of Friends, who had hitherto been my principal supporters, deserted me. Their benevolent dispositions had before induced them to renounce all objections to my being an actor elsewhere, and to consider me solely as an instructor there, but now the case was altered, and their principle forbade attendance to scenic representations.

I was warned of the injury that I was about to do myself, privately and publicly, by my friendly mentor; the advice however came too late; what I had previously determined to prosecute, I prosecuted—but without success. I have here, therefore, another opportunity of acknowledging the correctness of my friend's judgment, so often tested by experience; yet this friend so highly esteemed, will permit me without offence to make a few remarks in vindication of myself, so far as the extravagances of a natural or acquired disposition will allow. I admit that his judgment was at all times correct, his conception quick, and his delivery vivid as the lightning's flash; his observations were presented with the sincerest desire of doing good, but like a child I often thought a sweetening wanted to render his physic palatable; the effects of his admired attentions were lost on me, they

" Played round the head, but came not to the heart."

The strings of the heart were always to be touched in me, by fingers that would gently kiss them, before the general organic frame could harmonize a symphony. All directorial attempts were useless, the more they pressed the greater was my rebound; but suavity of manners and delicacy of allusion, have done much in many instances; an admonition harshly delivered was as an acid poured upon an alkali, it occasioned immediate effervescence; but when the soft melodious tones of feeling were whispered in my ear, they readily found entrance to my soul. Pertinacious in any thing I had once resolved upon, opposition even of the most friend-

ly nature begat opposition, and swim or sink was my motto: the latter was generally my fate.

Yet may not a man, however erroneous in his conduct, be permitted to have feelings for his sufferings? Permitted or not, he will have them. I have to be sure, read of Bramins, of Stoicks, of Apathists, and a long list of other sects who, having pretended a superiority in fortitude, have done such deeds, as any man could do if he were silly enough to attempt them, and fool enough to bear the consequences.

But will any one tell me that a Bramin does not feel pain with a fire on his bare head? will any one tell me that a Stoic bears his privations without repining internally though not declaredly? or will any one, that the pretended Apathists are without sensations or passions? In all it is but a sacrifice to interest or pride.

I have had and still retain some feelings. If I am tickled I laugh, if I am wounded I bleed; I am warmed and chilled by the same air that others are; but these are only passions of the body; there is, besides, a something in the mind that longs for delicate attentions, but shrinks from rudeness and cannot endure insult. Of these perhaps I have in many instances been too susceptible; my feelings are acute, too much so for my welfare; when attacked with the impetuosity of undisciplined troops, they rush forward and leave their general, Judgment, far behind them.

Finding myself somewhat inconvenienced by my late losses, I gave up the Masonic hall and determined on an excursion to Baltimore. On the evening preceding my departure, I met Mr. Wood, who recommended to me a visit to Washington and Alexandria, where a part of

the Philadelphia company was under the direction of Messrs. Francis and Jefferson; telling me at the same time that he presumed that I should make five hundred dollars by an engagement for one month—I promised to attend to his proposal, when in Baltimore. I arrived there after a very painful conveyance in the stage, and took lodgings at Mr. Barney's, where I hired a room, and under the kind patronage of Mr. Edward J. Coale, delivered my recitations with considerable success. When, having, during a short intermediate visit to Mr. Francis, then conjoint manager with Mr. Jefferson, made arrangements with him, I proceeded to Washington, and was received by all parties in the most friendly manner. The president, his family, and all the officers of state, by their attendance, honoured my benefit, which proved sufficiently profitable to realize the hope that Mr. Wood had inspired. Here it had been my wish, accordingly to the hint given to me by Mr. Wood, to introduce for practice one of my female pupils; but powerful objections were made, and I did not *urge* compliance with my proposals.

On my first visit to the Washington theatre, I was surprised in contemplating its unfinished state, and on my first appearance in Othello, I was equally surprised by finding that my usual stand on my first entrance was occupied by a column of water, descending from the clouds and extending its base so far and wide, that the door-way I had to pass through, was completely secured against any direct entrance; one of my curvilinear motions however at last procured me admission. It was well that the play of Hamlet had not been advertised for this evening, for the ghost must indeed have grumbled most

bitterly in the cellarage, its foundation being covered with water to the depth of two or three feet. I was much pleased with the general improvement of this city, containing then, as I was informed, about ten thousand inhabitants: I had visited the spot about nineteen years before, when scarcely a single house was finished, and my first visit was nearly being attended with fatal consequences. Ignorant of the road, travelling alone on horseback, night and a storm approaching, I had determined to put up at an inn about ten miles from Washington, when a gentleman arrived, and having entered into conversation with me, persuaded me to suffer myself to be his companion, and assured me that he would be my guide to Georgetown, whither he was himself going. I consented, and set off in spite of the threatening weather, and the promised darkness of the night. When arrived at the intended city of Washington, the roads through which were much encumbered with wood, I began to express my apprehensions, as not having the eyes of a cat I could not see one inch before me—my guide assured me of safety, and begged me to trot boldly on: he had scarcely spoke the words, accompanied with the application of the whip to his own beast, when the broken limb of a tree completely unhorsed me and threw me into a clay pond—who could have chosen a more comfortable bed, for a benighted traveller in the depth of winter? Yet my guide insisted on removing me from it; I remounted, and in the most delicate situation, arrived at Georgetown, where on the succeeding day, the interviews took place which I have before related.

I had not on my arrival at Georgetown to order a bushel of oysters for my horse; a trick that was once

practised to obtain a seat by the fire; the politeness of the company offered me at once the best; my situation was indeed deplorable, but a little outward and inward application of remedies soon restored me to a sense of natural feeling.

My wandering mind is always inclined to ramble, and with much difficulty can I call it home.

Let me then pause, and pause in admiration of Mr. Latrobe's talents and inclinations, elegantly, superbly, sublimely introduced in the erection and ornament of the capitol; all the taste that excellence in his profession could ensure, has here been introduced; the workmanship immediately superintended by himself is superior to any thing I have ever seen, delicate in its design, completed in its execution.—I know not that the new order of the columns is an invention of his own; let who it may deserve the tribute, I should think that all admirers of the arts would say, *that* man should be immortalized who planned them. Blessed be the independent spirit of him, who supported the capitol of Washington with pillars of corn and adorned them with its fruits—this is true patriotism, true honour, true glory. Why should we depend for our architecture on the rules of Greece or Rome?—our symbols are not the same. Are we, because those countries so many centuries ago thought proper to establish practices suitable to themselves, implicitly to obey them now, merely because they are ancient? No. Latrobe has rescued us from this despicable state of dependence on foreign despotism, and proved that without subservience, we could establish orders of our own.

We have our nation, and who cannot love it? We have our laws, lenient as justice will allow; we have on each side a people struggling for its welfare, but unfortunately by opposing means; all do, and must wish well to it. But I am wandering from my subject; I was contending only in spite of Greece and Rome, for the privilege, the science and the art we have of erecting columns on our own construction: I say that we are under no obligation implicitly to follow the examples of Greece or Rome. If Rome had any right to interfere with Greece, we have an equal right to interfere with, or rather to be independent of them both; by forming orders of our own, which have been most delicately conceived and as beautifully executed at Washington and elsewhere. Let me ask any American if the Corinthian pillar with all its ornaments could please him more than the emblematic columns of the national hall; symbols of the vital strength of our nation, representatives of corn stalks, beautifully combined, and graced with a capital of fruit. In this, there is independence of thought and execution; in this there is genius: in this there is beauty: in this, in fine, is the aorta of national importance in national architecture; and, may it give energy to the heart!

That the orders of the ancients are beautiful, I dare not deny; but that they are the only beautiful orders that can be produced, or that others may not be invented as fully decorative and useful, experience forces me to deny; to the dear soul of a true patriot the sight of those elegant columns in the capitol, would pierce at once; he would require no judgment; feeling would do all itself, for feeling is the vital spark of taste.

To Latrobe the several cities of the United States are highly indebted; it is not only the establishments of academies of arts and sciences that is necessary, but the intelligence to discern the beauties of the various artists; this he is well enabled to distribute. The pillars in the capitol are calculated to excite truly patriotic ideas; the capitol is supported by the emblematic supports of our country; and the principle on which we should object to any thing that is not from Greece or Rome, I should prove difficult to conciliate with reason.

I love, myself, fine architecture, fine paintings, fine poetry; but because Archimedes, Reubens and Aristotle are celebrated, I see no cause why each or either of them and other celebrated ancient artists and poets should put a stop to modern improvement, and say, we have laid down our rules and you *must* abide by them. These rules may be good, I do not deny their justice, although perhaps my judgment cannot yield implicit submission to their perfection, and in every respect revolts from absolute dependence on them. Others may pin ancient opinions on their sleeve and obey them on all occasions if they please, as the arbitrary doctrines of despotic sway; but I think that the love of country would be more inculcated and preserved by the adoption of orders of our own. Latrobe has set one noble example; why should it not be followed? We have here a sufficient number of indigenous trees, shrubs and flowers, from the emblems of which we might form an architectural system of our own. What is there in the Corinthian, Ionic, Doric columns in the cities of Philadelphia and Newyork, but what, if understood, must lead an American's thoughts astray. He immediately thinks

with admiration of foreign countries; but on viewing the columns in the capitol, he thinks but of his own. Can any nation be said to be more prolific in subjects of emblematic ornament than this? It is not only the corn stalk and its fruit; hundreds of native productions would, under the hands of an ingenious master, form emblematic columns, and encouragement to the strength of our country by the admiration of them.

My next excursion was to Alexandria, where I completed my engagements under the direction of Messrs. Francis and Jefferson. I cannot reflect on the conduct of these gentlemen without comparing it with my own: nothing has impeached *their* characters during their residence in the United States, but much has occurred to exalt them. No instability has marked their dispositions; with steady industry, perseverance and prudence, they have attached themselves closely to the profession they had chosen, and the city, which was originally their promised land, and in which they are now, in happy possession of competency and respect. The one the friend and protector of the orphan, the other the father of a numerous family, under the guardianship of himself and his amiable consort, well educated, and well instructed.

Neither one nor the other, entered this new world (they will pardon the remark) with the advantages I possessed; nor have either of them received a fourth part of the sum of money that I have, from the patronage of Americans. What then has made them rich? Prudence;—what has reduced my state? Imprudence. Jefferson! the amiable father of an amiable offspring; Francis! the protector of the unprotected, permit me to

offer you, poor as it is, my homage. It is the ebullition of feeling, of real feeling; the tribute is but small, but a mite in a treasury may be acceptable.

I renewed my engagement with these gentlemen, but Delicacy must here throw her veil over future events so far as concerns the interests of a person to whom I then considered and proved myself a guardian; I shall therefore prosecute this uninteresting subject, as if I had solely been engaged in it myself.

Having received the full amount of what Mr. Wood's proposition had led me to expect, I returned to Washington, where, and at Georgetown, I delivered recitations with moderate success. In every place I experienced the kindest treatment. But I must acknowledge the particular attentions of Mr. Cooper of Washington, and candidly confess that his goodness was unfortunately, though undesignedly, unrewarded. Whatever may be his thoughts, *my* intentions were steadily in his favour, as they in concert with my warmest inclinations always will remain.

At Georgetown, took place an unpleasant controversy with the mayor. I had recited at Washington and Georgetown alternately for several weeks; I had in Washington inquired of the head clerk if any license was necessary for my exhibitions; he replied negatively, and I was informed that similar regulations prevailed in Georgetown. Having advertised my last night at Georgetown, at the house of Mr. Crawford (to whom I am indebted for every civility a host can bestow) as I was about to begin my exercises, an officer entered my dressing room and told me that he had a number of warrants against me for performing without license.

Every one knows what kind of conversation takes place on such occasions. I was warranted for ten dollars per night having been performed, but the officer told me that if I would pay six this evening before performance it would save me four; he favoured me however with the information that he had a bundle of others in his pocket, for which it would be necessary for me to give bail; this, Mr. Cooper's kindness immediately procured; the six dollars were paid for that evening, and I was to be tried for my offences the next morning. Mr. Cooper, then my "tried, my valued friend," attended me: In vain; for no magistrate could be procured to judge the cause. As a citizen of the United States, I claimed a hearing or dismissal; neither was procured during the morning. I returned home to my dinner, and immediately proceeded again to Georgetown, when after a continued refusal of the magistrates to try the cause, at about eight o'clock in the evening the mayor was, or felt himself under an obligation of superintending himself. Expecting some amusement a numerous audience attended. The mayor presided, I had a friendly counsel; the mayor as he informed me himself, had been employed in different vocations; that amongst others he had been a schoolmaster, and asked me if I could give the definition of the word tragedy; I replied, it was "the *question* of a goat." No man of classical knowledge could condemn me for a reply of this nature to a magistrate who wandered so much from his duty as to ask the interpretation of the word; the word "question" as I adopted it, and as it has been generally used by our best authors signifies (occasionally) consideration. He asked me the meaning of the word "tragedy," I replied, concisely, "the question, the consideration of a goat."

Hamlet says, "To be or not to be, that is the *question.*" Question means here, as I presume the *consideration* of existence or non-existence, whether it is better to live under a heavy burden of cares or to get rid of them at once. When the learned mayor applied to me for my definition of the word "tragedy," the humility of my little knowledge and my respect for the magistracy, but at the same time my disgust on being called upon as a school-boy, in a court of justice, at the moment drew from my feelings the reply. If it be a "double entendre," let it remain so.

After two or three hours loss of time and money, I was released by paying ten dollars.

I went home about eleven o'clock, sat up all night engaged in writing a farewell letter to the mayor, which I took to Mr. Gales, the editor of the National Intelligencer, between four and five in the morning; he published it, with some omissions to which I had consented.

I was on the point of returning to Baltimore, when this affair took place; I considered it rather a deviation from the correctness of magisterial duty, as I had been reciting occasionally six weeks before without having received any intimation whatever that a license was necessary, being assured that none was required at Washington and that the municipal regulations of Georgetown were the same as in Washington. In all these difficulties Mr. Cooper, the bookseller and printer, was my steady friend; he attended me as a stranger with the greatest politeness every where when assistance was required, and left me only after having rendered me essential services, on the night preceding the morning of my departure. I have to regret that my future fortune gave me not the means of making him an adequate recompense!

I arrived in Baltimore, and took lodgings at Mr. Barney's, where I hired a room for recitation, and engaged private boarding and lodging, in society with a family who were kind enough to attend me and mine from Washington. To these friends, whom delicacy makes nameless, I owe the greatest obligations.

I delivered recitations for four nights in Mr. Barney's hall, paying him twenty-five dollars per night, besides boarding; when I began to find the expense too great for the profits. I determined to seek a cheaper lodging; I did so, and found one on the York road. I informed Mr. Barney of my intention; he replied that I liked the good things of this world as well as any one, and that I should have nothing where I was going but bean coffee, and brown sugar; however, I persisted, and after dinner called for my bill, which was one hundred and thirty-three dollars, leaving only a balance in my favour of about twenty for my week's work, which he paid me.

I went to the lodgings I had engaged in the country. It is true that I had not tavern fare, but I was in the bosom of a family which I almost thought my own. The lady of the house was one of that ever to be respected sect, called quakers, or rather friends; for such they prove themselves to all the human race. Attention on *her* part, and a sincere wish to please on *mine*, as well as my regular attachment to that which in my opinion is the best book in the world, induced me every evening to read a part of the Bible to my family and herself. But the graces which adorned this female—graces! not of person nor of dress, the graces of the mind shone here, if not with peculiar *lustre*, with all the softer emblems of humanity that nature could bestow.

The beautiful picture that presents itself to a benevolent mind of true virtue in the society of friends appears, not in the academy of arts and sciences, but in the temple of the soul, for it has no tint, no colouring, no "corregiescity," its only ornament is purity and internal perfection of spirit.

But purity in action and in spirit are the best recommendations to the God of truth; while the frolic passions of the wild condemn to misery; the modest, mild, and unaffected conduct of a friend, secures his peace of mind: the pulse of conscience beats with no agonizing pang for recollected error, he knows but the calm of life, and is gently wafted to eternity.

The lady to whom I have particularly alluded, had a numerous family; the eldest daughter aged about sixteen, having been on a visit to a friend down the Chesapeake, on her return entered in perfect health on board a sloop in the evening, and was delivered to her father a corpse in the morning.

Is there no regulation that will command a greater circumspection or care in the masters of these packets? The child was conducted and left on board on the advance of evening; the vessel set sail, and on the approach of night it was discovered that they had not a bit of candle in the sloop; the natural or acquired timidity of youth induced her to retire from the solitary darkness of the cabin, to the damp dews of the deck, and before a voyage of a few miles could be completed, her spirit had flown to a happier world.

Having changed my abode, Mr. Barney refused me his room and issued some reports, as groundless as they were base. My recitations were stopt for a while;

at last I succeeded in hiring the theatre, though at an expense my probability of success did not warrant, but I could do no better. Mr. Warren's conduct on this occasion was friendly and polite, I wish that I could say the same of Mr. Wood; by mistake perhaps he drew on me for fifty dollars more than was due; I of course declined paying the bill; and one morning when I was going to the rehearsal of the evening's recitations, I found the doors of the theatre closed against me. In a moment of irritation, I wrote to Mr. Warren, in bitter complainings of Mr. Wood's conduct; he answered my letter in very mild terms; assuring me that he had not shown it to Mr. Wood, as he wished us to remain friends. The loss of a week's exertion had now become of some consequence to me; the interruption broke the chain of attendance, and distress followed; the theatre was restored to me, but the hour of success had passed away.

I then engaged with Mr. Beaumont, to play a few nights at the Olympic theatre, and made out tolerably well. I engaged also to play with him in Philadelphia, at one hundred dollars per week certain, and fifty dollars per night when I played more than twice. Having finished my engagement in Baltimore, I was preparing to depart for Philadelphia, when that curse of curses, a writ stopt me in my course, and lodged me in the jail of Baltimore; of this I have before spoken.

Shame, consciousness of imprudence, and the usual wish of concealing unfortunate occurrences, would induce me here to drop the darkest veil over a continued scene of calamities; but gratitude reminds me that I experienced such kindnesses from the liberality and gen-

rosity of Mr. Bentley and Mr. Green, that feeling would be impeached by silence; I will therefore do my duty. Yet, generous men! all I can offer are thanks and testimonies of repeated kindnesses. No shame can blemish the eye of gratitude. You helped, supported and relieved me: I blush not in revealing your goodness to the world, but I should blush if I felt an inclination to conceal it.

Yes, shunned in adversity by the swarm of satellites that revolved around the sun of my prosperity, and basked in its occasionally vivifying rays, who themselves pushed my conviviality to extravagance to laugh thereafter at my folly; who forced expense for uninvited guests, and then upbraided me for giving what they asked, and what an host could not refuse: Be it my pride to own that in captivity I found in you, benevolence and confidence, feeling and relief, and though strangers to me, friends.

You had never breakfasted, dined or supped with me, I had never lent you money, never assisted you, never performed any act of kindness toward you. But from *you*, but from *you both*, I received every indulgence and civility that justice would permit, and generosity could exercise.

By Mr. Bentley's liberal conduct I obtained the freedom of the county, and on the arrival of the Philadelphia company at Baltimore for the season, played a few nights with moderate success. But, I was no longer what I had been; the want of regular diet had enfeebled me, and my distresses had introduced irregularities. My left foot, which had been sprained four times, was almost incapable of supporting me; my constitution was

racked by the cruelties inflicted on me by Mr. Edwards of Boston, and my engagement was in consequence soon ended. Mr. Warren was in every instance my true friend, as he has always been; in him I never found deceit, irascibility, or mean policy. Free and candid in his thoughts, he was equally so in their development. The organ of the tongue was really in *him*, what Nature designed it to be in *all*, the revelation of the mind, the true interpreter of sensation, the vehicle of ideas, and the correct communicator of truth. In this there is no flattery; in this there is but a deserved tribute; I give unto Cæsar that which is Cæsar's; he has always merited, and, as before, has now my thanks.

At the same time I am not ignorant of the many witticisms he has indulged at my expense in public; his gibes, his jests, his flashes of merriment which have so often set his, and other tables in a roar; they have been communicated to me under the guise of friendship; I laughed at his humour but I detested the communicator.

All public characters are fair objects of conversation: Warren, I know, as well as others, has indulged his fancy and his reason freely on my conduct. I should be sorry if I had a feeling that could blame him; for so far as I can understand, he has never declared to the public more than he has told me himself; this is fair play.

But the infamous propagator of private conversation I utterly abhor. When the freedom of social intercourse is indulged in private society, let the enjoyment of it continue to the hour of departure; but then let the seal of secrecy be fixed on every tongue where external objects have been the subjects of their mirth, and let there be no betrayer.

I was at this time anxiously employed in the completion of this work, and had nearly engaged with a society of gentlemen for its publication, when the well-known unfortunate occurrences at Baltimore took place, to the catastrophe of which I was an unhappy witness.

I spent the remainder of my time in misery and wretchedness till the assembly of Maryland ordered the court to release me on compliance with the general law. After sixteen months imprisonment I returned to my family in Philadelphia, a family whom I had not seen during more than the time above mentioned.

In this instance also Mr. Warren was my friend; he engaged me to play a few nights in Philadelphia, for a benefit; I did so, but was comparatively unsuccessful; still were the kind intentions of Mr. Warren exhibited. It was not his fault if my own misfortunes or my debility induced the audience to be less attentive than before; or that the season of the year was unfavourable; or, that Philadelphia had at the moment been called upon to mourn the loss of one of her chiefest ornaments.

The fatal leap that I made from Alexander's car, has since been perpetually my torment; it has caused implications sometimes of an ungenerous nature in the street as well as on the stage. Physical inability preventing usual exertions, I reestablished my school of reading and elocution, which the Rev. Dr. Gray and Mr. Wylie patronised at their academy; I there, by their kind permission, delivered recitations; both were, comparatively with my former exertions, unsuccessful. The wants of a numerous family, I say only the natural wants, were not to be supplied by my trifling receipts; but to the kindness of these gentlemen, I am indebted at the moment of my writing, now; for this is an addition to

the proposed work, lengthened, as I did not at first intend beyond my original promise.

I am now writing on the first of December, 1813, while I am still delivering readings and recitations at the academy of Dr. Gray and Mr. Wylie, without success.

'Tis time then to let fall the curtain, for the last act is completed, and as I fear my last scene performed. Revification *may* take place, but it must be introduced by far different remedies than those which the *moral* physicians of Philadelphia have proffered to me. I have just parted with a real friend, who recommended fortitude. Let us analyze this medicine, that is to

“ Minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart.”

Courage and fortitude are distinct in their objects and effects: if I mistake not, courage is the incitement to perform a duty of danger with willingness and activity;—fortitude consists in enduring those reverses of fortune to which that duty must occasionally subject the less successful.

A man in private life, in distress, if alone, if not united to any tender claimants of his aid, may brave the storm; may say to the tempest,

“ Pour on, I will endure;”

I have no daughters, no children, no wife, to suffer with me; I am an insulated being; then

“ Let fall your terrible pleasure.”

I am alone and no one suffers with me; this to be sure might be resounded as the triumph of fortitude over self-suffering; yet what are the anguishes of a single man which the least mental exertion cannot surmount? comparatively nothing. But contemplate the husband, the father of a numerous offspring; the mother without means of executing maternal wishes, the children without the means of subsistence, then tell me where fortitude can be sought for or found; in the furnace of feeling, will not the firmest resolution melt away, as the sternest ore in the incinerating blast? The purest metal may be tried in the fire, and be returned, uninjured, without external aid; so may the mind of man support itself in true solidity, till feeling for another makes it melt. Commiseration and pity are strong relaxatives of fortitude; the stoutest bands of heroes have yielded frequently to moral instead of official duties; they have bowed to Nature when orders have been repugnant to her dictates, and Feeling has triumphed over Enmity; tears have been shed, where drops of blood were to have fallen, and the arms of Mercy thrown open to receive the victim the hand of Tyranny would have slain.

Humanity has seldom if ever been exhibited in more glowing colours than by the American commanders where conquest has crowned their valour. Great as is their courage and their patriotism, like the Scipio of Carthage, their generosity, kindness and tenderness to their prisoners, will make more converts to their cause than all their success in arms. Courage and skill in battle we *admire*, but mercy we must *love*. The breast of Honour may announce in rapturous transports the hero's victory, but when Benevolence, with sun-like lustre, or-

naments his conquest, the tears of Feeling and of Joy water the laurels and preserve them ever green.

Can that man be said to want fortitude who only yields the Roman stoicism to the tears of Pain, the cries of Want, or the complaints of Misery? Cruel indeed must be the judgment that would condemn him. Take an insulated individual, without relatives to suffer with him, without offspring for whom to feel, place him in a cave in the remotest wilderness, or heap on his, as on a Brahmin's head, the burning coals, or fix him to an Indian stake; all this he may endure, 'tis but *self*-suffering, and at last but death, its remedy.

But let us turn our attention to one of the many scenes of misery which all perhaps have read of, though few could bear to witness them. The delicacy of the temperament of those in a high state of luxury will not permit them to visit the house of misery and wretchedness. But let us draw the picture of what many a time I have seen in real life. Contemplate the father of a numerous family on a sick bed, unable to exert himself; a child on a pallet in the other corner, near dissolution; the mother emaciated with attention to the husband and the daughter, and three or four children crying for bread which the father has it not in his power to provide—Would not all the fortitude that humanity could ever boast of shrink from the painful consideration? What would naturally be his silent reasoning; “I am sick and unable to work; my child is sick by my side and I have no help for her; my wife is wearied by her affectionate attentions to both; my children are calling for bread which I cannot give them to satisfy their hunger.” Now let me ask the philosopher, through what avenue fort-

tude can be admitted; let him tell me *how* this is to be borne—what is such a person to do in such a situation? “Conduct yourself with fortitude, and bear these calamities with patience,” says the adviser. The patient, after mature deliberation, murmurs, “will fortitude restore to me my health; will it give medicine to my child, will it give relief to my wife, or sustenance to my infants? Can I bear to know that they are starving with cold and hunger, and trust to my own fortitude for their relief? If I shut up every avenue to the soul, and become a stoic, will they gain an ounce of bread by it? No. But shall I not be exposed to every attack from the more generous feelings of the heart? from Nature’s lessons shall I not be taught by them that she cannot be governed by artificial regulations or arbitrary doctrines?” Who has such power over the human heart, as to say, thus far shalt thou eel and no farther. Is there one heart in the system of humanity, that could obey the order more implicitly than did the sea the deliberative, and instructive command of Canute? No: in spite of all the policy invented, if we have any feelings, we must feel: No Christian remedy affords a shield against the appeal of misery, but that of quick relief. Give that, and if you suffer in *this* world, by assisting a fellow-creature, remember that there is another, where reigns a Supreme Being, merciful as he is just. In such instances I think that I have not been deficient; and if feeling has led me astray, feeling must plead for pardon.

I have spoken and published much about the reading of novels; before I begin the review, and treatise on education, with which I mean to conclude this heterogeneous mass of matter, I trust I may be permitted to introduce a short dissertation on novel-reading.

I confess that I am not so fastidious as to consider a young lady's reading a few well selected novels, as an amusement, a subject for condemnation; but, the indulgence of such an employment as a propensity, is I think, pernicious in the highest degree. Novel-reading may be considered as one of those allurements which the benevolent Cowper observes, are regarded "Safe in themselves, but dang'rous in the excess."

It is safe, I presume, when a few of our best novels are selected for instruction as well as improvement, and are read without disuniting the moral and the interest, or passing over the serious observations and reflections in the eager pursuit of the interest alone; and when time and attention are freely bestowed in an analytic examination of the characters, and in comparing carefully their respective conduct with what we think would be the natural effects of external causes operating upon dispositions similar to those described, and subjected to the same occurrences, situations, or trials.

Minds capable of making, and inclined to make, such a use of novels, may read many of them without danger. It is true that the most of them are mere trash, marring what they pretend to mend.

"Sniv'ling and driv'ling folly without end;
Where corresponding misses fill the room
With sentimental frippery and dream."

These are in their nature pernicious, but it does not therefore follow that they must do harm; many a venomous animal lives and dies in its solitude without having injured a human being, and a prepared traveller may meet a lion or a tiger without injury. Go not

where these novels are, and they cannot harm you, or if you needs must go, arm your mind against their open or insinuating attacks. There are many female minds in this town as well as elsewhere, that *might* (we do not say they would) read the worst of novels without injury; but thousands are there, by whom the best might be read without improvement. The reason appears to be this: The education of our young females has, as it must seem, been directed principally to external and superficial qualifications; they have generally, we dare not say universally been taught, what they have been taught, by rote; a lesson (*quelconque*) which they might repeat at home to their parents, was a sufficient estimate of their improvement during the preceding week; but where is the security for this apparent improvement being more than a momentary light thrown on an external sense as it were, by the reflections of a mirror? so long as memory can repaint to the eye, the letters, words and sentences they have committed to it, an inexpressive something may be uttered by the organs of speech; but what impressions can the mind receive when knowledge merely glances its rays over the surface of the body? such impressions must be like those of a man, who, having stood three hours on the approach of summer against a wall, exposed to the rays of the sun, retires afterwards to his dwelling to be chilled.

Take nine-tenths of the young ladies of this town, and inquire of any one of them supposed qualified to answer such interrogatory—What have you learnt? her first reply will probably be—O, I have *gone through* such and such books in arithmetic, such in geography, such in history, &c. &c.—put to her a simple question

out of book in any of those sciences, and what will be her answer? it is ten to one that it will be, I never learnt *that*. How then is the mind interested in this mode of teaching? what profit can we expect from that superficial refreshment which falls on our senses only like a spring shower, to be evaporated by the return of pleasurable effulgence? Take a child of fourteen from our schools, and what is she; and what is to be expected from her? Her memory, perhaps, we dare not say has been crowded, because the impressions on it have been so slight, that many may have been displaced by others—we will say it has been played upon like a drum-head, retaining its vibrations so long as it has been beaten by the sticks, but no longer; in fact she is herself, a drum; she will speak if the customary applications are made, otherwise she is silent, and hollow within. Her mind is vacant; it has never been taught to embrace and contain any other intellectual ideas than those which accident has presented to it. As the tympanum of the ear serves to convey sounds to the brain, so will her eye serve to convey subjects of converse to her tongue; she will talk because she has seen; but rarely will a sentiment originating in her own mind be elicited.

Such a mode of instruction elevates not a human being, or a reasoning creature; but what can we expect, judging from experience of natural consequences, from a girl of fourteen or fifteen so educated? She is taken to parties, balls, &c.—she is addressed in an unusual style of language; she knows not how to reply, she has no resources in her mind; she hears others addressed, and replying with facility, perhaps wit, she becomes acquainted with her own insufficiency; but unwilling to

acknowledge it, she plots in secret the means of removing it. Novels she has heard abound with pretty questions and smart repartees: she goes home, she applies to them; devotes her time to what *she* thinks will make her more engaging. She fancies a lover sighing at her feet, and wishes to be prepared for any occurrence of that nature that may arrive. Her mind begins to be engaged, but in what? in the pursuit of that extravagant, painted susceptibility which ruins all. Her instructors had taught her a few sums in arithmetic, some lessons in history, and geography; but the latitude as well as longitude of her mind, were left to her undiscovered. She had not yet been taught that the mind is as susceptible of the highest gratification from the contemplation and exercise of moral duties, as is the heart of the warmest transports of disinterested love. She therefore wishes to prepare herself for meeting a lover or a husband as drawn by the prurient pen of some wild enthusiast: to equal this lover, in sensibility, she must sigh, pine, faint, and be near expiring; in her expiring moments she marries; but on marriage the lover becomes a husband, and demands resuscitation; a husband himself, *he* requires a *wife*, not a novel-reading damsel, but one capable of performing domestic duties. Alas, these novels had taught her only to fancy what it was to be in love; they had not prepared her mind for the exercise of social or domestic duties. She has obtained to be sure, what she might have obtained without reading novels, a husband; but her mind has not been fortified against the experience of what husbands are. In the husband the lover vanishes, in the wife the adored mistress; and the only alternative for the latter, is to become a willing

slave. Novels in the representation of their amiable characters, present men and women as they *ought* to be; but solid and useful instruction shows each as they *are*; perfection is not to be expected on either side. All men and women have their weaknesses and foibles, and to these in each, the other must yield, reciprocally, if they expect domestic comfort. But I am wandering; to return then to my main subject; the attachment which young females exhibit to novel-reading must originate in the weaknesses of their minds, resulting from a deficiency in their education; they perceive the vacancy, and think that it can be filled up by a few borrowed phrases, or casual remarks on common occurrences; and the reason *why* they think so, is *because* their minds have never been taught to germinate and produce any thing from themselves. A young girl accustomed or addicted to novel-reading, opens wider the two greatest avenues to seduction, vanity, and susceptibility: she begins by supposing herself the heroine, and ends by consoling herself in being the victim of *fancied* feeling. But this is all *stuff*, not of the conscience, but of the bewildered brain. A young man acquainted with the world, might say, show me any young woman who is a constant novel-reader, and I will seduce her; and the task, horrid as it is, would be easily accomplished. Examine the general opinions of even young men, and you will find that the more females are found to be addicted to novel-reading, the less are they esteemed virtuous; examine the opinions of elders, and you will find the less are they esteemed sensible. A devotion to novel-reading, indicates a mind of an inferior capacity and grovelling exercise; it encourages not, but weakens its energies; it

causes it to waste its essence on phantoms, when it should by it invigorate realities.

But we are not to attribute all the blame to the female herself. As the twig is bent the tree will grow; some reflections, therefore, should glance upon the parents or instructors. May not this question with propriety be asked? Why have not their *minds* been cultivated, why have they not been taught to derive amusement where only the sources of real pleasure can emanate, from a just sense, a correct taste, and a consequent enjoyment of what is beautiful, moral, and religious?

We blame not the instructors, they do all they can afford to do. Parents seek a cheap education for their children; instructors seek a living; if the latter cannot obtain it by taking ten or twenty children, they must take forty, or fifty; the consequence is obvious: the acquirements of the pupils must be superficial; they must be such as will shine for the moment, but which the first supervening cloud will effectually obscure.

In order to devest a female of a propensity to novel-reading, it appears necessary that if her mind had ever been attended to, it should be reformed; a certain solid principle of enjoyment should be introduced, which by collateral emanations, should afford subjects of admiration and delight; this principle, I presume, can only be established on natural foundations, on the direction of the mind to the contemplation of a God, and of his works. Sow once on the human mind, the unblemished seeds of religion and morality, and the fruit produced must be happiness here or hereafter.

On the subject of the private and public education of the youth of the United States of both sexes;

much might be advanced. I shall, after a few anecdotes and observations, take the liberty of indulging a few remarks extending only so far as my own experience will justify.

Having been subject for two years to the extremest pressure of misfortune; having viewed horrors that shocked even the eyes of the unfeeling; perhaps with useless anguish pined over the distresses of my adopted country; having exerted, as some well know, every nerve that yet remained braced for its defence and honour; I returned to the city of my love, my gratitude, and respect—to Philadelphia.

The neglect that I have experienced since my return must be attributed to some cause or other; a lessened reputation, a deterioration of talent in myself, or a dereliction in others of the desire of those amusements which were once thought attractive and instructive.

But let the cause remain undesignated; be it what it may, the *effect* produces what will, probably, be my last effort for the public good.

For all my sufferings, I am indebted to Mr. Edwards; he will have the pleasure of seeing them end with my existence.

Belisarius! you were general of all the forces under the emperor Justinian the first; your virtue and valour were well known; you had conquered the Persians, Goths and Vandals; you had taken the kings of these people in war, and sent them prisoners to your master; you had recovered Silesia, Africa, and the greater part of Italy, and this with a small number of soldiers and little cost; you restored military discipline after it had been lost, and when offered the kingdom of Italy, in un-

corrupted fidelity, refused it. What was your reward? By the orders of your own relation, the emperor whom you had so faithfully served, your eyes were torn out, your house rifled, your estate confiscated, and "Date obolum Belisario" was the feeling appeal you were obliged to make for subsistence.

I mean no comparison, but an allusion; at least two thousand of the youth male and female of the United States, have been immediately, or partially under my tuition. Have any of them disgraced themselves or me? The appeal is made to their parents as well as to their own feelings. The appeal is also made to the provosts and presidents of the several universities of the United States, who have confided their pupils to me for preparation for annual commencement in the different languages. Clergymen, lawyers, and ambassadors of, or nearly of my own age, have condescended to visit me under the seal of secrecy; their confidence in me was never betrayed; their private visits were pleasing to me, for their lessons ended with mutually instructive conversation. It has given me the highest satisfaction, when I have witnessed any of my pupils excel in the pulpit, at the bar, or at the commencements.

There is, I hope, and believe, no breach of faith in relating a fact, where the person cannot possibly be ascertained; his name has never, and never will be revealed by me, and he certainly will not reveal it himself; his visits were private, and he was never known to any of my family, nor will I even venture to designate the city in which the occurrence took place.

I received one day a letter from a clergyman of the severer sect of religionists, requesting that I would ap-

point a time and place, when and where he could have an interview with me in private: I of course appointed my own house; he came, and explained his business, which was the desire of instruction in oratory; but with a strict injunction that his visits to me should be concealed, as he was connected with a society, who would reprobate his application for improvement to a play-actor. Heavens! what can we think of this? A man professing, and bound to abide by certain religious rules, and violating them in secrecy; doing what he is ashamed to own. I was shocked at the observation and declined his visits.

Far different was it with others who attended me in private; when delicacy alone, from their high standing in society, required secrecy; they invaded no principle, they were not ashamed of the company of a play-actor, for we frequently associated in public; they passed their hours with me as friends, and though our engagements were reading and speaking, no duty was infringed, no breach of the rules, or the invasion of opinion or prejudices of any society operated to enforce concealment; they did not consider themselves disgraced by being seen with me; there was no locking of doors—when a friend called, the tutor and the scholar paused in their exercises, and were known only as acquaintances. In this there was no disguise, no treachery; there was no more than the common retirement from public observation, which the desire of secret improvement invited, which every feeling justified, and every honourable principle sanctioned.

I was once, while attaching myself to my school, at the Masonic Hall, favoured with a letter, which though anonymous (a system of writing which I utterly detest, as insulting to the person to whom the communica-

tion is made, and implicative of a probable breach of trust in him should the author subscribe his name) was written in so elegant a style that I was inclined to answer it; but on revising it, I found that there was no intimation of any nature whatever, by which I could direct my reply to him, not even an A. B. at the post-office, or a Y. Z. at an hotel. I published a hint that the proposals were received, and would be acceded to. I had no other means of communicating with the gentleman: a few dollars expended in additional advertisements on my part, a little impatience and some other feelings of an unpleasant nature, with a short time, were all my profits from this friendly invitation. The gentleman, who seemed to write as a person of consequence, is probably still living in Philadelphia, and will acknowledge that he might have received a direct answer, had he given me any means of sending one.

Nothing has shocked my nature, nor injured my disposition more than these reiterated attacks on my feelings and my pocket. Like Pope, I may complain, of many an unwelcome correspondent. Tragedies, comedies, poetical effusions in abundance, have uselessly drained my purse for postage, and wasted my time in the forced perusal of them, and when I have unluckily overlooked their beauties, then came

“ The piece you think is incorrect—why take it,
“ I’m all submission, what you’d have it—make it.”

As if a man supposed capable of correcting another's work, would not think it necessary to employ his time and talents for his own use. My trunks will witness the large sums of money which I have paid for re-

quests of intelligence on different subjects; for packets frequently costing me a dollar, from persons with whom I was totally unacquainted. Politeness forbids silence; writing engages time, and time is money. Many a packet have I received from the most distant part of the union, containing plots and plans, and requiring my opinion and advice on them, in the method of making salt; full of promises in case of eventual success, but nothing for my immediate pains and information.

I have no inclination to be severe, even against those who have done me the greatest injury, or those who have rewarded my services to them with the foulest ingratitude. The names of all, but one, have been concealed—I charge *him* not with ingratitude, but with unnecessary cruelty; with perseverance in the destruction of a numerous family, whose home in prosperity had welcomed his own.

I will here introduce (as I have before related, an instance of the ingratitude of mankind) an occurrence of a very different nature—let the soul of a human being judge between them.

Topal Osman, who had received his education in the Seraglio, was in the year 1698, about the age of twenty-five, sent with the sultan's orders, to the bashaw of Cairo. He travelled by land to Said; and being afraid of the Arabs, who rove about plundering passengers and caravans, he embarked on board a Turkish vessel bound to Damietta, a city on the Nile. In this short passage they were attacked by a Spanish privateer, and a very bloody action ensued. Topal Osman here gave the first proofs of that intrepidity by which he was so often signalized afterwards. The crew ani-

mated by his example, fought with great bravery; but superior numbers at last prevailed, and Osman was taken prisoner, after being dangerously wounded in the arm and thigh.

Osman's gallantry induced the Spanish captain to pay him particular regard; but his wounds were still in a bad way when he was carried to Malta, where the privateer went to refit. The wound in his thigh was the most dangerous; and he was lame of it ever after; for which he had the name of *Topal* or cripple.

At that time Vincent Arnaud, a native of Marseilles, was commander of the port at Malta; who, as his business required, went on board the privateer as soon as she came to anchor. Osman no sooner saw Arnaud, than he said to him, "Can you do a generous and gallant action? Ransom me: and take my word you shall lose nothing by it." Such a request from a slave in chains was uncommon; but the manner in which it was delivered made an impression upon the Frenchman, who, turning to the captain of the privateer, asked what he demanded for his ransom. He answered 1000 sequins (near 500L.) Arnaud turning to the Turk, said, "I know nothing of you; and would you have me risk 1000 sequins on your word?" "Each of us act in this," replied the Turk, "with consistency. I am in chains, and therefore try every method to recover my liberty; and you may have reason to distrust the word of a stranger. I have nothing at present but my bare word to give you; nor do I pretend to assign any reason why you should trust to it. I can only say, that if you incline to act a generous part, you shall have no reason to repent." The commander upon this went to make his

report to the grand master, Don Perellos. The air with which Osman delivered himself wrought so upon Arnaud, that he returned immediately on board the Spanish vessel, and agreed with the captain for 600 sequins, which he paid as the price of Osman's liberty. He put him on board a vessel of his own, and provided him a surgeon, with every thing necessary for his entertainment and cure.

Osman had mentioned to his benefactor, that he might write to Constantinople for the money he had advanced; but finding himself in the hands of a man who had trusted so much to his honour, he was emboldened to ask another favour; which was, to leave the payment of the ransom entirely to him. Arnaud discerned, that in such a case things were not to be done by halves. He agreed to the proposal with a good grace; and showed him every other mark of generosity and friendship. Accordingly, Osman, as soon as he was in a condition, set out again upon his voyage.

The French colours now protected him from the privateers. In a short time he reached Damietta, and sailed up the Nile to Cairo. No sooner was he arrived there than he delivered 1000 sequins to the master of the vessel, to be paid to his benefactor Arnaud, together with some rich furs; and he gave to the master himself 500 crowns as a present. He executed the orders of the sultan his master, with the bashaw of Cairo; and setting out for Constantinople was the first who brought the news of his slavery.

The favour received from Arnaud in such circumstances made an impression upon a generous mind too deep ever to be eradicated. During the whole course

of his life he did not cease, by letters and other acknowledgments, to testify his gratitude.

In 1715 war was declared between the Venetians and Turks. The grand Vizir, who had projected the invasion of the Morea, assembled the Ottoman army near the isthmus of Corinth, the only pass by which this peninsula can be attacked by land. Topal Osman was charged with the command to force the pass; which he not only executed successfully, but afterwards took the city of Corinth by assault. For this service he was rewarded by being made a bashaw of two tails. The next year he served as a lieutenant-general under the grand Vizir at the siege of Corfu, which the Turks were obliged to abandon. Osman staid three days before the place, to secure and conduct the retreat of the Ottoman troops.

In 1722 he was appointed Seraskier (general in chief) and had the command of the army in the Morea. When the consuls of the different nations came to pay their respects to him in this quality, he distinguished the French by peculiar marks of kindness and protection. "Inform Vincent Arnaud (says he) that I am the happier in my new dignity as it enables me to serve him. Let me have his son in pledge of our friendship, and I will charge myself with making his fortune."—Accordingly Arnaud's son went into the Morea; and the Seraskier not only made him presents, but granted him privileges and advantages in trade, which soon put him in a way of acquiring an estate.

Topal Osman's parts and abilities soon raised him to a greater command. He was made a bashaw of three tails, and Beglerbeg of Romania, one of the greatest go-

vernments in the empire, and of the greatest importance from its vicinity to Hungary.

His residence during his government was at Nyssa. In the year 1727, Vincent Arnaud and his son waited upon him there, and were received with the utmost tenderness. Laying aside the bashaw and governor, he embraced them, caused them to be served with sherbet and perfumes, and made them sit upon the same sofa with himself; an honour but rarely bestowed by a bashaw of the first order, and hardly ever to a Christian. After these marks of distinction, he sent them away loaded with presents.

In the great revolution that happened at Constantinople, anno. 1730, the grand vizir Ibrahim perished. The times were so tumultuary, that one and the same year had seen no fewer than three successive vizirs. In September, 1731, Topal Osman was called from his government to fill this place; which being the highest in the Ottoman empire, and perhaps the highest that any subject in the world enjoys, is always dangerous, and was then greatly so. He no sooner arrived at Constantinople, to take possession of his new dignity, than he desired the French ambassador to inform his old benefactor of his advancement; and that he should hasten to Constantinople while things remained in their present situation; adding that a grand vizir seldom kept long in his station.

In the month of January, 1732, Arnaud, with his son, arrived at Constantinople from Malta, bringing with him a variety of presents, and twelve Turks whom he had ransomed from slavery. These, by command of the Vizir, were ranged in order before him. Vin-

cent Arnaud, now seventy-two years of age, with his son, was brought before Topal Osman, Grand Vizir of the Ottoman empire. He received them in the presence of the great officers of state with the utmost marks of affection. Then turning to those about him, and pointing to the ransomed Turks, "Behold (says he) these your brethren, now enjoying the sweets of liberty, after having groaned in slavery: this Frenchman is their deliverer. I was myself a slave, loaded with chains, streaming with blood, and covered with wounds; this is the man who redeemed and saved me; this is my master and benefactor; to him I am indebted for life, liberty, fortune, and every thing I enjoy. Without knowing me, he paid for me a large ransom, sent me away upon my bare word, and gave me a ship to carry me. Where is there a Mussulman capable of such generosity?

While Osman was speaking, all eyes were fixed upon Arnaud, who held the Grand Vizir's hands closely locked between his own. The Vizir then asked both father and son many questions concerning their situation and fortune; heard their answers with kindness and attention, and then ended with an Arabic sentence, **ALLAH KERIM!** (the providence of God is great!) He made before them a distribution of the presents they had brought: the greatest part of which he sent to the Sultan, the Sultana mother, and the Kisler Aga, (chief of the black eunuchs) upon which the two Frenchmen made their obeisance and retired.

After this ceremony was over, the son of the Grand Vizir took them to his apartments, where he treated them with great kindness. Sometime before they left

Constantinople, they had a conference in private with the Vizir, who devested himself of all state and ceremony. He let them understand, that the nature of his situation would not permit him to do as he desired, since a minister ever appears in the eyes of many to do nothing without a view to his own particular interest; adding, that a bashaw was lord and master of his own province; but that the Grand Vizir at Constantinople had a master greater than himself.

He caused them to be amply paid for the ransom of the Turks, and likewise procured them payment of a debt which they looked on as desperate. He also made them large presents in money, and gave them an order for taking a load of corn at Salonica; which was likely to be very profitable, as the exportation of corn from that part had been for a long time prohibited.

As his gratitude was without bounds, his liberality was the same. His behaviour to his benefactor demonstrated that greatness of soul which displayed itself in every action of his life. And this behaviour must appear the more generous, when it is considered what contempt and aversion the prejudices of education create in a Turk against Christians.

I will now endeavour to draw towards a conclusion of this strange composition. Shakspeare says that each man has seven stages, I most heartily lament (excepting in age) that I have had more than one; but let me review the various scenes on which I have made my entrances and exits. My first attachment was to religion,

“ Id quod,
Æque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus Æque,
Æque, neglectum, pueris senibusque nocebit.”

From the ministerial practice of it, but never from my respect and reverence, I was detached by the gayeties of life, and too great an indulgence in the pursuit of them. But in every adversity, my heart and trust has been with that Saviour who said,

“ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

“ Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls,

“ For my yoke is easy and my burden light.”

On this most generous invitation to repentance and happiness, I frequently reflected, in my retired hours; it was interesting and consoling; it was calculated to emancipate man from the chains of error, and invest him only with the mild restraints of the purest religion, and the noblest virtue; it was calculated to excite endeavour, by inspiring hope, and to make him happy by inducing him to be truly good.

Frequently have I contemplated on my pillow, the above and other of our Redeemer’s expressions, and resolved on reformation. But, reader! permit me so far to justify myself as to state that one degree of humanly demanded reformation was to be taken by withholding my purse from the poor or necessitous; I speak not this, or other things in my favour, boastingly; but severe charges have been made against me for the expenditure of those large sums of money, which I have earned in the United States, and received from England. In this part of the recapitulation I shall make but one reply to those charges; leaving ordinary occurrences aside, I shall only observe that at one period of my

prosperity I had near forty human beings dependent on me for support. It was with extreme difficulty that my reformation was effected (if it has been so) in this regard; the practice ended with their respective settlements in life, and I have been able to commit but few faults of *this* nature since.

But where are the feelings and passions of the human breast so productive of internal content as when engaged in acts of philanthropy? The spirit of feeling for a fellow-creature, like mercy, "is twice blessed, it blesseth him who gives, and him who takes." Thus productive, even in a temporal point of view, is it not strange that the dispositions of any should be barred against its admission? or is it strange that benevolent dispositions should sometimes exceed prudence. I claim no merit, where I have found, without seeking, misery, for there was only, or chiefly, self-gratification; I have relieved, perhaps the beggar, but much more myself, from the painful sensations of what I witnessed.

I never knew a distinction between individuals of different countries beyond their language and religious habits, and I have always conceived that the world at large, taken comprehensively, whether peopled respectively with Jews, Heathens or Christians, was in the eye of the great "I AM," but one family; yet some in opposition to, and in open rebellion against this divine tenet of our Creator, presume to cherish the poisonous seeds of prejudice, and unblushingly declare, that none but themselves or those born under the same climate, and adopting the same religious tenets are, or can be equally virtuous. That a parent should be more tenderly attached to the offspring of his own house than to the chil-

dren of the world at large, is but natural, yet should he not close his eyes against the personal or mental accomplishments or acquisitions of his neighbours, but be willing to admit that the attempt, by religion of any kind, to arrive as near perfection as possible, or to please our great Creator in *any* shape, is the common right, the privilege, and as I trust, the endeavour of all mankind. We find it with the Hottentots, the Europeans, the Arabs, and the savages of America. Then let us for the sake of virtue, cherish the harmonious, the heavenly seeds of philanthropy; let us, stript of prejudice, that bane of happiness, value worth wherever it is found, whether in the forest, or in the cot, or at the foot, or in the breasts of monarchs. Philanthropy! thou emanation from the glory of our God! thou canst enable us to fulfil with delight his sacred mandate, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." One orphan's or a widow's tear shed on my grave would be more honourable to my memory than all the tombs of stones, of marble, or of alabaster. I had the honour of publishing the inscription on the tomb of the celebrated and sincerely beloved Edwin. "Alas! poor Yorick, I knew him well Horatio." In private, Information, Humour and Wit were attended with that grace in delivery which dignified them all: In public he was the soul of mirth; all breathed from him the enlivening spirit, and felt that they *might* breathe it without contamination. His virtuous feelings were not the least ornaments in his laurelled wreath; they were less known of course to the eye of the million than his personal abilities; for with the modest beauty, and retiring delicacy of the violet, they sought a shade under

celebrated conquerors; and I imagine that the good Samaritan, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Hanway, enjoyed greater delight than was usually experienced by Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Charles the twelfth, Frederick king of Prussia, or Bonaparte. The blood seems to run more smoothly in its channel after a benevolent action, so that the delight of it when perfectly pure, may at the same time be denominated a sensual pleasure. It is a delight also that may be recalled at will, and it affords peculiar solace under sickness and affliction.

As the state of man is progressive, Providence has been pleased to ordain that the stages of his improvement should be attended with gradual information.—Whether the improvement is moral or mental, the pleasure is great that accompanies it. A man feels himself rising in value by every new acquisition of good qualities. To be advancing more and more by daily accessions to every attainable perfection, is a state so pleasant that it may be said to resemble the ascent on a beautiful hill, where the prospects over variegated meadows, meandering streams, forests, distant roofs and spires, become at every step more delightful.

Well then, admitting that I have ascended the hill and taken a survey of all the surrounding beauties; was I to remain there forever in contemplation of artificial ornaments of grandeur? If I espied an humble cottage in the vale, scarce visible through the friendly elm that sheltered it as well from tempests as from general observation, must I not have descended the hill to visit it? If I found a widow and her fatherless children pining in want, could I, who had just been admiring the buildings of the neighbouring rich,

“Erected on the rising ground,”

rescued them from the Cabala, the Scribes, and the Pharisees, must render justice to the followers of them. No matter when, or where; the God of justice *must* reward the *good* actions of mankind, and through the mediation of a blessed and acknowledged Saviour, some *errors* may be *pardoned*.

At all events the offices of Christian piety are attended with a pleasure no less durable than exalted. It was this which induced Erasmus to declare in a serious sense, that there were no greater epicures than pious Christians; and he was right. Give me the feast prepared for me by my Creator, and all the evils of this world will seem as nothing. For what can contribute more to pleasure than the consequence of piety, the calm serenity of resignation founded on religion:

“The sweetest balm to wounded minds.”

Tedious as I may prove, I cannot stop. I must go on, for I feel myself impelled to justify myself still further in the above selected error of my life. I think I can effect it with a few remarks: it seems but justice to my family to hint at a few circumstances, and perhaps candour may hereafter acknowledge them. But in the meanwhile I have only to effuse my sentiments.

Acts, as I esteem them, of pure Christian benevolence, unmixed with ostentation, and veiled only with the mantle of honest secrecy—a secrecy ordered by our Saviour, leave a relish behind them which few gratifications equal or resemble. I have no doubt but that the internal sensations of a truly charitable man after having unostentatiously relieved a person in great and urgent distress, are more pleasurable than those of the most

celebrated conquerors; and I imagine that the good Samaritan, Mr. Howard, and Mr. Hanway, enjoyed greater delight than was usually experienced by Alexander the Great, Cæsar, Charles the twelfth, Frederick king of Prussia, or Bonaparte. The blood seems to run more smoothly in its channel after a benevolent action, so that the delight of it when perfectly pure, may at the same time be denominated a sensual pleasure. It is a delight also that may be recalled at will, and it affords peculiar solace under sickness and affliction.

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“Erected on the rising ground,”

without comparison contemplate the lowly hut and its unfortunate tenants? Should Providence ordain for me a second half century of existence, my reformation in such respects could never be effected by mortal influence, and I think that the Creator who hears and sees each secret word and action will not condemn me.

A circumstance of the nature above alluded to, occasioned the following temporary note in my pocket book.

Humanity's Life's dearest friend,
 'Twill hear the faintest groan;
 To other's woes its thought extend,
 And thus relieve its own.

'Tis not to speak where all may hear,
 Or give where all may see;
 'Tis feeling and the private tear
 That prove humanity.

I pass'd by a cottage, I paused and beheld,
 An infant distress'd at the door,
 She spake not, she sigh'd not, her hands were upheld,
 As if aid from above to implore.

I entered the hut; ah! how sweet it appears,
 For a moment such grief to beguile;
 The innocent infant received me in tears,
 But she whisper'd adieu in a smile.

The next attachment in which I seriously indulged myself, was to the law; still the volatility of disposition prevailed, and I soon began to think *that* a dry study, from the constancy of attention it required for the proficiency requisite to enable me to practice with credit and success. I felt great pleasure in reading Coke, Black-

stone, &c. occasionally, but I could not endure the continued application necessary to my eminence at the bar; the education at the universities in England, and the licenses the tutors deem it advantageous to permit, particularly to young noblemen and men of fortune (for the fathers of many can create rectors, deans, and bishops) seem to me to be but little calculated to induce the study of the law; when a man has once mounted his Pegasus, and thrown the reins upon his neck, suffering himself to be carried through the regions of fancy, the realms of invention, or over the sun-tinged clouds of sublimity, it is a task of considerable difficulty to confine him to "terra firma" on his return. Besides, young men of independent fortunes with whom I had become acquainted at Eton and Cambridge, and with whom I then associated, would frequently ridicule my determination to stay at home when they solicited my company abroad. I was but as a reed before the passing breeze; I bent to their influence and quitted the study of the law.

While young, I was persuaded to yield to the prejudices of youth against the professors of the law; prejudices which I have since proved to be as weakly founded as those against the Bible. Into all societies undeserving men will creep, yet would the limits of my work allow it I could—but no matter—the society can defend itself.

Every institution is liable to abuse; but the abuse of an institution does not invalidate its essential integrity; there were, as we are told, wicked angels in Heaven, and there are, as we are told, some wicked lawyers on earth. I know that there are some *good* ones; for many an honourable, disinterested favour have I received from

them, and many more have I been witness to, and heard of conferred on others. ONE of rather an extraordinary nature, which it may be amusing to relate. Two gentlemen, one of independent income in the receipt of four thousand pounds sterling per year, a bachelor, and the other a lawyer who had amassed by his talents, industry, and the care of his paternal estate, a very large fortune, also a bachelor, had lived from youth to age in strictest intimacy. The man of independence, feeling the greatest blessing of humanity approaching, determined to make his will; but finding a difficulty in the distribution of his estate, and having no relations for whom he had any affection, he called on his friend the lawyer, requesting him to have the will drawn up, and to accept his whole property as a token of esteem, and to rescue him from his dilemma. The lawyer replied that he himself was in a similar predicament; that he knew not how to make his *own* testament, having much more money than his mode of living would require during his life, and having no relation to provide for. But, added he, I know an amiable young man, the younger son of lord ——, struggling with misfortunes; leave your fortune to *him*—the proposal was assented to, the will was drawn up, and after the decease of the gentleman, the honourable —— had possession of the estate, which he, as I hope, at present enjoys.

The nature of my intellects could never yet discover any wit in the indiscriminate observations of indelicacy on lawyers, women and priests; I still cannot but feel a little surprised that Dr. Butler, while forming a collection of prayers for the respective branches of society, should have neglected to compose one for the use of the respectable community of lawyers.

He has furnished us, among many others, with an excellent prayer

Of parents for their children:

A prayer to be used by merchants, tradesmen, and handicraft's-men:

A prayer to be used by debtors, and all persons obliged by crime or contract:

A prayer for patrons and benefactors: But, no prayer for lawyers.

Some compensation for this omission should be offered, though the *wo* formerly announced to the scribes and pharisees, cannot be applicable to *all* our young lawyers, for many of them are never to be found either standing or sitting in the synagogue. I will therefore introduce a fragment, which will furnish them at least with the foundation of something which they may improve upon.

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.

Ordained to tread the thorny ground,
Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience, void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name,
The tribute of the widow's prayer,
The righted orphan's grateful tear:
To virtue and her friends, a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend;
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue,
Protect th' oppressor in his wrong,
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
To sanctify a villain's cause.

Let others with unsparing hand,
Scatter their poison through the land,
Inflame dissention, kindle strife,
And strew with ills the paths of life;

On such, her gifts let fortune shower,
Add wealth to wealth, and power to power.

On me may favouring heaven bestow
That peace which good men only know;
The joy of joys, by few possest,
The *eternal sun-shine of the breast*.
Power, fame, and riches, I resign,
The praise of honesty be mine,
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me when I die.

Well—now we have done with the intended lawyer; in my recapitulation, I will proceed to the player, on whose stage was my third scene of action—In this I was as successful in Scotland as any man ought to have wished to be; but some of those ridiculous fantasies which attach themselves to young actors found not a repulsion in my breast, and I thought myself every thing that was great: upborne by vanity, that paltry bubble which bursts at the first breath of unfavourable airs, I preserved my natural or acquired obstinacy to the injury of one of my best friends. In this, however, I was supported by Mrs. Siddons, from the constant assurance that she thought I was in the right. The injury to my friend Mr. Jackson, was as unintended on the part of Mrs. Siddons as myself; with every respect to the audience, as an actor, I contended only for the preservation of my honour as a man; I could not, and would not, make apologies for errors I never had committed, nor have I since yielded, nor ever will I yield to persecutions of any kind whatever while I retain the power of resisting, or the fortitude to endure them.

My next stage was literary retirement with occasional publications on different subjects of a fugitive nature; from this I was diverted by accidentally falling in love and becoming a married man. However, I had for some time previous to this accident, devoted myself, during many months, occasionally to the severer, as well as to the lighter studies before mentioned, and the most unpardonable and numerous errors which I have discovered in the editions of the *common* school-books in the different cities of the United States, remind me of many in the English editions of the superior classics, and which are of course copied here.

It is considered almost as profanity to change one word of Shakspeare, and Pope's amendments or alterations have been treated very severely, by subsequent commentators, who have committed *themselves* to similar censure. But if we are so devoted to Shakspeare's excellences, why should we preserve his blemishes? cannot, at least in the performances of his tragedies or comedies, if not in the publication of them, some omissions be permitted, especially when we are not assured whether they were original mistakes, errors in the copyists, or the interpolations of intruding editors; I speak not now of his indecencies as they are in this age of refinement termed, many of them in consequence only of those aberrations from the original construction which time has introduced in the use of words; but allusively to many sentences of historical reference which I think Shakspeare could not have written. I will mention but one taken from the tragedy of King Lear.

Edgar is made to say,

" *Aleno* is an angler in the lake of darkness."

Now, unless there was some Nero before Bladud's reign, of whom I have never heard, this allusion could be directed solely to the Roman emperor of that name, and if so, one man is made to speak of another who lived not, until eight hundred years after his own existence had ceased—Surely, without injury to the author's reputation, such passages might be expunged, in print or on the stage, especially as anachronisms in so celebrated an author might distract the chronological information of the younger branches of society.

~~Shakspeare~~ is by no means to be considered as a correct exhibiter of historical events in all cases: he wrote to please Elizabeth—that is saying enough; he pleased her, and was rewarded with her friendship.

It may be equal treason to object to many passages in our common editions of Virgil, which expose errors and contradictions that he scarcely could have permitted himself to have been involved in. It is true that he left his work unfinished, and he ordered it to be burnt in consequence of its being so; but there are some readings which I think he could not have dictated, and which must have been the result of error in the compositor. I will venture to mention one or two passages only of the many to which I allude.

The history of the Amazons must be generally known to my readers, as well as their conduct, their character and their agility; on which, consequently, I need not expatiate.

Virgil, in our editions of his works, speaking of Harpalyce, the Thracian Amazon, and extolling her for her extreme swiftness, is represented to have said, that in her flight, she ran faster than the current of a river.

Aeneid, 1st verse, 321,

“Volucremque fuga prævertitur Hebrum.”

“Volucrem,” is an adjective that Virgil never could have allied to the Hebrus.

Let me ask, if it is probable that Virgil, so generally happy in his figures, would allude to a river, never remarkable for the celerity of its motion, in a simile by which he meant to convey, or to heighten, the idea of the extraordinary rapidity with which Harpalyce fled? if she ran no faster than the Hebrus, she very soon must have been overtaken. There are very few rivers, which a person walking at a common pace might not easily overtake. A slight alteration in the last word of the line would render the figure just and appropriate; and let us believe that Virgil intended to say, that she exceeded the *wind* in swiftness.

“Volucremque fuga prevertitur Eurum.”

In other places we find similar allusions to this wind.

“Illi æquore aperto
Ante Euros, Zephyrumque volant.”

“Equo prevertere, ventos.”

“Fugit ocyor Euro.” &c.

A variety of other passages might be quoted to induce us to believe that Virgil never could have chosen the dull course of a sluggish river, as emblematic of the swiftness of the flight of Harpalyce, and that the word “Hebrum” should be changed to “Eurum.”

I will trouble my readers with only one more remark on the text of Virgil as it appears in the *Delphin*

edition. The description given of Sichæus is, as it now is printed, that he was extremely rich in *lands*:

“ *Huic conjux Sichæus erat ditiissimus agri.*”

The following lines give us no reason to suppose that Pygmalion slew Sichæus for the sake of his landed possessions; nor indeed does it appear that Sichæus possessed any of consequence in his individual right; *that man could have been but a very small purchaser or speculator in lands who buried in the earth his silver and gold as fast as he obtained it.* Every line following the one above quoted, warrants the conclusion that Virgil meant to describe him as the richest of the Phenicians, in silver and *gold*, and not in *land*. And it is much more probable that gold was the object of Pygmalion instead of estates, which would have been to him of uncertain tenure—besides, his conduct is thus particularly described:

“ *Auri cæcus amore,
Clam ferro incautum superat.*”

Again: when the shade of Sichæus is represented as having appeared to his wife Dido after his death, exhorting her to fly, it at the same time informed her in what place the treasure was buried, which it advises her to dig up, that it may serve her in her retreat:

“ *Veteres tellure recludit.
Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.*”

Dido very willingly follows his advice, digs for these treasures, finds them, and takes with them also the treasures of Pygmalion.

“ *Naves quæ forte paratæ,
Corripiunt, onerantque auro; portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago.*”

It appears evident from the above, that it was the riches of Sichæus, consisting of silver and gold, for which Pygmalion murdered him, and not for his *landed* possessions; it consequently may be presumed that Virgil wrote

“*Huic conjux Sichæus erat ditissimus auri,*”

And not “*ditissimus agri,*” as it is printed.

Similar apparent mistakes are found in most of the editions of the classic poets; but what is chiefly to be complained of, is the enormous errors in the editions of the compilations in the English language commonly introduced to schools. Great care should be taken to prevent early erroneous impressions; and the editor or compiler should give the strictest attention to orthography, and integrity in copying the original words; by the change of which much obscurity is frequently introduced and sometimes absolute nonsense is protruded as part of the works of the most celebrated writer.—In many of the editions of Enfield's and Scott's Lessons, for instance, the Camelion is represented as having,

“*A tooth with triple claw disjoined.*”

The author undoubtedly wrote,

“*A foot with triple claw disjoined.*”

The compiler too I think was wrong in introducing the fantastical idea of the Camelion's feeding on air, without the necessary annotation to prevent false conceptions in the youthful student.

The impression of the Camelion's eating the air for food, has arisen from its being generally found on the

sands of Africa where there was no vegetation—but vegetables are not its means of sustenance. It has a tongue that reaches from its head to the extremity of its tail, which is very long; this tongue is of a retinated and glutinous nature—the animal stretches it out on the sand and remains as it were in a dormant state, till the tongue becomes covered with animalcula; it then draws in its tongue and deposits them in its maw, where it retains them “as an ape an apple first taken to be last swallowed.”

The conceptions of youth would of course be influenced by the words they read, and the scholars would be taught to believe that the animal really had

“A tooth with triple claw disjoined,”

if an intelligent instructor did not explain the mistake; but in my attendance on the various schools I have visited, I have frequently found this and other errors passed over without remark, till I took the liberty of noticing it to the preceptor.

Another misconception is very prevalent with respect to the one, two, or three tails of a Bashaw;—what school-boy does not smile when he first reads of a Bashaw with three tails, and turning to his companions, observe

“Risum tencatis, Amici?”

But they should be immediately taught correctly to consider the title itself and the origin of it. These tails are not three of lord Monboddo’s tails, nor three tails to a wig, commonly called, from their resemblance to them, pig-tails; but they are horses’ tails borne before them as ensigns.

Among the Tartars and Chinese, a horse's tail is still the standard under which they go to war, and in Turkey it is considered as a mark of dignity; the cause of which is, that their standard having been once taken by the enemy, the general of the army cut off his horse's tail, fastened it to the top of a pike, and displayed it to the army; by which means he rallied his soldiers who were in great confusion, exhilarated their courage, and gained a complete victory.

The bashaws of three tails, are those who are entitled to have carried before them, three horses tails, fastened to a pike with a gold button.

Again: it is permitted to be generally supposed that the guillotine, the instrument by which the unfortunate Louis the sixteenth suffered, was invented by monsieur Guillotin, a physician, and a member of the national assembly in the year 1791, more readily so, perhaps, because it bears his name.

The illiberal sarcasms which, by the ignorant or ill-natured, are indulged respecting the pretended expedition that physicians use in despatching their patients continue to promulge this error: Monsieur Guillotin certainly introduced the instrument to France, and, as I think, with the most humane intentions; for it was calculated to lessen the sufferings of the condemned, to save them from the tortures of the lamp-post, or from being pricked, cut, or bruised by degrees to death in the public walks; and though thousands have suffered by it, I do not believe that it has caused the addition of one expiring breath; but on the contrary, it is my opinion that it has saved many lives; for being an instrument in the hands of the government, the mob instead of taking

immediate vengeance themselves on their intended victims, have frequently been persuaded to let them be conducted to prison, to be guillotined on the morning, whence hundreds have found means of escape, who would otherwise have been sacrificed in tortures on the instant.

I have heard that monsieur Guillotin, was himself the first sufferer by this instrument; if this was the fact, as asserted by many, it would give a powerful impression to the observation of Ovid:

“ Neque enim lex justior ulla,
Quam necis artifices arte petire suā.”

But monsieur Guillotin was *not* the inventor of it, for it was formerly used in England, in the limits of the forest of Hardwicke, in Yorkshire, and was called “a maiden;” the executions were generally at Halifax, England: seventy-five criminals suffered by it in the reign of queen Elizabeth; twelve more were executed by it between 1623 and 1650, after which the privilege seems to have been no more respected. That machine is now destroyed, but there remained not long ago, and it may remain there still, one in the parliament house of Edinburgh, by which the regent Morton suffered.

I presume that the motives of monsieur Guillotin were perfectly humane in the introduction of the instrument that bears his name: If criminals have forfeited their lives to society, charity demands that the forfeit should be paid with as little torture as possible, and charity only could introduce an instrument so expeditious in its effects, that it gives no time for a convulsive struggle, or even an expiring groan;—*ii men, innocent of every*

thing but that of opposing from truly patriotic feelings an usurping party, is doomed to extirpation, is it not better, that after a few hours respite for preparation, and appeal to his Creator, he should in one moment die, than that he should be hunted through the streets like a wild beast, and suffer dishonourable wounds from an infuriated mob? or, if he must die, is it not better that he should be decapitated by the decision of the law of his country, after having been allowed a sufficient time to prepare himself for eternity, than to be Septemberized by a lawless rabble breaking into his prison?—a prison which ought to be considered, respected, and defended by the constituted authorities as the sanctum sanctorum of misfortune, as the most sacred and inviolable asylum. Where there is power to confine, there is a duty, and should be the energy to protect; a prisoner is no longer his own defender, he is forced to commit every thing that is dear to him, to others; that guardianship is a most solemn, a most religiously imperious trust; a prison wherein men or women are defenceless, should by all authorities, civil and military, be secured from ruffian invasion on every principle that honour can suggest, and by every power the government can apply—A very small force determined in its duty, would disperse a very large mob. I saw Despreminil protected by four grenadiers against thousands who attempted to assassinate him, before and after the refusal of a dastardly officer with fifty or sixty men at his command on the very spot, to assist them; the noble grenadiers, with the accidental aid of Mr. Jounneau, accomplished their object, though not until Despreminil had received a very great number of wounds; wounds of an ungracious nature, wounds

such as no honourable man could inflict, but such as induced the mob to think, him dead, for I heard them loudly cry, “ Il est achieve,” he is dead. Gracious God! in what depth of slavery must the government of that city have been involved, into what infamous depravity must that magistracy and that officer have sunk when no attempts were made to save a devoted citizen from the fury of an ill-judging populace. If Despreminil had been guilty of any crime, he should have been secured by the constituted authorities, for fair trial by the laws of his country; at all events he should have been protected; but ignorance, cowardice, and that base subservience to popularity which undermines the soul of duty, then prevailed, and under the garb of liberty, the most ruthless, and mostly to be dreaded tyranny was exercised;—the ruthless tyranny of an infatuated rabble.

Despreminil escaped with only four protectors, and the amiable Jounneau, who placed himself in the entrance of a narrow passage leading from the palais royal, through which the noble grenadiers had at length procured Despreminil’s escape, avowed himself a member of the national assembly and declared that no one should follow but by treading on his dead body.

Who can review the horrors of September in that bloody year without shuddering?—Prisons broken open, defenceless prisoners murdered at the will of a self-created tribunal, and thrown into the streets to be buried by any friend who might discover them. This was during what was denominated and publicly declared, one of the French years of liberty. Out upon that liberty which cannot secure safety to the unfortunate in jail, and bring them to a fair tribunal. Whenever a jail is

suffered to be invaded, its prisoners torn from it to be massacred or tortured, the constituted authorities must be either timid, weak, or dishonest; in either of which case they are unfit for office, as was the lord mayor of London in the year 1780, who might have quelled the rioters in one hour, had he not suffered the military to be insulted with stones and dirt without permitting them to do their duty.

We all know the nature of mobs, how they increase from non-resistance: I think, at least I hope that I cannot be accused of cruel principles when I say, that if the lord mayor had given permission to the military to fire even without ball on the first occasion, after having caused the riot act to be read, he would have saved the lives of thousands, and the destruction of immense property.

Had Louis the sixteenth yielded to the advice of his principal officers when the first attack on his palace at Versailles was made, how many millions of honest men had he saved by routing a lawless rabble, assembled for plunder under the dishonoured ensignia of liberty! While he was suffering his palace to be forced, and his indignant officers were praying him for permission and orders to do their duty, and defend himself and family, their own honour, and their own selves. "No," cries he, "you shall not fire, I will not suffer the blood of my subjects to be shed;" the event was the disgust of the officers.

How could Louis expect that his officers could patiently permit their soldiers to be insulted without daring to defend themselves? How could he presume that men of honour, sworn to his protection, with incli-

nation and power to secure it, could witness a lawless multitude insulting their chief magistrate, themselves, and comrades in arms, without the most revolting feelings? "I will not suffer the blood of my subjects to be shed," says the monarch—but were not his guards his subjects? was he not equally bound to protect them? Surely a soldier forfeits not his right to protection by entering into the most dangerous service of his government.—The result of this unfortunate order was the plunder of the palace, and the subsequent increased riots at the Tuilleries in Paris, on the 10th of August, 1792. Had he even then acted at six o'clock in the morning, when all hailed him with "vive le roy," with the energy to which his queen urged him, he would have on that day saved the blood of six thousand who perished. Had he, instead of flying to the national assembly, a horde of enemies, "to avoid a great crime," as he called it, headed his troops, encouraged them, and fought bravely with them, all the battalions of national guards would have immediately joined his cause, and the contest would soon have ended in his favour; the hand of the murderer would have been arrested, the law would have reassumed its honourable sway, and the most affectionate, if not the wisest monarch in the world, would have retained his station.

Feelings of the nature of those of Louis the sixteenth, however praiseworthy in a private individual, cannot, with safety to the public, be indulged by a chief magistrate. Few consider the sacrifices of those private feelings which the guardian of a nation is obliged, or ought to make for the public welfare, and the pain which is enforced upon him in the performance of his duty.

Who can tell us what were the pangs of Washington when Andre suffered? Who can tell us what are the nightly thoughts and daily sensations of our present president, while in anxious expectation he awaits the accounts of the discomfiture or triumph of our forces; or when he is obliged to sign a death warrant or any other act to cause an individual to suffer. The painful duties attached to power are more than a counterbalance to all its enjoyments, and, as I should conceive the only, or the greatest consolation, is the power to pardon the repentant sinner, and the Christian exercise of that right. To my knowledge, Mr. Madison has frequently, without invading justice, extended mercy; in one instance, particularly, with exalted dignity, and most liberal feeling. In the case to which I allude, Mrs. Monroe, Mrs. Gallatin, and Mrs. Madison were engaged in the behalf of a person generally believed innocent, although he confessed himself guilty, to save a father. The conduct of the president was amiable in the extreme, he comforted the young wife with a child in her arms, who had been condemned in a few weeks to become a widow, and whom Mrs. Monroe had kindly taken in her carriage to the president's house, and introduced to him; with assurances delivered in the mildest tones, that her husband should not suffer, if justice or mercy could prevent it. Her husband soon after received his pardon and release.

“ That power most likens God’s,
When mercy seasons justice.”

“ Ever wandering, and never fixed,” this seems to be
my motto. Well, I’ll endeavour to return to the re-

capitulation of my history. For my attachment to the stage, I can make no other apology, than a latent predilection for it, which like a spark that had been a long time smothered by the fear of reproachful taunts, was blown into a flame by the refusal of my father to lend me a sum of money that I requested of him. Had my dear father been less indulgent before, I might have been more considerate, and less imprudent in my request at this time; a something however, of common policy appeared wanting in this affectionate parent; he refused me aid in the first moments of necessity, when reformation might have been introduced; perhaps, and indeed doubtless, from an idea that by withholding the means he would place a check on my extravagance; but alas! my disposition was not known to him, nor did he foresee the consequences—Foolishly irritated at his refusal, I borrowed money where it was easily procurable, at forty and fifty per cent. and my father hearing of the transaction, sent me double the sum that I had originally required.

Had my father yielded to my solicitation, when I requested, while in my chamber at Lincoln's inn, the three hundred pounds, it is more than probable that I never should have resorted to the stage as a profession; my views were at that time very differently directed; but being prevented from adopting a favourite plan I had conceived, which was that of visiting the watering-places during the summer season, with a determination to act so prudently as to recover the esteem of my former acquaintances, and obtain the friendship of others who might be useful to me in the early progress of my exertions, I flew off as a tangent from the circle of my

duty—and what was the consequence from the feelings of a distressed parent? After having made my appearance in Edinburgh on the stage, he sent me in a most affectionate letter, twice the money that would have prevented it; but the deed was done—the Rubicon had been passed, and nothing but success in London was left to reconcile his feelings to my adopted profession—that fortunately prevailed, and some degree of filial and paternal intercourse was reestablished. But I was then left to exert the few talents I possessed, as opportunity presented itself. I acted, I composed, I corrected, I taught, I moralized, and trifled—In idea, at one time a Seneca, at another a Democrates, brushing through the world as a traveller who had left his direct road, and was wandering through a wilderness. When the clouds lowered, I reflected on my past folly—when the sun shone brightly, all was flattering futurity.—Wasteful in prosperity, I was irritable in consequent adversity; for I had not, at the time I am now alluding to, been so used to misery as to find “a way to sweeten it to my spirit.” Had I then considered what I might thereafter have been doomed to suffer, I had taught myself a useful lesson, and perhaps avoided the many calamities which have since befallen me. Had I even remained constant on the stage, I might, by prudence, industry, and economy, have acquired, like others, an independence; but I wished not to bury the few talents I possessed in the ground, and perhaps a laudable desire of accumulating property for the support of an increasing family, induced me occasionally to employ myself in other exercises. On my first arrival in Philadelphia, I took a class of French gentlemen, just arrived from St. Domingo, for instruction in

the English language. This, no one can blame me for, as it was an act of necessity, originating from the unfavourable prospects of the theatre in consequence of the yellow fever; this was my first deviation from the profession of the stage—the next was the delivery of lectures on natural philosophy, which led, as I have before mentioned, to the establishment of salt-works; during the erection of which, I played as occasion and the replenishment of my purse required—I sometimes delivered readings and recitations, and occasionally kept a school of reading and elocution. But in this variety of occupation, I could not discern that instability of which I have been so severely accused. My first engagement with Mr. Wignell, would not support a family without collateral aid; I therefore called in the little knowledge I had of natural and experimental philosophy to my assistance. This succeeded so far as to enable me to obtain a handsome apparatus. Twelve lectures only were proposed, and on the completion of them my task ended. After which, and during the recess of the theatre, was I compelled by any rules of stability to remain idle? I attached myself to the introduction of salt manufactories during the summer, and obtained a patent for one of my inventions: I see no more culpability in this than the employment of leisure time. I rejoined Mr. Wignell's company in Baltimore, till sickness and death made their first invasion on my family, and I could not play conjointly with Mr. Moreton, for our mutual benefit. Our season being over, I wrote to Mr. Moreton, then at Philadelphia with Mr. Wignell, to renew my engagement. To this letter I received no answer. I then began the erection of salt-works, and in

the fall played thirteen nights in Baltimore. To those who charge me so severely with instability, I propose this arithmetical question—I engage with the managers on a regular salary for the season of eight months, and I earn about fifteen hundred dollars independent of my benefit; I engage with them for a few nights, and I gain as much, or more; the question then to be resolved is this—Is it better to labour through six or eight months for an inferior sum, than to obtain a greater reward in *one*, and have the remainder of your time for other exertions? We all know that an actor who plays only the higher characters in tragedy, soon cloys, or loses his attraction; be his abilities ever so great, he must appear but seldom, for if he is constantly before the eyes of the public, he is but as Bolinbroke remarks,

“ As the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As, sick and blunted with community,
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty;
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes:
But rather drowz'd—
Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.”

t is also to be observed, that every employment of the nature I professed, had its season; I could do nothing advantageous during the summer months, at the theatre, or by lectures, school, or recitations; and nothing at the salt-works during the winter months, but what might as well be left to the charge of a superintendant. In all this I cannot discover an instability greater than that in a gentleman's having his town-house, and his country seat. *I* laboured in winter to increase my

income in summer; and he toils for the improvement and enjoyment of his estate. A lawyer, we'll suppose, has an important cause to plead;—but that cause will not last forever; and in the occasional intervals of pleading, he engages in other business. The event, however, justified my conduct in *earning* money; I earned it plentifully, obtained, and possessed it. Many a winter's exertion have produced me from eight to twelve thousand dollars; not by stability, but *in*-stability. It is true, that my earnings were often injudiciously applied; at least part of them: And it is as true, that much of them have been lost by the treachery of pretended friends; by the inability of honest men to make repayments of loans; by fire; and lastly, by the ordination of Providence, in the total destruction of the salt-works by water. In my original purchase in Connecticut, I erred, and built my house and my works on sand; yet were they in the first instance safe, but the beach-grass which secured them was soon worn away by the numerous carriages, that, on business, or from curiosity, visited them. Coney island, near Newyork, was thought secure, and the inhabitants of the neighbourhood pastured their cattle on it; but in one night, in the course of an hour or two, cattle, trees, and every thing were swept away, and the island has been ever since, a mere sand-bank.

I contend yet, that the salt-works were a well devised establishment, but I was a bad manager of them at all times, as respected the executive part of the erection. I was ambitious to have them appear handsome, and consequently expended twice as much money as was necessary. I am generally an excellent casuist in reconciling misfortune to my feelings; and I now con-

sole myself under the loss of them upon the same principle by which a parent mourns less the decease of an infant than an adult. Had I been permitted to increase them as I intended, they would at this time have been a defenceless object of destruction to the British, who have been hovering for so many months within half a mile of where they would have stood.

My errors have been great, and what adds to my culpability is, that I always knew that I was wrong; and yet the error, though discovered, and acknowledged, was still persisted in: There has, from my infancy, been something in my disposition, that has impelled me to immediate action from the moment's feeling. My sluggish reason never came to my aid till the action was decided upon, and then was considered as an intruder. Obstinatey had secured her predominance, reason was silenced, and error had its sway.

I have just returned from the theatre, having witnessed the performance of the play of Adelgitha, and as I find *many* errors were my last subject, I will make some remarks on "The fruits of a single error."

It is in the power of Genius, to give to Vice so delicate a covering, that it may sometimes be mistaken for Virtue; but it is the duty of all friends to the public cause, to draw aside her every veil, and show her as she is.

The remarks I have before made on Shakspeare's historical tragedies, are applicable to the play of M. G. Lewis; for with respect to the display of real character, it is avowedly incorrect. It was not intended as a branch of history, by the author, and consequently it only remains safe for youth to consider it as a fable, to which

some heroic names, without their corresponding characters, have been attached.

A play may be moral in its general tendency, and immoral in its particular parts: on the other hand, a play may be replete with sentiments of moral feature, and immoral in its general effect.

Our modern plays, like certain animals, can enjoy salutary existence only in a certain atmosphere; and to that atmosphere I could almost wish them confined, at least till dramatic authors shall have firmness and ability to build their beauties on the broad base of nature. Then, like Shakspeare, might they be approved in every country, for Nature every where prevails.

But the managers of the Philadelphia theatre say, that nothing will succeed here, but what has been already sauced, cured and spiced in England—that a native production can bring no profit; that every thing must be brought out under the sanction of “performed so many times at Covent Garden, or Drury Lane;” when they well know that many of the pieces they have exhibited, had been condemned at both theatres. Is native genius never to be encouraged? I contend not that American talent has arrived at its full growth; but I declare, that in many of my pupils I have discovered the seeds of excellence, and productions of highest merit derived from the instructions of their respective masters and their own talents.

A play may have a moral tendency in one country, and an immoral tendency in all others. What will tend to correct vice in one place, may introduce it to another. Of this we have fatal proofs: where vices are general, popularity glosses them with the title of errors; where

they are less common, let us, for Virtue's sake, still call them *vices*.

Upon this principle, I shall make my observations on this play.

In the first place, we are informed by its title that it exhibits

“The fruits of a single error.”

A single *error!*—before the exhibition of the play, a man might have been induced to expect, that he and his family would receive a lesson, something like that delivered to us by the amiable Cowper, in his *Progress of Error*; to teach us how the minutest pleasure, if indulged to excess, will lead to vice. But in the course of the performance, it is found that this “single error” consists not in being too much attached to dancing, music parties, &c. “innocent in themselves, but dangerous in the excess;” but that this “single error” was the willing sacrifice of the ornament of creation—The honour of a female.

This *virtuous* woman, after having given birth to a son, with every possible concealment of guilt, marries the prince of Apulia; and is represented as living with him in honour and happiness twelve years.

“Pictoribus, atque poetis,
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.”

So that I shall no farther dare a discussion on the propriety of this incident, but proceed.

My opinion changes with the character. Adelgitha lives twelve years beloved and beloved; virtuous, honoured and happy; of course repentant; deserving, as supposed, the character described by Dercetus:

"The model of all wives, all women;
 Whose passion for her Lord—on man ne'er doated
 Woman, as doats on Guiscard Adelgitha."

Admitting, then, that she had so lived for twelve years, I should be sorry to find that any Pagan philosophy, natural morality, or Christianity, could condemn such a woman.

The sweetest voice that ever bestowed its music on humanity, has declared that there is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. And great as was her first crime—did not Adelgitha repent? and after that repentance, did she not live in the practice of every virtue at least twelve years? Can justice doom such merit to punishment, to death?

Adelgitha was in the first instance, guilty of the greatest crime a female can commit; but from the moment of an approved sincere repentance in our own wives or daughters, we should see that crime no more. It is not because we feel the honour of our family affected, that we should wound it more deeply by dooming a human being to perdition; but because, if we respect the Deity, and the dear admonitions of our blessed Saviour, we should attempt to save.

"'Tis in man's choice never to sin at all,
 But sinning once, to stop, exceeds his power."

The latter part of this sentence demands, as I think, the severest denunciation that critic honour can inflict. What! if a man once sins, must he necessarily *proceed* in sinning?

"Is there no place
 Left for repentance? none for pardon left?"

O yes! on the altar of the Supreme Being is constantly blazing, the inviting light that calls us all from the ways of darkness. Let us not, then, in this world, shut our doors against repentance; let us not encourage vice, by refusing an asylum to returning virtue; let us remember "to err, is human, to forgive, divine."

Yet may this tragedy be recommended to the public for its particular beauties; for they who perceive its defects, will have sense enough to avoid their influence, and they who do not, may be benefited by the *show of morality*. A pretty picture pleasing to the eye of the superficial gazer, though not entering into the soul of taste.

With respect to the education of youth in the United States, the first question to be propounded will be, as I have frequently asked myself, why have these young ladies and gentlemen been sent to me? or why have the candidates for degrees for the bar, or the pulpit, nay, many after having attained their respective professions, submitted to become my pupils? The honour I received from their condescension, the profit I obtained, and the pleasure I felt from their universally good conduct (for never was there a variance between a pupil and myself) with all the satisfaction that I have derived from the lavished praises of their parents, and the affection of themselves, cannot veil from me a previous and general defect in their education. How are we to account for students of advanced years, for adults exhibiting unpardonable deficiencies in the knowledge of their own language, but by supposing some errors in the system of their education. How then are these errors, if they exist, to be accounted for? By a presumed inability of the instructors? Far be it from me to hint at the smallest



defect of that nature—I have visited, wherever I have had an opportunity, the public and private schools in the United States, and have dared to decide that no want of attention or ability existed, excepting in partial instances, where real good was sacrificed to parsimony, and the cheapest man that could be hired, was considered as the best instructor.

Still there *is*, it is evident that there *must* be, a radical defect somewhere, and extending even to our most celebrated academies, and universities. It is an object of importance to discover and analyze the cause. To this task then I will proceed.

As in chemistry, we can only discover the causes of cooperation from the knowledge of the basis or bases of the compound; as in every branch indeed, of natural philosophy, nothing can be ascertained without the well-acknowledged development of the original principle; so in the analytical review of the education of our youth, we should endeavour to discover the fundamental attractions and repulsions, which occasion the affinities or precipitations of good or bad ingredients or accessions.

I am sorry to be forced to believe, that the magnet which detains our children frequently within our own sphere, or attracts them to the cheapest instruction abroad, is money, or its influence. For the first question commonly asked is, “What are the terms of this teacher?” Instead of, “What are his abilities, industry, and attention?” I allude now to the community in general, but with numerous exceptions. Parsimony, avarice, and in many cases prudence, replies, on being made acquainted with their respective demands, “I cannot afford these terms;” another person will take

my child or children, at a much less price—Not reflecting that a thoroughly accomplished master will effect more good in one year, than many will labour in vain to effect in four. Besides: if sacrifices are to be made, for what more glorious object can we make them, than for our children's education? And few there are, who cannot spare something from their usual expenses, to effect this necessary good; for very few live without indulging in luxuries of some kind, which the calls of nature and health demand not, and which might be dispensed with on urgent occasions;

“ For Nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies;
To want no more than may suffice,
“ And make that little do.”

However, the child, or children, are, consequently, sent to the cheapest school. The master, of that school perhaps, but little known to be a teacher, excepting, through the medium of an advertisement in the newspaper, making his prices low for the purpose of obtaining a number of pupils, has thought that plan requisite as a substitute for the want of recommendation; and, consequently, that he may receive an adequate emolument for his time and labours; or, as it often happens, a bare subsistence, admits as many as can be crowded into his school-room. What is the consequence? The master and usher cannot attend immediately to all; they are divided into classes, and each class is sent severally to their forms to acquire by themselves, a lesson given, and which is generally only delivered to them by words of this import; “ Learn from this to that:” So

ten or twelve girls or boys are at once despatched for an hour or so; and all the master has to do during that time is to shake his rattan against his desk to keep them quiet, while he is hearing another class, gabbling a something which they are taught to believe is spelling but which, in fact, is nothing but a mechanical collocation of letters.

I speak not this with any intention of derogating from the integrity of this class of instructors; all whom I have visited, as I believe, rank me in the list of their friendships. I attach no blame to them; they cannot act otherwise, unless they consent to starve themselves and families.

I had a respected friend in Boston, who was master of one of the free schools in that town. I visited his school frequently, at his particular request: He had a regular salary for himself and assistant, but was under the necessity of receiving all pupils sent to him. His amiable conduct, his acknowledged reputation, his industry, and attention, had so extended an honourable report, that he was actually obliged, by his own merits and honesty, to withdraw from his situation. One day, when, at his request, I attended Dr. Bullard in the school, if I mistake not, he had two hundred and fifty pupils. The scholars came free of expense; but what could the best of teachers administer to each during the allotted period of their attendance, when two minutes of the master's time could not be appropriated to an individual during the day?

A reverend, and highly recommended gentleman, undertook the education of females in Boston; his school was immediately crowded—His custom was, to publish in a weekly pamphlet, every thing his scholars had

learnt, or performed. At the end of the week, the roses and the lilies, to be sure, had retained their respective colours, for they were fixed on paper; but the superficial etchings on the min. were regularly swept away by the breezes of the Saturday afternoon, and the necessary duties of the Sabbath.

It was the custom to give them, as a task of recitation, as much as their own memory and time could embrace; their emulation was, consequently, directed to the quantity: they *there* endeavoured, by daily application, to excel, that their names might appear with the honourable observation—that miss Caroline, miss Julia, or miss Maria, had studied so many hundred lines during the week: and every morning more was offered for recitation, than the preceptor could possibly attend to. Where, then, was the time necessary for instruction? And in the deficiency of that time, the girls did no more than they could have done without an instructor; for where is the advantage of a female's committing a thousand lines by rote for repetition, if she does not understand a single emphatic expression of the author? And the more each has to repeat, the less time the preceptor must have for explanation of the various allusions to different customs, systems of morality, and historical facts in general, with which such an author as he ought to put into the hand of his pupils, would, undoubtedly, embellish his work. His pupils committed *not to memory*, but to momentary recollection, their ephemeral acquirements; these were heaped up by the master, into their week's collectaneum; and the Saturday's certificates declared, that they had studied so and so; miss Caroline, one; miss Julia, two; miss Maria, three hundred lines.

I was engaged to dine, one Saturday, with my most respected friend, Mr. Gibson, in Boston; two of whose sons were my pupils; when, on entering the parlour, three of his daughters ran to me with certificates of what they had accomplished during the week. One had learnt an hundred lines from some classic poet, another two, and a third three, but not one word could I obtain from either of them, or any account whatever, of what they had been studying, but that they had forgotten all. This is a fact most solemnly declared to be so. I should be very sorry to have it thought that I write this in disrespect to the reverend gentleman: the usual necessity existed of making money, and his hundred scholars afforded him an ample year's emolument; but there all ended. The whole was a Boston notion. Yet was there not some injustice, nay cruelty, in imposing upon youth, a momentary burden which their faculties could not thereafter bear? Or, is it not, at least, useless to force them to recite by rote, what they are not taught to understand? It is true, as boys are told in their school-books, that the power of memory increases by exercise, but this exercise should be *really* the exertion of memory, not the exhibition of feathered lightness scattered on its surface; the prey of the next morning's breeze.— Whatever it is necessary to teach, it is necessary to teach well, and impressively: I would that a pupil of mine should rather study twenty lines in a week, and understand them well, than three hundred, divided into portioned daily tasks, floating on the memory till the moment of delivery, and then yielded to oblivion.

I cannot quit the subject, without observing something on the oratorial powers, and compositions of our

students; in a simple, and unadorned language I shall proceed, with every respectful regard to the instructors, but without disguise; for my object is truth. I have no new theories to introduce; no vague hypothesis to inculcate; nor fanciful ideas to arrest the public's imagination.

What is in its nature wrong, no elegance of diction can palliate, or excuse: What is in its nature right, no simplicity of language can injure, or invalidate.

If treatises on individual subjects are designed solely for the elucidation of those subjects, and not for the exhibition of the talents or learning of the orator, they surely should be confined to such an arrangement in construction and style, as to become the most direct and expeditious vehicles of such elucidations.

Observations that tend only to amplify (an error common to youth) quotations that adorn, but not enlighten; ebullitions of fancy that please the imagination, while they dazzle the judgment, should be as carefully avoided as sophistry in the investigation of truth.

ON ELOQUENCE.

O ELOQUENCE! may thy blest charms remain,
Fore'er devoted to the moral strain.
Prompt to obey thy parent *Nature's* laws,
To plead the orphan's and the widow's cause;
Show Vice its image, Virtue's features true,
And changing Time its various pressures due.
Till (whence thy origin) in realms above,
Thou join'st the chorus of celestial Love.

But, while on earth, t' ensure a virtuous sway,
May'st thou shine only with unsullied ray;
Be genuine Worth and Innocence thy pride;
Firm Faith thy banner, and stern Truth thy guide;

Thy robe be decent, but transparent too,
 That all, the beauties it but veils, may view;
 Check Fancy's flight by mild corrective Taste;
 Be firm thy maxims, but thy language chaste;
 Nor deckt in gorgeous pomp of mystic maze,
 Nor puff'd with embryos of exotic phrase;
 But let thy energies be all thy own,
 And be the effect produc'd thy corner stone.
 No pompous phrase produced Creation's birth,
 Or call'd from nothing this prolific earth:
 When Chaos heard the one omnisc word,
 Silenced, it ceased to be: the proud deep heard:
 Nor Darkness paus'd to ask Extinction's cause;
 But when th' Almighty said, "Light be," light was.

There are, who towering with ambitious height,
 Task mind and eye to trace their daring flight;
 But when attentive Hope expects the blaze,
 They shroud in darkness and elude our gaze:
 Straight by our side, return'd to earth they're seen
 Displaying visions of this motley scene;
 Then like the Archangel, with impatient bound
 They leap at once into the dark profound.
 In vain we seek them there by Chaos tost;
 Our minds revolt at expectation crost;
 And cry, O Reason, come to our defence,
 And give us common sounds with Common Sense.

The Poet's eye in wildering phrenzy rolls;
 True Eloquence the mad'ning fire controls;
 Controls its madness, but its genius clears,
 Till Sense approve the judgment of the ears.
 Yes, Eloquence! 'tis thine to plead the cause
 Of thy great Parent, and respect her laws.
 Though Art may dress thee in a robe of silk,
 Thou can'st be nourish'd but by Nature's milk;
 From her alone derive the chaste control,
 That beams her radiance o'er th' enraptur'd soul:
 Sway as she sways, as she inspires inspire;
 Sooth as she sooths, and as she kindles, fire.

When Shakspeare softens, or when Shakspeare soars,
 The woodlark warbles, or the tempest roars;
 Assum'd each passion's sway her laws command,
 He stamps her impress with unerring hand:
 Copied her frowns, her milder graces won,
 You still admire the mother in the son.
 When plead Demosthenes, the freeman's right,
 Eruptive burst the instant flash of light;
 'Twas Nature's blaze, that from the frowning cloud
 Illumes the wanderer, but appals the proud:
 When Cicero's hand the potent sceptre sways,
 Still Nature reigns, though Eloquence displays;
 'Tis the divergence of the solar fire,
 That gives the *natural* colours we admire;
 Each ray converges quick at his control,
 And one clear sunbeam vivifies the whole.

Could I ever estimate my own abilities so highly as to suppose that the public would, without examination, exchange their favours for the fruits of them; the first impulse would be a caution to investigate and beware. "Let me not mislead you," should be my motto; but from a duty of this nature, I am *now* sufficiently enfranchised. The results of adversity, are at all times, with virulence enough, racked by inquisitorial examinations, while the viccs of prosperity confound inquiry, and impose silence.

My pursuits latterly, having been unsuccessful, may not, perhaps, be estimated as having been directed by worldly wisdom; but let me be permitted to reply, that the sentiments which inspired attempts, have infused fortitude to encounter disappointments.

The springing *mind* rebounds in proportion to the impellant force that dejects it; while the grosser and un-

elastic gifts of fortune remain absorbed in the gulf into which they are plunged.

Neither shamed, nor humiliated, by the depressed state into which attempts to effect general services, have involved me, I have only to submit to my fate, and employ the leisure afforded by a deficiency of public occupation in the exertion of my endeavours for public benefit. In this dress I now appear; a plain, unornamented, and poverty-confessing garb, but with a cheek unstained with the blush of conscious offence, given or conceived, and fearless of the stigma of external degradation, excepting from such as may consider it disgraceful in a man to submit patiently, and uncomplainingly, to the severity of his fate, while endeavouring to restore his independence by personal exertions, instead of making the tenderer, but perhaps useless appeals to the dear, but almost annihilated names of uncle, sister, or brother, when such appeals might only become the sport of the winds of the Atlantic, or be buried in eternal silence under its wave.

The plan I adopted of improving youth, was that which, I believe, and as Xenophon informs us, was instituted by Socrates; and, as from Homer and Hesiod, those original poets who nourished their prolific minds by the imbibition of the milk of Nature, Socrates adopted the texts from which emanated that effluence of light which almost Christianized the virtues of Paganism; so from Shakspeare, our modern child of Nature, enlightened by fostering Christianity, may an industrious mind, without presumption, indulge the hope of invigorating the morals of his age. If Socrates, adopting

as his text, the character of Thersites, could feel himself thereby assisted in the display of the detestable insidiousness of calumny, and the self-deceiving folly of presumption: if thence he could more readily argue, that the unalienable companion of Merit, was Modesty, and that Ridicule and Reproach were the unavoidable attendants on Effrontery: if the story of Circe could assist him in illustrating the fatal effects of intemperance, and the fable of the Syrens, in warning his disciples against the allurements of false delight; what assistance may not a lecturer derive from feelings, characters, and consequences, elicited from the heart, and exhibited by the pen of Shakspeare. Nor did the influence of prejudice operate to withhold the abilities of this excellent moralist from making theatrical productions the vehicle of virtuous instruction. To Socrates, the tragedies of Euripedes were much indebted for valuable sentiments and moral observations; and it may not be improper to remark, that St. Paul, himself, disdained not to quote from the theatrical productions of the Greeks, a refined sentiment, or a moral maxim, to enforce the doctrines of Christianity.

In fact, every liberal mind, anxious for the promotion of truth, will invite to its assistance, the human ornaments of a college, as freely as the inhabitants of a palace; nay, more freely, as the estimated quantity of real virtue appears to be in the former predominant.

But I am wandering, as usual, from my regular subject. If I recollect correctly, I promised a few more remarks on Mr. Dunlap's erroneous observations on Mr. Cooke's visits to, or associations with me. I shall do so, by

publishing Mr. Cooke's answer to my letter, on the subject of my playing Othello for his benefit, after a few preliminary remarks, which, as recapitulations, I will make as concise as possible. Mr. Cooke visited me at my recitations; called on me during the intervals, in my school-room, requesting me to play Othello for his benefit; I agreed, if consistent with the regulations of the theatre. We supped together, with a considerable party, at Barnum's, during which time the request was repeatedly urged, and assent given as frequently. A day or two afterwards, on meeting Mr. Wood in the street, he stopt me to inquire what conversation had taken place between Mr. Cooke and myself, respecting the performance of Othello. I told him frankly; upon which he observed, that the play of Othello would be performed before Mr. Cooke's benefit. On seeing it immediately afterwards advertised, I wrote to Mr. Cooke, for an explanation of language so diametrically opposite, as was his to that of Mr. Wood's, in our respective conversations on the subject. The following is a copy of Mr. Cooke's reply; the original is with the publisher:

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I this instant received your letter and hasten to answer it.

“ Mr. Wood had resolved upon playing Othello himself, upon Wednesday last; and, from his increasing indisposition, he found himself unable, and the play was changed; the bills for Othello were posted. There never was any wish, or proposition to me, from either of the managers, relating to your acting it; nor could any

proposal come from me, unless for my own night; and the play advertised for Monday had then been resolved on.

I remain,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient,

G. F. COOKE.

"Mansion-House, Saturday, P. M."

There was something that appeared to me so very mysterious in this transaction, that my feelings were painfully attacked. It seemed to me, that in this, as in religion, where mystery begins, integrity of conduct ends. Why was I so insulted? I had not asked for an engagement, I did not wish one; but I thought that Mr. Cooke's compliment in asking me to play for his benefit, could not, with delicacy, be declined; and I should have felt proud of the attempt to support him, however I might have been humbled in the execution. Mr. Wood had previously informed me that *he* would not venture to play the part of Othello to Cooke's Iago, for a thousand dollars: I had not similar objections, and, having consented to perform it, and that consent with Mr. Cooke's request, having been made public, Mr. Wood advertised himself for the character; but "*increasing indisposition*," as Mr. Cooke terms it, rendered him unable to perform it; the exhibition of the play, was, consequently, postponed till the arrival of Mr. Cooper, when I had the highest gratification in witnessing it.

I will now draw towards a conclusion of this tedious work, written during a series of calamities more pro-

want than ever were experienced by Dr. Johnson, or perhaps the unfortunate Savage, whose life he has so feelingly written. The style, I am ready to confess, is as incoherent as has been the conduct of the author; it furnishes a "strange, eventful history," which admits of, and will, undoubtedly, receive, many severe comments; but I am in hopes that it exhibits the best lesson to youth that I have ever given, and that, consequently, it will not have tortured me altogether in vain. I have confessed my faults (not all of them to be sure) but those most important to the younger branches of society; and I hope that as much delicacy as I could adopt in justice to my original principle, has been pursued with respect to the earlier events of my life, occurring, as they did, under the guardianship of the most affectionate parents, whose too much expanded tenderness, and too much extended indulgence, were their only errors.

I request the reader to recollect, that I commenced with a determination to confess errors of my own, for the benefit of others, and I think that no one will deny that my history is sufficiently stored with them: If I have been obliged to touch upon the conduct of my family, I trust that the remorseful heart, and the lenient finger only have directed my pen.

My first fault was filial ingratitude.

"Filial ingratitude!
More hideous when thou shew'st thee in a child,
Than the sea monster."—

But, ungrateful as I was, I had not the consciousness of so being, and certainly never the intention. I had been so habitually indulged, that I looked on the kind-

nesses conferred on me, as the payment of a debt from my parents to myself, which their lavished praises had induced me to believe they had contracted from my merits. There was no vicious principle in my disposition, no irritating disposition in my mind, no active urgency of soul to anger, and, as I think, no impurity of heart. I loved most dearly, and revered my parents, but I understood not why. Some kind of corrective instruction, not correction without instruction, had been wanting: I knew not, frequently, why I was chastised; or how I was to proceed in my future behaviour, in consequence of chastisement; their sensibility prevented even the intimation that they were toiling for my sake, and that of my sisters and brothers, and my infant mind could not, *spontaneously*, embrace the conception of obligation.

But it appears to me, that without indelicacy, a child may be instructed in his necessary duties, and considerations for the anxieties of his father and mother: he may be made grateful by the tender association of paternal and filial ideas, readily transferred to everlasting love, by moderate admonitions, and the due direction of endearments well known, and frequently indulged.

I had been taught to believe that my father was rich; and from my obtaining money whenever I requested it, and from the too indulgent readiness with which I was supplied with it, my opinion was confirmed. The facility with which the object of every wish was acquired, created new wishes, and having no idea that my purse could ever be less parturient than that of Fortunatus, I dived into it deeply, when a little skimming from the surface would have answered every necessary purpose. I had no reflection at the time, nor was I reminded that

I was injuring others: I did not even *feel* that I was extravagant; I believed that I was acting with a liberality which my means justified, and seemed even to command from the extent of my resources. I gave freely, because I received freely: when I have heard the heart-melting tones of affliction, perhaps, I may have exceeded my duty; for the feeling, and the sympathizing soul, like love,

“Never reasons, but profusely gives,
Gives like a thoughtless prodigal, his all,
And trembles then, lest it has given too little.”

Such actions only become crimes in the eyes of the world, when the author becomes the victim of them; then that voice which before had thundered his praises over the table of hospitality, changes its notes to whisperings of severest censure in private, with the gentle modification of “I am sorry that I cannot assist him in distress; he received me with friendship in his house, but he was too profuse, too extravagant.” Why, then, did such a friend assist in promoting this extravagance? There must in him have been some motives of self-interest only; he enlarged the table of hospitality, lessened the contents of the cellar, and contributed to the introduction of distress, by forcing on me expenses which I had not calculated for uninvited guests. Many have treated me in this manner, who now ridicule my folly in having given them the reception they themselves exacted from common politeness, and which could not, from my situation, be refused.

These imprudences, however, eventuated, as might have been expected, in difficulty and embarrassment. I

repented, became economical; I was furnished with money, sinned again, and again repented: like a vessel on the ruffled bosom of a tempestuous ocean, I sometimes rode on the storm, and on other occasions was threatened by its overwhelming influence.

Some months before the moment of my writing now (for these memoirs have been prolonged by unfortunate occurrences, beyond my original intention) I had been in the United States twenty years, and I must acknowledge, and with gratitude, that I have, in every city where I have been, received the most friendly attentions; hospitality, without pride; generosity without boasting, and encouragement in my literary pursuits, without reserve, have been the prominent features of the general conduct of the inhabitants towards me: I have only to regret, that the eccentricity of my disposition induced an inadequate return. To the amiable society of friends, I have been particularly indebted: their liberality of feeling permitted them to embrace amusement of a moral nature, and with the most honourable sanction, they have frequently established my success. Esteemed sect! accept my acknowledgments for the services with which you have favoured me, and my respects and reverence for the principles of your society, from which every immoral character is banished, and virtue only is retained; wherein every doctrine of our dear Saviour is not only inculcated, but practised; and within whose sacred verge the innocent are not permitted to suffer, nor the unfortunate to despair. Attached to, and pursuing the great design of the benevolent founder of this state, whose glory, at least in Heaven, excels that of all the monarchs upon earth, you are

merciful, and shall obtain mercy; you are pure in heart, and shall see God; you are peace-makers, and shall be called the children of God; you have been persecuted for righteousness' sake, but yours is the kingdom of Heaven; you have given to the unfortunate slave that freedom which the Deity designed for all, and blessed may you be for the religious effort.

If I have forfeited, by imprudences, the intimacy of some, there are, I hope, still many remaining, whose generous souls will condescend to palliate errors originating in susceptibility, and which have no basis on intentional impropriety.

The public and private patronage of the inhabitants of the United States (with the addition of a few thousands from England) have placed, at different times, and in varying portions, during the last twenty years, in my possession, more than two hundred thousand dollars. Where are they now? Like Dr. Young's yesterdays, they are "with the years beyond the flood." If fire and water, on one hand, and deception, treachery, and ingratitude on the other, with occasional behests, were called to a strict account, before an upright judge, perhaps a verdict in my favour might be given by a liberal jury, notwithstanding all my reputed folly and extravagance.

How little, sometimes, do *they* know of others who pretend to judge them. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," was one of our Saviour's doctrines on the mount; for, with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Who sees the hand of real benevolence conveying to the afflicted the balm of relief? or who hears the tongue of delicacy proclaim to the world

its own charitable actions? Real charity is silent as the grave; it parades not, it speaks not; it pours not its guineas from a gilded purse in the presence of hundreds, but steals to the private recess of misery, and yields relief, unnoticed but by the grateful sufferer.

I think I have, in this history, treated no one harshly, excepting one, and him deservedly; for sixteen months useless imprisonment, with an almost, and sometimes actually starving offspring at an hundred miles distance from me, will justify that complaint. Mr. Edwards has the honour of having ruined me and my family forever! Sixteen months confinement, and its inevitable consequences, anxiety and anguish in the extremest degree, the pangs of absence from my poor little ones, a daughter especially, who, in the midst of privations and misery of every nature, was nine weeks on a sick bed, with scarcely a hope of recovery indulged, were the causes of the destruction of my constitution, and consequently the power of usual bodily exertions.

My lameness and other infirmities, a few weeks since, on my application to one of the managers of the Philadelphia theatre for an engagement, procured this questionable reply—"Why, what can you do?" From the other I was told that I had failed in my last attempt. It may be so. Mr. Wood has a peculiar mode of calculation; but he knows that there are certain periods in the season when it is impossible to attract an audience; but I defy him to prove that I have ever appeared in the United States, before an assembly less numerous than several before whom Mr. Cooper, Mr. Cooke, and even himself, have occasionally appeared. Nay, I will venture to go even further, and defy a contradiction to

my belief, that Mr. Kemble and Mr. Garrick have played to a smaller amount of receipts in London, than ever I did in the Philadelphia theatre.

Garrick's plan was to keep from his stage every one who might possibly be brought into competition with him, male or female. John Kemble's appears to have been the same, although he might have received a lesson from his sister's fate, when she on her first appearance, was declared by Mr. Garrick to have failed. But though we feel the injuries inflicted on ourselves, we too frequently think not of those we inflict on others. Still genius will force its way to admiration, in spite of every species of despotism; break through the temporary clouds of overwhelming fate, and burst as a meridian sun, with all dispersive power, through every intervening obstacle. So has it proved with Mrs. Siddons.

With respect to my reputed imprudences in general, I shall say no more, than that no widow can charge me with oppression, and that many an orphan has blessed me. No one can accuse me of meanness, or intended decit of any nature; some defalcations may have happened occasionally: when I have been disappointed myself in the repayment of pecuniary loans or expected receipts, I have disappointed others, who have sometimes not been so merciful to me as I have been to my neighbours; and thereby forced me to be delinquent, where I had every intention of being punctual.

I never sued a man in my life for debt; nor would I for the world's wealth be the instrument of ruining a numerous and helpless family, by confining its natural protector and guardian, an hundred miles from it. Nay, not even within the reach of their mutual embraces; for

I should still think I was forcing a fellow-creature to act diametrically opposite to the commandment of our Creator: "Six days shalt thou labour and do all that thou hast to do;" and could I, with tearless eyes witness, or with unfeeling heart contemplate the sufferings of the mother of a numerous family visiting her husband with delicate, but necessary complaints of her infants' sufferings; while he, with inefficient strugglings of a heart panting for their relief, is forced to confess that he cannot furnish them with a loaf of bread; I should think myself degraded below the rank of human beings. But if I could be the author or causer of such distresses, I should think myself the veriest wretch on earth; the greatest stain to humanity, and the most feeble pleader to offended Providence, for happiness in this world, or the next. Even were I actuated solely by interest, I could not sharpen my optic nerves to such a degree of acuteness, as to discern how a man, suddenly checked in the pursuit of his business, could, in the dreary and unfurnished walls of a prison, pay a debt which he was unable to discharge by the full exertion of his talents when free.

Were he an insulated being, some mitigation of the cruelty exercised towards him, might be pleaded; but mine was a family of seven, then dependent for their daily bread on my daily labours; and frequently have the children cried in vain for it to their distracted mother. From irritation, from having received insult or injury from another, I can readily conceive, and admit, even on the principles of humanity, that a man may take immediate revenge on the person himself; and had Mr. Edwards shot me on the spot where I was arrested, the

murder would have been tenderness; nay, the very soul of charity, compared to the cold-blooded cruelty with which he persecuted my wife and infants, in spite of the kind interposition of his own lawyers, Mr. Badger and Mr. Russell, during two comfortless and most distressing winters. Death had then been a blessing; my family would have known their fate, and I should never have become an useless burthen to those whom it is my duty to support; or an humble petitioner to my Masonic brethren, for their assistance to that family.

The cool mind of the philosopher sitting at his ease, with all his comforts about him, and without any one to care for but himself, may pretend to wonder that men cannot bear pain or misfortune with patience; but give to him a large family perishing with wants of every kind, and then observe how quickly his philosophy will vanish; and if he has any feelings, how soon they will be called forth, in another species of amazement, to think how such calamities could be supported.

I admit that

“To pity woes we feel
Is but a *faint* virtue;”

and it appears from my course of experience, that those who have suffered most, are the most generous in feeling, and comparatively the most distributive: this principle, I think, may be traced from the widow's mite to the late generous donations in the city of Philadelphia. A man of wealth, with every luxury surrounding him, while in the enjoyment of all his wishes, is too apt to think little of the sufferings of the poor: If called upon, he complains that he is disturbed from his dinner,

or his company; he cannot attend to the application: but the man who has no servants to bastile him, receives the unfortunate applicant; shares with him perhaps his last dollar, and gives him his best welcome; because he can feel for a fellow-creature from having been taught by adversity that excellent prayer of Gray,

“ Teach me to love, and to forgive;
Exact my own defects to scan
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.”

Wanton, I might perhaps say wicked in the extreme, is that wretch who can find pleasure in adopting the arm of the law to assist him in the annihilation of domestic peace, and the interruption of future pursuits: where there is villainy, “ let the axe fall,” but where there is but misfortune, “ let the strong lance of justice hurtless break.”

I will conclude. As the feeling mind must always witness, with painful sensibilities, the neglect of talents even in their decay, so will it contemplate with delight, the generous efforts of the few who may dare, in Fashion’s spite, to smooth the pillow of departing genius.

We know that the declining light of a cloud-setting sun, is not contemplated with that degree of admiration, with which we welcome the aspiring beams of morn; but a soul possessed of liberality will say, this sun has dawned, has shone with its meridian warmth; his natural evening comes, and while we sorrowing feel regret for his departure, we cannot but confess that he has given us a day.

Reader, farewell! I have not been sparing in the development of my faults; allow me in your heart, some credit for virtues which I have concealed. Be liberal in your censures, but be just.

Yet soft ye, a word or two before you go: I have done the state some service and they know it: "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice;" speak of me,

No—not "as I am," but as I have been:

Then must you speak of one who felt,
Not worldly wisely, but too deeply:

of one who, used to the melting mood, could find at any time, a medicinal tear to shed on sufferings.—Enough: but that I have yet a few more observations to make, which justice cannot omit. I have received from thousands in the United States, the most friendly attentions; if I have now lost their acquaintance, it is my *own* fault, not *theirs*. Far be it from me to utter a thought of a delinquency of *friends*, because I have been unfortunate; for no one deserted me till I deserted myself; even in the adversity which Mr. Edwards so cruelly brought on me, which introduced the train of evils under which I have for more than two years laboured, and which probably will end only with my life, my old acquaintances comforted me in my affliction. But let not this remark be construed into a contradiction of what I have before observed: they who assisted me, were they whom I had never assisted; they whom I had assisted, proved the justice of Rochefaucault's remark, which I remember to have read, something similar to the following: that assistance and the consequent feelings

of obligation in the assisted, create enemies where they should inspire gratitude. Exceptions must be made; sometimes indeed the tears of relieved infancy would adorn my cheek, and sometimes the sturdy grasp of maturity would wring my hand even to a *painful pleasure*.

Though generally in pain, I have not been without those pleasures seated in the mind; those dear delicious, heavenly enjoyments, which can only emanate from an affectionate family, in

“ That dear hut our home.”

Domestic comforts, even in the midst of privations of every nature, have been my lot; the tenderest attentions of an amiable and beloved wife have soothed my hours of misery with the most consoling balm; softening, not irritating, the wounds of imprudence; chastening as with the breath of providence, the heart she knew best, and thereby occasionally procuring my emancipation from volatilities, which, indeed, were but the effluvia of the moment, however eventually pernicious. Enduring almost beyond the stretch of human power, the sicknesses of herself and children, and the added weaknesses of her husband, with more than the boasted Roman fortitude; relying on her blessed Saviour and the Bible, her only comforts, she has passed in Christian patience, through a scene of misery rarely equalled in the lowest abodes of poverty.

The tenderness of my children too, have been a great consolation. I write this, as I began the history, under the impression of sudden dissolution. Their affection for me has been extended to every duty a pa-



rent can require, or his anxieties demand. The hours which I have passed with them in conversation by the fireside, may be esteemed among the really happiest of my life, though an enforced oblivion of my own errors was necessary to reconcile the enjoyment, from a feeling that my stricter duties towards them had been aberrant from their temporary comforts: but, during these hours I have the satisfaction of thinking that their general improvement has exceeded that which they would have derived from public schools, for the instruction was generally requested by them as an amusement, not forced upon them as a task; their minds were open, and, like melted wax, they greedily received impressions not easily effaced. One blessing has Providence conferred on my endeavours; they are all Christians. Another, I trust, will favour their future energies, and make them good (but not great) unless that they shall be enabled to follow the example of Washington, and be good and great at the same time. May charity be still their practice; not *because* it covereth a multitude of sins, for I hope they will have no sins to cover; but because he that helpeth his fellow-creature on earth, has an advocate in the recording angel in heaven; may they be charitable in secret, liberal without ostentation, and generous without prodigality: Yet may they understand that real charity can only be bestowed on the deserving. Strong as I think they are in honesty, I would not have them trust to the stability of their present feelings; these feelings may be undermined by subtle invitations to error: Let them pray constantly to the Almighty, to preserve them from every deviation from rectitude: Let them always keep in mind, that

"To be good is to be happy,
 Angels are happier than mankind,
 Because they're better;
 Guilt is the source of sorrow, it is the fiend,
 The avenging fiend
 That follows us behind with whips and stings;
 The blest know none of this,
 But live in everlasting peace of mind, and find
 The height of all their heaven, is goodness."

And that they may continue good, is the devout prayer of a father who must soon leave them.

I bequeath to them no legacy, but their father's errors; yet these are an inestimable gift, they are a chart that shows the rocks whereon their father's vessel has split, and gives a pilot to avoid them.

Yet let it be remembered that I have been guilty of no crime, no meanness that can blot the unstained paper of mine, or my wife's family. Never did an intention of deception, fraud, or even politic artifice, enter my mind. I have even disdained that most effectual mean of making money, the art of puffing; my advertisements for my recitations and schools of reading and elocution, have been plainly, but in the most simple manner delivered. I have never declared that any pieces which I may have written myself, were the product of celebrated authors in England. I never could accede to Mr. Wood's plan, though the policy of it may be beneficial to the theatre, of contriving to father the productions of an American, upon an English author. But on or after the presentation of a tragedy I had written, to the managers, the scene of which was in Philadelphia, Mr. Warren informed me by letter, that no home production

could be serviceable either to the managers, or the author; and Mr. Wood, in conversation afterwards, assured me, that nothing could be done with it, unless I could contrive some means of having it published as a piece that had been performed with applause in London, and sent across the Atlantic. Heavens! when will the Rubicon be passed? Will never our cis-Atlantic efforts be encouraged in literature? And are the public constantly to be imposed upon by being told that *this* piece is written by one celebrated author in England, and *that* by another; when, perhaps, it had never seen the English shore, unless sent there to be baptized, and obtain sponsors for its future success in America: Returned, well dipt in trans-Atlantic waters, it is received with all the attraction that pompous advertisements can give to it, and with all the reverence due to the sanction of an English audience, who are *said* to have had their admiration excited during a succession of overflowing houses; when, perhaps, the piece has only been performed through influence in some country theatres, to obtain for it the recommendation of its having been played with applause in England.

What suits the eastern hemisphere, should be considered as "caviare" to the western. In few respects only do we resemble the English. Therein we are happy; but we are a young nation, and cannot emulate them in all. Why, then, should we permit, or encourage plays to be exhibited, wherein hundreds or thousands of pounds are represented to be transferred from one to the other as objects of trifling concern. Charity, like all other virtues, is limited in its extent. A man who has ten times the income of our president, may

give or lose his hundreds or his thousands without feeling; but should such exhibitions of extravagance be encouraged here, as honourable beneficence? should we be taught to believe that there is virtue in careless munificence, or honour in thoughtless prodigality? that because a man has plenty of money he is to be esteemed for giving thousands to a single libertine, when with them he might relieve hundreds of honest families? Extravagant in the extreme would be the idea that could attempt to justify such a principle, which tends only to the encouragement of the profligacy of one and leaves the many virtuous sufferers to weep. I have dived myself into the depth, the very "bottom of the deep," of misery, and if I have not plucked up "drowned honour by the locks," I have raised some sufferers from poverty. Thanks to the assistance of that Providence that smiles on good intentions, I have felt the beam of heavenly approbation glowing in my breast, while scornful man has ridiculed what they called folly. Folly! in assisting the distressed! "Yes, for you yourself will be distressed in the event." Granted, that such is, and may continue so to be my portion, while my duty to my Creator forbids emancipation; but there will come a day, when I shall hail with rapture, my summons to "another and a better world," where thoughts, intentions, feelings, and secret benefits to Heaven's creatures will be taken into account, and actions unseen by mortal eye will be found recorded by the angel as more deserving, because not boasted of on earth, for "thy Father which seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly."

THE END.



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First reference to acting or theater p. 171

Re his own plays - p. 287 (1st ref)

First reaches N.Y. on p. 350





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